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PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS DAN AYKROYD

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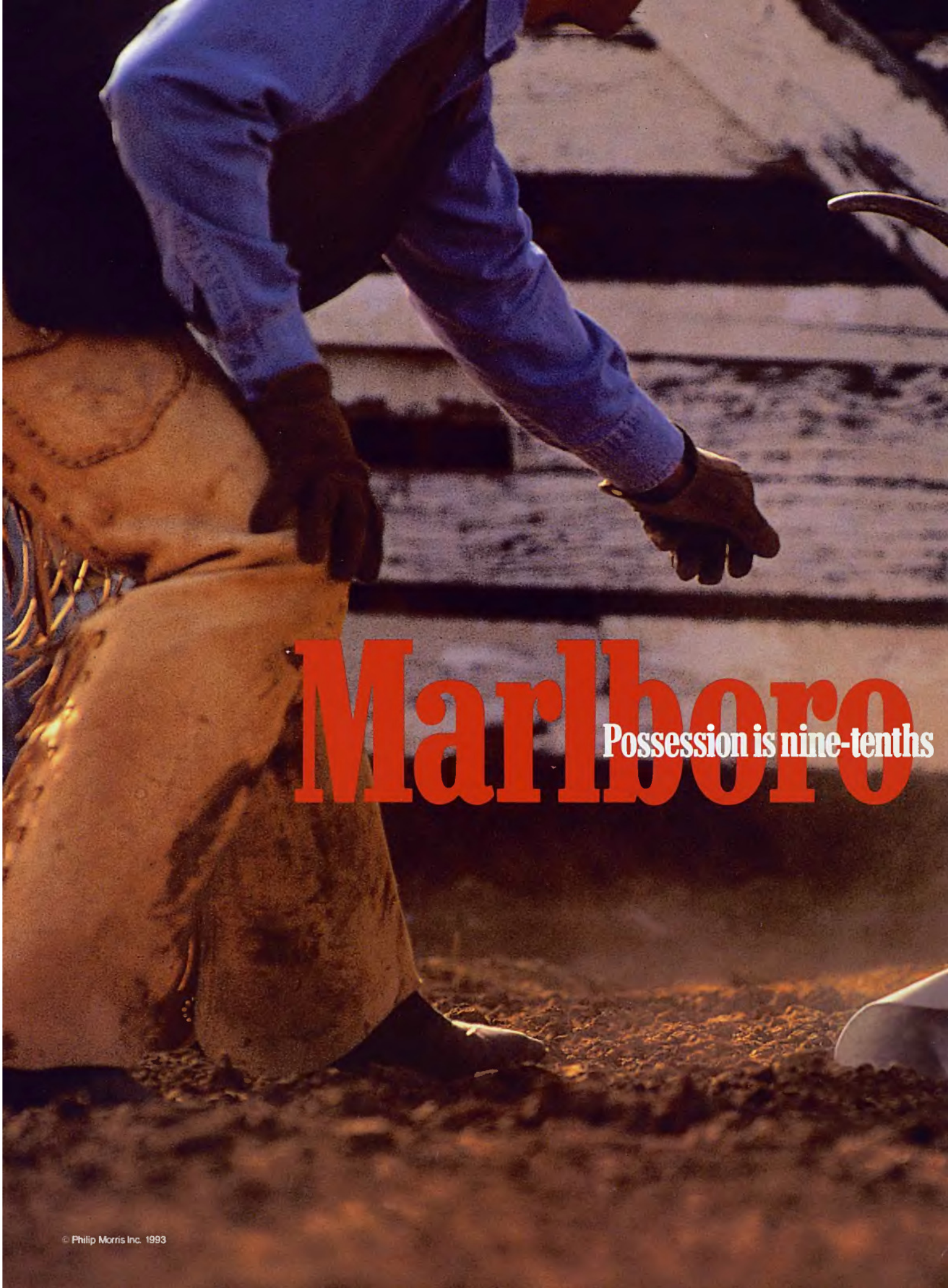

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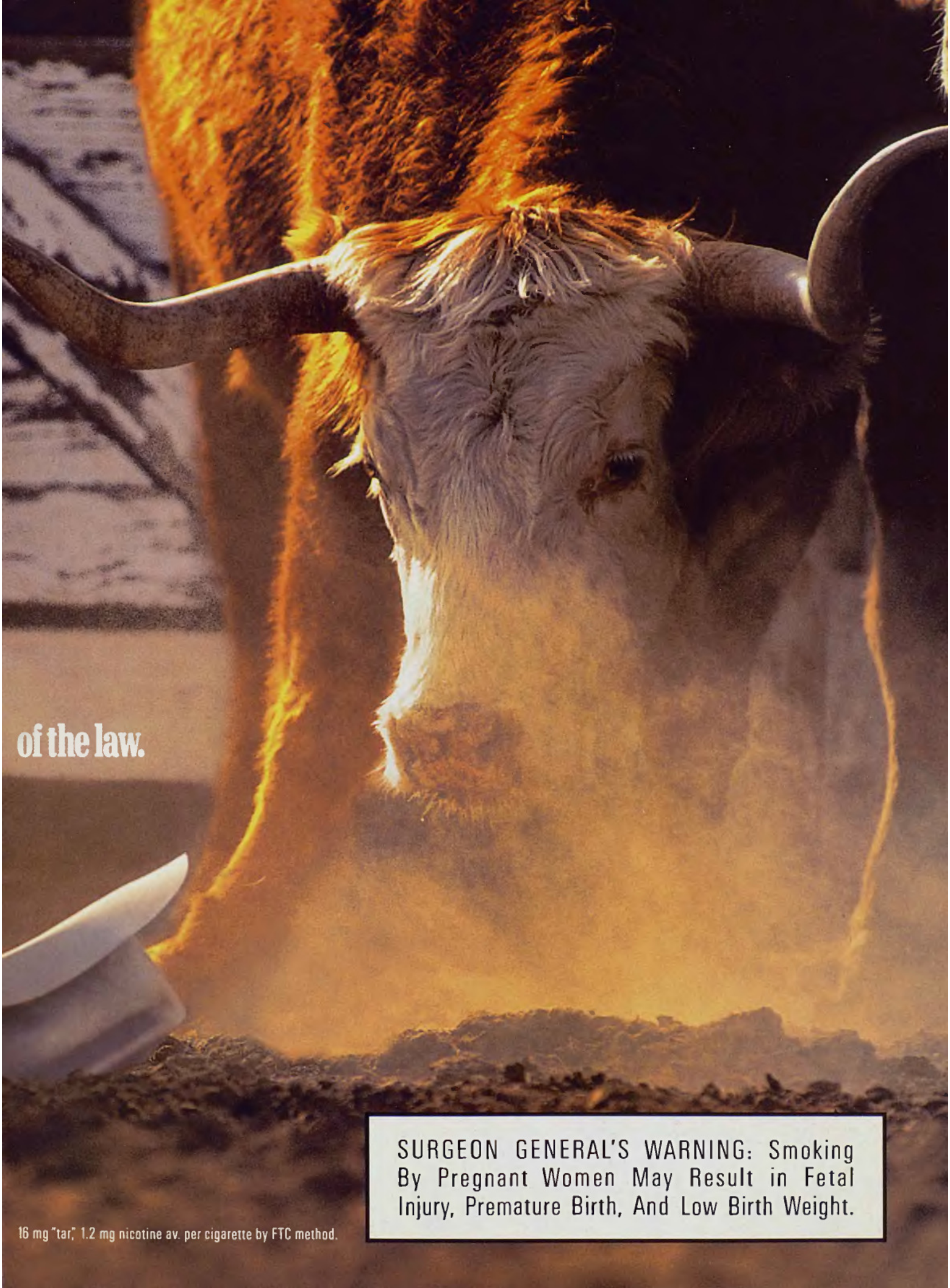

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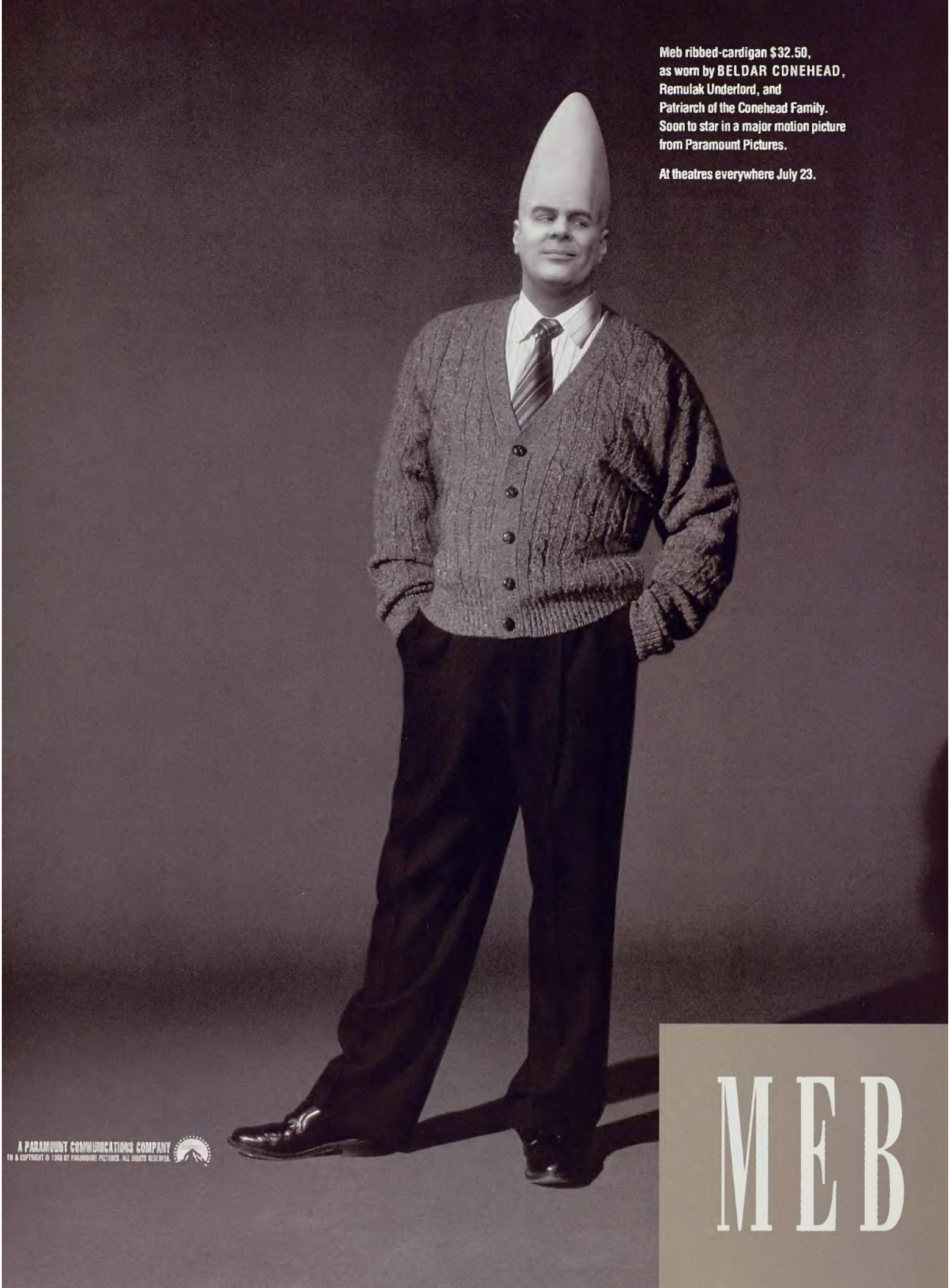
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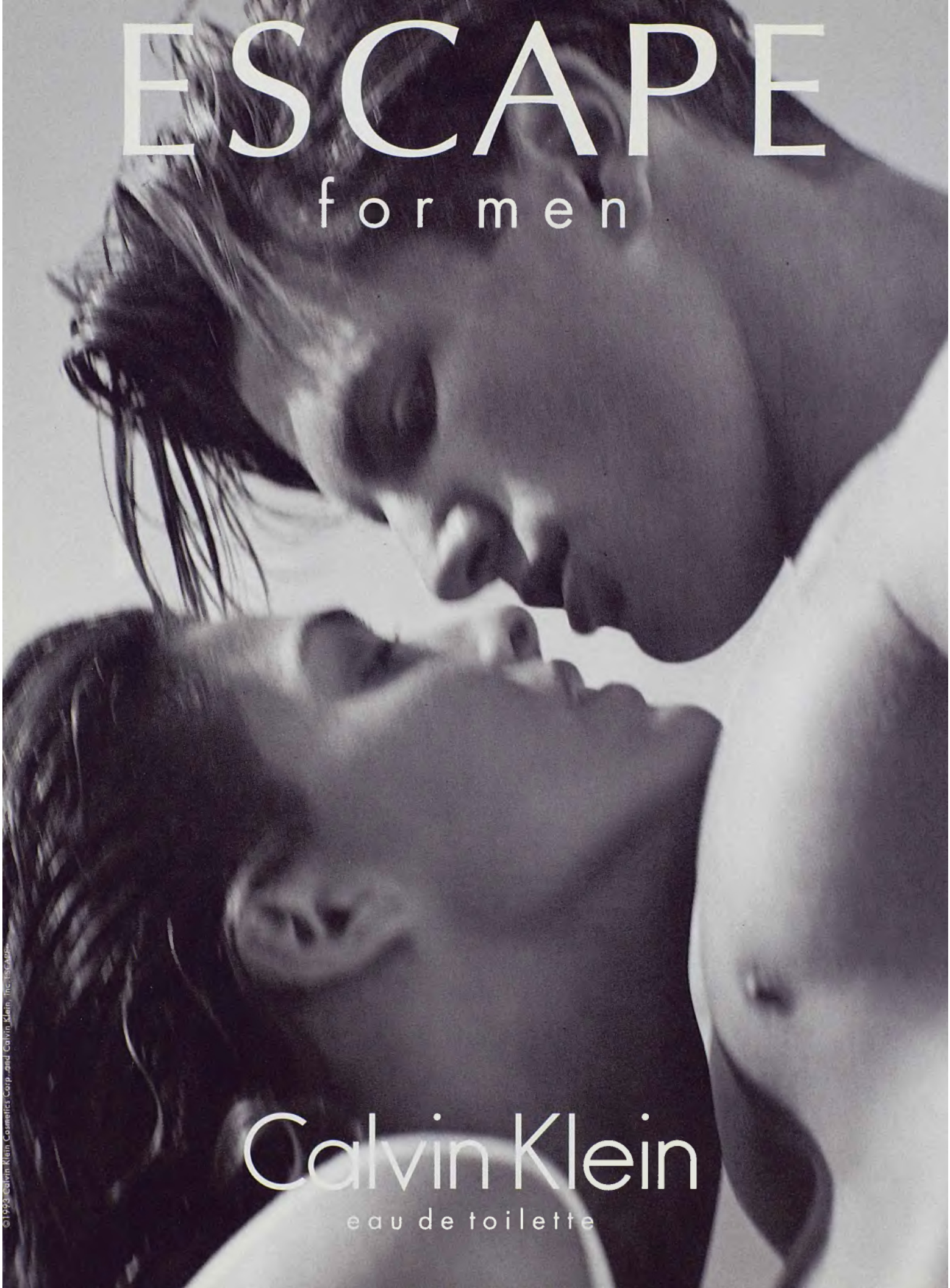
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PLAYBILL

BY THE TIME you read this issue, Hillary Rodham Clinton and her team of reformers will have written their first prescription for America's ailing health care system. Don't expect instant medical utopia. In *Your Money or Your Life*, financial reporter **Jonathan Greenberg** tells us there are so many interests at stake, a quick fix is about as likely as a cure for the common cold. We present our own take in *An Enlightened Proposal*. No fair peeking, Hillary. Senior Editor **Peter Moore's** *Go Ahead, Make My Deductible* is one man's tale of how he sabotaged the system. His solution puts the onus on you, the consumer.

If guilt and regret are all you experienced growing up in sexually repressed America, consider yourself lucky. In *Serial Murder and Sexual Repression*, crime writer and former prosecutor **David Heilbroner** reveals a darker side of sexual denial—a side that comes with a body count and a list of murderers.

Feminists complain about inequality, but guys are getting their own raw deal. In our second excerpt from *The Myth of Male Power* (Simon & Schuster), **Warren Farrell** makes the case that if women are liberated, men are their chief liberators. The only problem is, men forgot to free themselves. (**Wiktor Sadowski** did the accompanying artwork.) To right matters, humorist **Robert S. Wieder** presents *Our Bodies, Our Shelves*, a lively riposte to books that depict men as skunks. And writer–performance artist **Eric Bogosian** offers tricks for getting along with women in this month's *Mantrack* guest opinion.

Our favorite anarchist, **Paul Krassner,** has never shied from the opportunity to preach his brand of surrealistic political humor. But raising a daughter is a different story, which Krassner shares in *Holly Tomolly*, a heartwarming excerpt from his autobiography, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counterculture* (Simon & Schuster).

Playboy Interview subject **Dan Aykroyd's** movie career reads like the history of *Saturday Night Live*: He's had hits, he's had misses and, through it all, his popularity has remained intact. Now Aykroyd is coming full circle, starring in *The Coneheads*—the big-screen version of the *SNL* sketch. And as Contributing Editor **David Sheff** reports, there's more on the way from this understated funnyman: He has a cone full of ideas.

Lawyers may be the butt of all jokes, but as **Scott Turow's** novels prove, we love to read about them. In this month's *20 Questions*, PLAYBOY Articles Editor **John Rezek** and mystery novelist **Paul Engleman** cross-examine the attorney-turned-author and get the scoop on his new book, *Pleading Guilty*, as well as his thoughts on white-collar criminals and sexual fantasies.

If you've ever fallen in love at 30,000 feet, then you'll relate to Nobel Prize–winning author **Gabriel Garcia Márquez'** *Sleeping Beauty and the Airplane*, a work of fiction excerpted from his short-story collection *Strange Pilgrims* (Alfred A. Knopf) and illustrated by **Mel Odom.** The protagonist in **George Singleton's** *Outlaw Head & Tail* has his own problems when he tapes *Bonanza* over his wife's sonogram. It's illustrated by **Charles Burns** of *Dog Boy*/MTV *Liquid Television* fame.

Our gene therapy this month consists of *Like Mother, Like Daughters*. Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** found out where Dawn and Shannon got their good looks: Mom. We also prove that there are distinct advantages to being in over your head, namely *Lady Lifeguards*, and offer one good reason to go shopping: Playmate of the Month **Jennifer Lavoie** was a retail clerk at an East Coast 5-7-9 store. *Jurassic Park* star **Jeff Goldblum** offers another: He models summer's darkest fashions in *Primeval Black*, shot by **Davis Factor,** great-grandson of cosmetics mogul Max. Surprised? We're full of surprises this month.

GREENBERG

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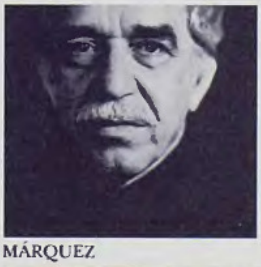
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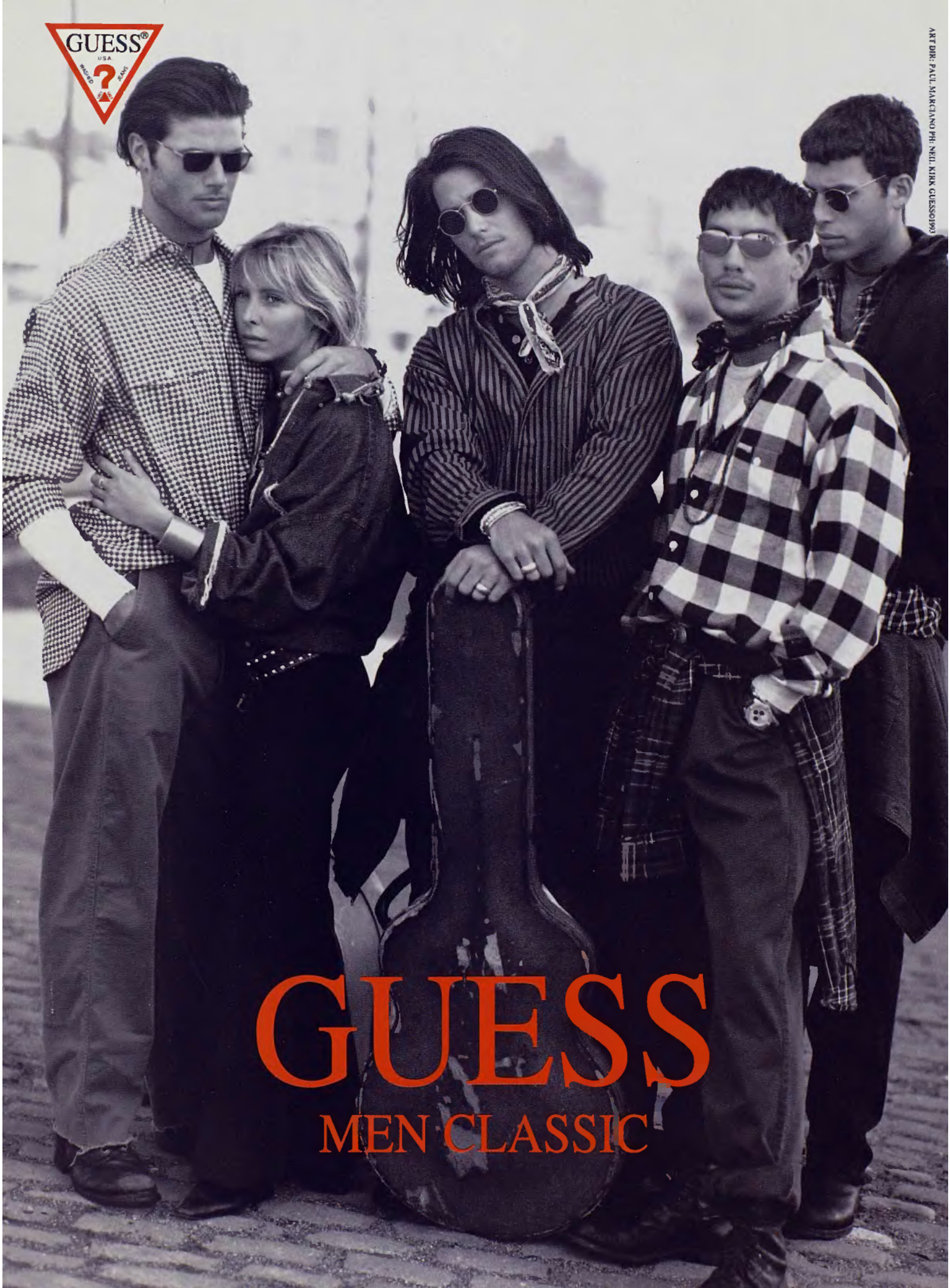
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vol. 40, no. 8—august 1993

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COVER STORY

Beldar takes a break from filming to heat things up with Playmate Pamela Anderson. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to David B. Miller for Dan's makeup, Alexis Vogel for Pamela's hair and makeup and Lane Coyle-Dunn for Pamela's styling. Kudos to Dan's costumer, N. Edward Fincher, and to Marie France for costume design. "Beam me up," quips our Rabbit.

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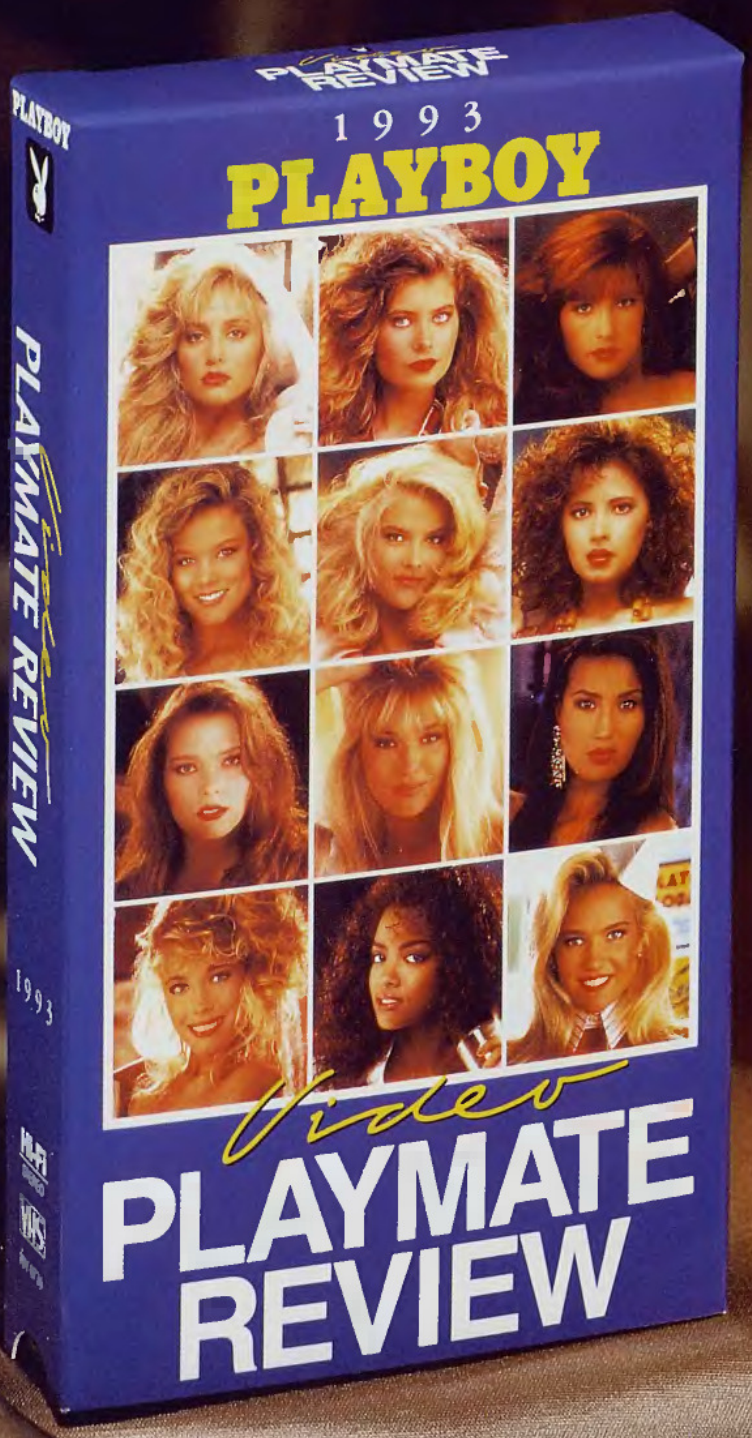

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GREED ALONG THE POTOMAC

Thank you for publishing Robert Scheer's May *Reporter's Notebook*: "Greed Along the Potomac." It is gratifying to know that people are finally starting to see the truth about Slick Willie.

It is, however, a shame that so many were blind to the truth until after the election. During the campaign Bill Clinton made a big deal about George Bush's record, while pretending to have a spotless record himself. The truth is that Clinton's record as governor of Arkansas was, if anything, even more dismal than his record as president is proving to be.

Terry R. Pierce
Eureka, Utah

If any of the media had bothered to read what the hometown newspaper in Little Rock was saying about its recent governor, they would have known they were tying their dreams to the coattails of a liar, an ambitious fake and a toady for wealthy and glamourous friends. I would be remiss if I didn't add that he's a draft-dodging, position-waffling wimp.

Robert Scheer should be congratulated for being among the first to recognize the emergence of a meaner, more money hungry, Carter-type administration. It isn't just the cabinet that will "do good" for itself. Hillbilly Clinton will get his substantial snout in the trough, too.

Now, ain't it a shame we'll have to wait four years for the end of the nightmare foisted on us by the bright boys of the press and a gullible 43 percent of the masses?

Charles Griffin
North Little Rock, Arkansas

Now I know what Robert Scheer is against. I had thought it was Republicans, or perhaps businessmen, or perhaps just Ronald Reagan and George Bush. But he has finally made himself clear: It is success and wealth he abhors. He will be happy only when penniless failures are running the country.

Wealthy businessmen could run the country better than poor businessmen, and either group would perform much better than wealthy lawyers. That is why I voted for President Bush, who was obviously the lesser of two evils. Well, now that Scheer has joined forces with Rush Limbaugh (horrors!), perhaps the electorate will be less misguided by the media next time.

Brooks A. Mick
Findlay, Ohio

NO HELP WANTED

Charles A. Cerami's article in your May issue, *No Help Wanted*, focuses brilliantly on the reason behind the worldwide economic collapse: unemployment.

The solution to the problem of increased automation may lie in a suggestion made years ago by PLAYBOY contributor Alan Watts. Watts contended that if machines were to replace the labor of workers, then workers should be compensated for it.

To wit, if a machine replaces five people on an assembly line, those five people would receive a percentage of the profits earned by that machine for life. Thus, the labor saved by the machine would be beneficial not only to the employer but to the displaced worker as well. In Watts' vision, all laborsaving and profit-making devices would benefit all of us, not just the streamlining employer elite.

Geoff Charles
Bristol, Rhode Island

While addressing a real problem confronting society, Cerami ignores the other half of the issue, which is that humans have a drive to be physically lazy. The process began millions of years ago when our ancestors discovered that tools could make life better.

Unfortunately, while the inclination is toward eliminating the need for human labor, we are also inclined to make more people (perhaps because of all the extra

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THE PLAYMATE AS FINE ART

BY SALVADOR DALI

The painting reproduced in this poster was commissioned from Salvador Dali by Playboy in 1966. The original hangs in the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles. It is one of several commissions given to major international artists to create artwork entitled "The Playmate as Fine Art."

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free time available for breeding). The two trends are destined to collide in a world of finite space and resources, with catastrophic social and economic results.

Until we learn to control populations by socially acceptable means, we can expect the world to become a less rich place in which to live. Our increasing numbers will eventually reduce us to simple animals struggling in squalor.

S. N. Luttich
Goose Bay, Labrador

CHARLES BARKLEY

Thank you, PLAYBOY and Tom Boswell, for a fascinating *Playboy Interview* with Charles Barkley (May). As much as Barkley may dominate a game, even overwhelm it at times, I always have a sense that he's hard-riding the sport, blending with it so that he and basketball get the most out of it together. Of all athletes, then, Barkley has been most at one with his sport.

Clarence B. Santos
Los Angeles, California

I thoroughly enjoyed the Charles Barkley interview, but I have to take exception with Tom Boswell when he makes such statements as "It's argued that your chances of getting killed with your own gun are much greater than your chances of getting killed with anybody else's gun," when questioning Barkley about why he carries a gun in his car.

According to a survey I read, in less than one percent of all defensive uses of firearms was the criminal able to take the gun away from the victim. As far as someone's taking Barkley's gun away from him, figure the odds. I wouldn't try to take a french fry away from that man, let alone a pistol.

Mike Day
Susanville, California

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Congratulations on your selection of Anna Nicole Smith as Playmate of the Year. However, the story on Ms. Smith should be corrected with respect to the history of Guess?, Inc. I am the Chairman of the Board, Chief Executive Officer and founder of Guess. I am also the creator of Guess jeans. Some time after the founding of Guess, I was joined by my brothers, including Paul Marciano, Director of Advertising.

Georges Marciano
Chief Executive Officer
Guess?, Inc.
Los Angeles, California

Accept our apologies. We particularly regret an error when it affects a valued friend.

ELKE JEINSEN

As an American residing in Germany, I have been a regular reader of *Playboy Germany*.

During a business trip back to the States, I picked up the May issue of PLAYBOY and was delighted by the absolutely super choice of Elke Jeinsen as Playmate of the Month (*Elke, Elke Über Alles*).

Living in Germany may not have many advantages over life in the U.S., but one definite advantage is that we have known Elke a lot longer than you folks back home. She was a teenage cover girl here and has made many appearances on German and Italian TV that have probably contributed to more than a few cases of TV-screen meltdown.

I suspect it's more than just a coincidence that global warming became an issue in Germany only after Elke's Playmate appearance in the October 1986 *Playboy Germany*. Congratulations again on a great catch!

Christopher Magyar
Munich, Germany

Finally, after all these years, you've run a photo of a Playmate who's a "natural"—that is, who doesn't shave her legs. I found Elke Jeinsen's spectacular centerfold to be nearly perfect, and I know many of your readers feel—as do I—that women who don't shave are especially beautiful. Think of some of the responses to your Madonna pictorial from 1985. That pictorial showed her with gloriously unshaven legs and underarms.

You've broken the ice now. When will we see a natural Playmate with unshaven underarms? I know what I'm talking about: My wife is German, doesn't shave and is drop-dead gorgeous!

Bill Bradley
Springfield, Virginia

DIAN PARKINSON

Congratulations on the encore appearance of the beautiful Dian Parkinson (*Dian's Back!*, PLAYBOY, May).

She is the reason I tape every episode of *The Price Is Right*.

Bill Simpson
Naperville, Illinois

Never has a cover of PLAYBOY looked more beautiful and sexy than the May issue with Dian Parkinson. Incredible.

Rodney R. Huron
Twentynine Palms, California

With fond memories of Dian Parkinson's first PLAYBOY layout (December, 1991) fresh in my mind, I eagerly turned to her encore in the May issue. She is even more ravishing now than she was then. From her glorious blonde tresses to her perfectly manicured fingernails to her long, slender legs, Parkinson is a flawless example of a sweet, all-American girl. She's right at any price.

Thomas S. Threlkeld
Bethesda, Maryland

I've heard of parents naming their kids after sports heroes, famous actors and actresses, grandparents or family friends, but when I received my May issue with the goddess of all goddesses Dian Parkinson on the cover, I decided to name my firstborn after Hugh Hefner. Anyone who can arrange a second opportunity for me to view Dian deserves no less.

Rodney Pairrett
Monroeville, Alabama

MANLY PURSUITS

I enjoyed *Manly Pursuits*, by Denis Boyles and Matthew Childs, in your May issue. As a K1/4-5 (that's a pretty fair kayaker), I particularly enjoyed the kayaking section. However, there is one small geographic inaccuracy. The Chattooga River is not on the Alabama–Georgia border. It flows south out of the mountains of western North Carolina and then forms the Georgia–South Carolina border. It is part of the Savannah River watershed.

One more point: I know a lot of women kayakers who can paddle the wet suits off most men. Manly pursuits? Not always.

Robert M. Protz
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

Bluffing works only when nobody calls your bluff. There are two Chattooga rivers in Georgia. As far as kayaking goes, we chose the wrong one.

WHEN WOMEN CRY

Thanks for running the advice on "When Women Cry" in your May *Mantrack*. The last time my girlfriend and I were arguing, she abruptly started crying. I thought she was being manipulative and called her on it by saying, as you advised, "Please don't change the subject." She slugged me. Because she reverted to such childish behavior, I count that argument as a win on my side of the ledger. I just wish she would answer my phone calls so I could gloat.

John Martin
Chicago, Illinois

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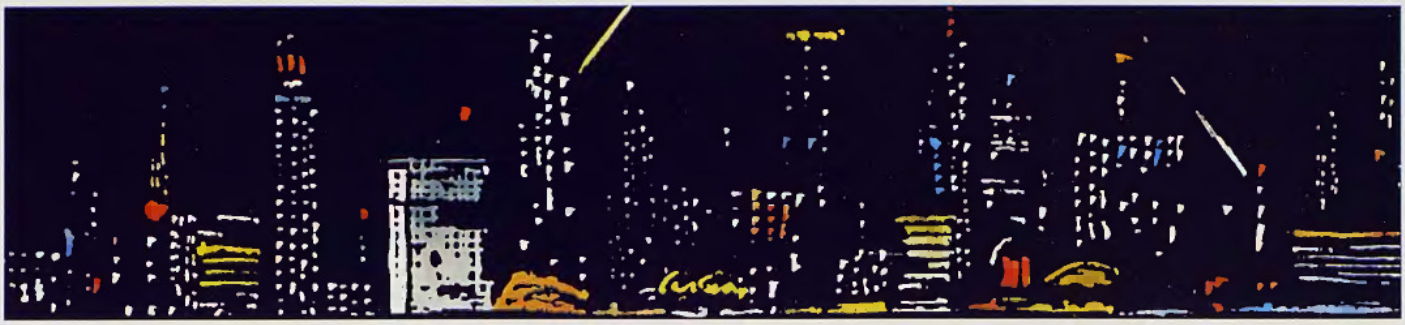
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



OOPS!

B'nai B'rith officials in Tucson, Arizona received an apology and a settlement from the U.S. West phone company recently after they discovered that their organization was listed in the phone book as the "Antidefecation League of B'nai B'rith Tucson."

YOUNG LOVE

Antony and Cleopatra. Tristan and Isolde. Romeo and Juliet. Hefner and Steinem? Well, not quite—but two of the postwar world's most seemingly incompatible figures almost bridged the gender gap. In a recent interview with *Details*, PLAYBOY founder and Editor-in-Chief Hugh M. Hefner recalled how he and protofeminist Steinem were matched up by Harvey Kurtzman, creator of *Mad* magazine, though they never actually dated. However, Steinem, in an editor's note, denied "ever planning or breaking a date with Hefner." Not so. Hef just uncovered a remarkable historical curiosity in his files—a sweet and personal letter from Steinem in which she apologized for missing an opportunity to get together. "Dear Hugh," the letter begins, "or is it Hef? Thank you so much for your nice note. I'm sorry, too, that I missed you in New York, though I might not have been too coherent at the time. As I remember, I had just been through two sleepless days and had run out of stay-awake pills to carry me through a third.

"There's the possibility that I should leave things as intriguing and mysterious as they are. Nothing you can say, as a novelist friend once pointed out to me, is nearly as good as what the readers will imagine.

"Still, I would like to meet you sometime when you're in town, and to hell with the novelist. I'll be working in Europe through the third week in August, but I'll be here after that and reachable either at my office cum answering service or at home. Best regards and I'll be looking forward to August. Gloria Steinem."

That was July 1962, months before Steinem wrote her feminist milestone, *A Bunny's Tale*, and Hef outlined *The Playboy Philosophy*. For all their later achievements, Gloria and Hugh seem a match broken up in heaven.

MONEY LAUNDERING

Leave it to the Swiss to keep their money as well scrubbed as their picture-postcard towns. The Swiss National Bank spends a lot of money replacing up to one third of its bank notes each year—yanking dirty, besmirched or torn francs before they soil the national pride. According to Roland Tornare, chief cashier of the central bank, "The first thing that you see when you arrive in a country is the money. It's like a national identity."

TARRED AND LEATHERED

Summum, a Salt Lake City company, has revived the ancient Egyptian art of preserving bodies for posterity. The breakthrough is an improved marinade that works remarkably well on animals. "There has been no breakdown of tissue at all," says John Chew, a mortuary-science professor who is in charge of Summum's mummification recipes. For a minimum of $32,000 the company will turn your deceased body into a museum-quality corpse. So far 139 people have signed up as mummies-in-waiting, one sixth of whom are from that hotbed of ancient culture, California.

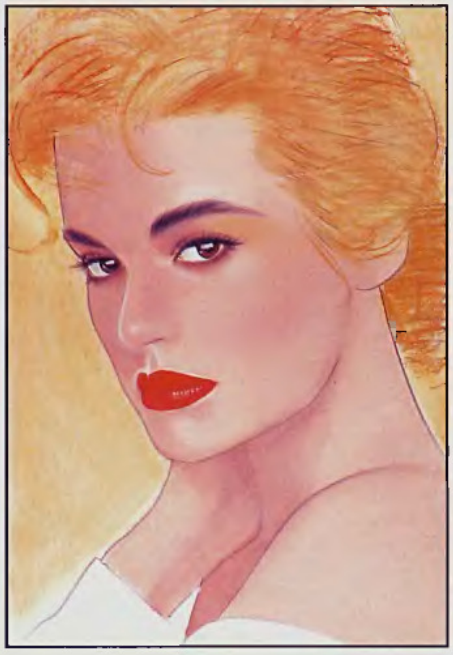


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

A LOADED REMARK

The *Daily Northwestern* recently announced, "The Dittmar Memorial Gallery at Norris University Center exploded last night in an exhibition of African-American art." No word yet on whether any critics were injured.

•

Coincidence? A slide-illustrated lecture called "Men of Science and the Culture of the Breast (or Why Mammals Are Called Mammals)" was held at Sarah Lawrence College this year. It took place in the aptly named Titsworth Hall.

ENTREPRENEURIAL ZEALOT

A Houston pharmacy offers the High-Rise Advantage Kit, which contains a professional gas mask, eye goggles, work gloves and a flashlight with a siren, but no parachute (Fountain View Pharmacy, 713-785-2602). Herman Martin, the owner of the pharmacy, explains that the kit will give you "about a five-minute advantage over someone who doesn't have it." He got the idea for the kit while watching the news reports on the World Trade Center bombing.

BOOKED BAG

How is John Gotti, convicted capo of the Gambino crime family, spending his life sentence in the federal pen at Marion, Illinois? Hitting the books. Shari King, manager of the Liberty Book Store in Boca Raton, Florida, sends Gotti's requests to him through an intermediary. Already on the don's shelf: John Grisham's *The Client*, Philip Roth's *Operation Shylock*, Nelson DeMille's *The General's Daughter* and William Diehl's *Primal Fear*. Also included is Anthony Summer's

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

A new generation of electron microscopes can magnify the head of a pin large enough that *War and Peace* could be written on it—twice.

DARREN THOMPSON

QUOTE

"Hey, wait a minute. Being a model is not a hard job. Turning a crank in a factory, now that's a hard job."—CONAN O'BRIEN AT HIS AUDITION FOR DAVID LETTERMAN'S NBC TIME SLOT, DISCUSSING OCCUPATIONS WITH MIMI ROGERS

LOST IN SPACE

According to a survey of 5947 adults, percentage who said they have experienced awakening and being unable to move, with the sense that a strange presence was in the room: 18; who said they've had an episode when an hour passed and they later could not remember what they were doing or where they were for that hour: 13; who have vague recollections of flying: 10; who have discovered puzzling scars on their bodies: 8; who said the nonsense word trondant had a secret meaning for them: 1.

•

According to a researcher and two professors who commissioned the survey, number of respondents who were "probable abductees" by space aliens: 119; their guess at number of Americans abducted each year: 3.7 million.

PINOCCH, WE NEVER KNEW YE

According to the *Entertainment Research Report*—a "family guide for movies"—number of instances of battery in Disney's *Pinocchio*: 25; of property damage: 9; of slang use of "jackass": 3; of violence involving animals: 3; of male nudity: 2; of implied death: 1.

LIBRARY BREAK

The number of libraries in the U.S. that carried subscriptions to PLAYBOY last year: 423; percentage increase since 1987: 37.

OUTER LIMITS

Average miles per hour over speed limit at which drivers say they don't fear a ticket: 8.

•

Fastest speed average American male claims to have driven: 106 mph; average female: 82 mph.

SECOND THOUGHTS

Percentage of whites in 1987 who thought there had been a lot of improvement for blacks in the U.S. in the past few decades: 75; in 1992: 46.

MOO NEWS

According to the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, average number of times per day a cow gets up and down: 14. For average heifer, the number of tons of cow pies produced annually: 15; liters of methane gas belched: 146,000.

CHECK-KITING FLYING HIGH

According to the General Accounting Office, total fines imposed in major bank-fraud cases between October 1988 and July 1992: $847 million; fines collected: $38 million.

•

Amount old-fashioned stick-'em-up bank robbers stole in 1992: $50 million. Amount stolen by operators of check-fraud schemes: $2.8 billion.

•

Percentage of gun-toting bank robbers who are caught and prosecuted: 90; percentage of fraud cases involving less than $100,000 that are dropped by prosecutors or closed by the FBI: 91.

—CHIP ROWE

book on red-dress-wearing J. Edgar Hoover, *Official and Confidential*, "because," says a Gotti goomba, "it tells the truth about the FBI."

WHOO, WHAT, WHERE

Who is attacking joggers in the forests of the great Northwest? Who, indeed. It seems that in late summer, hungry young barred owls—a species not native to the area—often mistake the pony-tailed heads of runners for squirrels and other tasty prey. One victim, explaining why the attacks tend to occur at dusk, said, "It's when they're just waking up. They're hungry and grumpy, and to them your head looks just like a giant hamburger."

•

The prospect of a 47-story condominium project in a tony area of Chicago prompted this headline in a neighborhood association ad: THIS MONSTROUS ERECTION WILL DESTROY STREETERVILLE. Maybe, but perhaps a few society doyennes will be left smiling.

GUINEA PIGS

British Rail now has trains that reach top speeds of 140 miles per hour. In order to determine how close to the tracks maintenance workers can safely do their jobs, the railroad plans to measure the reactions of workers tied to posts two to three meters from the tracks.

•

The more-than-we-ever-needed-to-know-about-barflies award goes to a paper presented this year at a meeting for the American Association for the Advancement of Science titled "Sexual and Reproductive Behavior Among a Sample of Female Drunk Drivers."

NECTAR OF THE GODFATHERS

La Giara, an Italian import company, has taken olive oil to an even more rarefied realm by introducing vintage oil—not only *extra vergine* and cold-pressed but also labeled with the month and year of its bottling. The production date is critical, say the manufacturers, because the oil loses its flavor after 18 months. It is *extra vergine* because the olives from which it's been made haven't been chemically processed to remove acidity. It is cold-pressed because the olives are pressed only once under low pressure and no heat. (Repeated pressings—and those at higher pressure and temperature—yield a lesser oil.) Stephen Grace, the packaged-goods buyer at Dean & DeLuca's in New York, assesses the slippery subject of whether the oil's $24-a-liter price is worth it: "It's not like wine. It's very subtle." So it's not like Wesson, either.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IN THE *Thin Man* series, the society sleuths Nick and Nora Charles had to cope with a dog named Asta. In ***Undercover Blues*** (MGM), Dennis Quaid and Kathleen Turner, a Nick and Nora for the Nineties, have as their excess baggage a baby girl. She travels with them in and around New Orleans, looking adorable as her mom and dad chase terrorists, elude a crazed killer and land karate kicks where they really hurt. They also trade nonstop banter with all comers. When an admirer ogles their toddler and asks, "Boy or girl?" Quaid swiftly responds, "Gosh, I hope so." Although Quaid's smart-alecky manner and killer smile are overworked, he and Turner appear to enjoy themselves immensely as Mr. and Mrs. Blue—married spies moonlighting on their maternity leave. The fun is contagious, with broad comic stints by Stanley Tucci and Fiona Shaw as the worst villains and Larry Miller and Obba Babatunde as a droll, befuddled pair of New Orleans lawmen. Director Herb Ross stylishly pumps up an irreverent screenplay by Ian Abrams, even making the violence good for laughs—particularly in Quaid's babe-in-arms battle with two muggers and in a mud-wrestling melee between Turner and Shaw. Despite trying too hard from time to time, the *Blues* should cheer you up. ¥¥¥

•

Donald Sutherland's smiling menace understandably disturbs his daughter, Amy Irving, a feisty Arizona waitress. In ***Benefit of the Doubt*** (Miramax), she plays a single mom with reason to be concerned when he comes back from a 22-year prison term for murdering her mother. She was just a kid when her testimony convicted him. Now she has a kid of her own, a lover (Christopher McDonald) and a dad whose eagerness to right old wrongs may not be as benign as he professes. *Benefit*'s caldron of insanity, incest and murder stirs anxiety, all right, though the highly capable cast is finally sabotaged by one of those goofy climactic cliff-hangers. While it doesn't make much sense when Irving and her son flee to a desolate canyon area near Lake Powell for a scenic finale, it does make her retribution picturesque. ¥¥

•

Trashy inhabitants of a California trailer park keep things lively in ***Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me*** (Mad Dog Pictures). The aim of New York writer-director Joel Hershman was to "make a movie just as tasteless, vulgar and tacky as Hollywood, but for a lot less money." He succeeds

Quaid and Turner: down and dirty.

A couple of spies, outed gays and a harried single mom all get involved in kid stuff.

admirably in this tongue-in-cheek depiction of a wicked John Waters world where a drifter named Eli (movie newcomer Max Parrish) hides in the trailer park after a wrestling match and gun battle with the ditzy heiress (Sean Young) who wants to marry him, dead or alive. Eli's subsequent misadventures involve a sadistic porn queen (Andrea Naschak), a virgin (Adrienne Shelly) and sundry social mavericks—two of whom are played by Diane Ladd and Timothy Leary. In one fairly typical snatch of dialogue, Shelly remarks, "I guess killing your sister and burying your dog and losing your virginity all in one day is a lot for a girl." *Hold Me* may be a bit much for audiences put off by the simple plot and arch-to-amateurish acting. Only true followers of camp comedy will see that there is method in Hershman's badness. ¥¥½

•

Subtitled Mandarin Chinese alternates with English in ***The Wedding Banquet*** (Samuel Goldwyn), an engaging and morally liberated comedy directed by Ang Lee. Also serving as co-producer and co-author, Lee takes a blithely tolerant view of a gay couple in New York—Winston Chao as Wai-Tung, a Chinese-American real estate man, and Mitchell Lichtenstein as Simon, his live-in lover. When Wai-Tung's parents fly from Taiwan to see that their son finds a wife, the homosexual pair schemes to have Wai-Tung tie the knot in a marriage of convenience with beautiful, ambitious Wei-Wei (May Chin), an artist who will thus gain a green card to stay in the U.S. Many puzzling complications follow, of course: a grand wedding ceremony, some unscheduled sex, jealousy, subterfuge and a final reckoning that satisfies but doesn't cheat. American-style Chinese culture gives *The Wedding Banquet* an exotic air that's never quaint or precious. This is a bright and timely film that handles homosexuality with refreshing, unembarrassed honesty. ¥¥¥

•

Finnish-born producer, writer and director Aki Kaurismaki's ***La Vie de Bohème*** (Kino International) is definitely not the famous opera. Shot in black and white, ostensibly "to take revenge on Puccini," the movie is a deadpan spoof of Henri Millet's novel about Mimi, Rodolfo, Musette and friends on the Left Bank. One aspect of Kaurismaki's offbeat humor is to cast the main romantic roles with fairly colorless performers who look like middle-aged suburbanites from a community theater. The laughs range from an artist asked "Who is it?" while standing beside his realistic self-portrait to a composer whose clunky avant-garde music drives his listeners to drink. This eccentric moviemaker's previous work—*Leningrad Cowboys Go America* and *The Match Factory Girl*—can be viewed as both a promise and a warning that Kaurismaki is an acquired taste. ¥¥

•

An inside view of the homosexual world in Japan is shown in ***Okoge*** (Cinevista), which takes its title from the Japanese word for a woman who prefers the company of gay men. Sayoko (Misa Shimizu) is the pivotal subject, initially attracted by the tenderness and kissing between two men she meets at the beach. One is Tochi (Takeo Nakahara), a forty-ish married man trying to keep his sexual orientation closeted while he carries on with a stout, handsome leather artisan named Goh (Takehiro Murata). When Goh's hysterical mother moves in with him, he and Tochi have no place to hide. Horrified to learn that her son isn't straight, Goh's mother reasons that "gay bacteria" must have seeped in when she cut her finger during pregnancy. Sayoko generously allows her newfound friends to use her tiny apartment for their heated liaisons. Her own sex life seems vicarious at best, until the twosome breaks up. She is raped by a man she approaches on behalf of Goh. *Okoge*'s ending is oddly similar to *The Wedding Banquet*'s, with a baby unexpectedly bridging the

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Golino: in the Greco-Roman tradition.

OFF CAMERA

Her American movies have made **Valeria Golino,** 26, a sex symbol in spite of herself. She is well remembered for her long kiss with the star of *Big Top Pee-wee*, for bussing Dustin Hoffman in *Rain Man* and for popping an olive from navel to mouth in her *Hot Shots!* spoof of *9½ Weeks*. Her newest release is *Hot Shots! Part Deux*. "I'm the same character but more of a warrior. I'm mostly spoofing Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*." In the upcoming *Clean Slate*, "I'm an actress pretending to be someone else, to make Dana Carvey fall in love with me." Carvey should find the falling a cinch with gorgeous Greek-Italian Golino, who broke into films in 1984 when a family friend, director Lina Wertmüller, cast her in a movie called *A Joke of Destiny*. Her first line of screen dialogue, in English, was: "Deflower me." Spoken to a policeman, Valeria adds merrily.

Since then she's been commuting from her apartment in Rome to a house in Los Angeles as her movie roles demand. She has emerged from one shattered romance to a new love with Fabrizio Bentivoglia, an Italian actor she met while shooting *Puerto Escondido*. The film, from the Oscar-winning director of *Mediterraneo*, says Golino, "is already a big hit in Italy." She aspires to do drama, and she loved her role in *The King's Whore*, a neglected period piece co-starring Timothy Dalton, recently released on tape. She calls it "very sexy, very sensual." A star import in the Sophia Loren–Gina Lollobrigida tradition, Valeria acknowledges the comparison with sly assurance: "But I wouldn't have got anywhere in those days. They were so, you know, soft. I'm speaking about the body. Compared to them, I'm sort of skinny." But weighing in *con brio*.

gap between gay and straight people. It also brings Goh and Sayoko together—again, in a far from conventional arrangement. As writer, producer and director, Takehiro Nakajima balances sex and satire with shrewd nonchalance, wryly mocking homophobia while putting the range of gay society in a glaring spotlight. ¥¥¥

•

The gallery of New York characters hopping from bed to bed in ***Chain of Desire*** (Mad Dog Pictures) doesn't always get what it wants. That's more or less the point of this contemporary *La Ronde*. The 1950 French erotic classic, based on a play by Arthur Schnitzler, has been loosely rehashed for the Nineties by writer-director Temistocles Lopez. More explicit but not really sexier, *Chain* begins with a nightclub singer (Linda Fiorentino) who makes love to a workingman (Elias Koteas) she meets in a church. The man, in turn, goes home to make love to his wife (Angel Aviles), who works as a maid for a sadomasochistic doctor (Patrick Bauchau) with a yen to suffer through the darker passages of the *Kama Sutra*. And so it goes, in an artfully photographed, omnisexual relay that leads from woman to man to woman to bisexual, homosexual, a hired boy, a virgin, a habitual philanderer, his vengeful wife and a trio of mutual masturbators (two males, one female) getting off together at the windows of their separate apartments. That's not necessarily the order of appearances for this fast company (Malcolm McDowell, Assumpta Serna, Seymour Cassel, Kevin Conroy and Suzanne Douglas included), most of whom show up again for an ironic finale in the swinging club where it all started. Despite a fairly superficial treatment, *Chain of Desire* has high gloss as well as a surefire plot recycled for an era of condom use and AIDS anxiety. Even so, the movie spurs some prurient interest in who does—or doesn't—do whom, and what they do instead. ¥¥½

•

Cartoon fans who have relished the cat-and-mouse game invented more than half a century ago by the Hanna-Barbera team of animators should take a shine to ***Tom and Jerry—The Movie*** (Miramax). For the first time at feature length, the famous adversaries have voices (Richard Kind speaking for Tom, Dana Hill for Jerry). Here they're dispossessed when a wrecking ball flattens Tom's home and makes him a street cat with the mouthy mouse on his tail. Don't think twice about the sentimental story, which isn't recast for adults in the manner of *Aladdin*. Still, nostalgia has charm, at its best when Tom and Jerry stick to their own thing—gleefully plotting dirty tricks with no dire consequences. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

American Heart (Reviewed 6/93) In darkest Seattle with Jeff Bridges. ¥¥¥
Benefit of the Doubt (See review) Incest and murder all in the family. ¥¥
Chain of Desire (See review) It's *La Ronde* revisited here and now. ¥¥½
Cliffhanger (Listed only) Spills and cheap thrills have Stallone on ice. ¥¥½
Dave (7/93) Deft satire with Kevin Kline as a presidential double. ¥¥¥
Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story (6/93) Kung fu superstar's life and times. ¥¥¥
Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me (See review) More trash with flash. ¥¥½
Indecent Proposal (7/93) Crowd-pleasing black comedy that puts a high price on adultery. ¥¥¥
La Vie de Bohème (See review) Left Bank life without the music. ¥¥
Lost in Yonkers (Listed only) Too-stagy version of Neil Simon comedy, but a grand performance by Mercedes Ruehl. ¥¥¥
Much Ado About Nothing (6/93) Some Shakespeare! Another triumph for Branagh and Emma Thompson. ¥¥¥¥
The Music of Chance (7/93) Fate takes a hand for two hard-luck guys. ¥¥¥
Okoge (See review) Girl meets boys in the gay world of modern Tokyo. ¥¥¥
Orlando (7/93) Played as male and female by Tilda Swinton, from the Virginia Woolf novel. ¥¥¥¥
Sleepless in Seattle (7/93) Hanks meets Ryan for a fine romance. ¥¥¥½
Sliver (Listed only) Voyeuristic sex and violence—a shallow but chic triangle featuring Sharon Stone, William Baldwin and Tom Berenger. ¥¥
Sofie (7/93) Liv Ullmann gives womankind some thought. ¥¥¥½
The Story of Qiu Ju (5/93) The woman bucking the Chinese bureaucracy is played gorgeously by Gong Li. ¥¥¥¥
Three of Hearts (6/93) Triangle with two lesbians and a cocky gigolo. ¥¥¥
Tito and Me (7/93) One great dictator loses face with a young admirer. ¥¥
Tom and Jerry—The Movie (See review) Those tangled tails at length. ¥¥¥
Un Coeur en Hiver (7/93) Two men and a woman in a neat French triangle. ¥¥¥
Undercover Blues (See review) Hot spy couple with a toddler in tow. ¥¥¥
Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography (6/93) An eyeful for film fans. ¥¥¥½
The Wedding Banquet (See review) Gay man's marriage of convenience. ¥¥¥
Wide Sargasso Sea (6/93) Before *Jane Eyre*, Rochester works up a sexual sweat in the tropics. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

When it comes to home video, actor **Michael Richards** is as unpredictable as Kramer, his *Seinfeld* alter ego. On the one hand, he's a drama lover whose favorites include such classics as *The Great Escape*, *Midnight Cowboy* and *In the Heat of the Night*. But he's also a pushover for slapstick. "I am a major fan of Charlie Chaplin," he says, "and I love anything with Peter Sellers—*A Shot in the Dark*, *Being There* and the *Pink Panther* movies." Other pet performances include Albert Brooks in *Lost in America*, Chevy Chase in *Fletch* and Eddie Murphy in *48 Hours* and *Beverly Hills Cop*. "I love it whenever you have comedians running around with guns in their hands." Talk about killing your audience. —SUSAN KARLIN

TELEVINTAGE

Ike was in the White House, ball games were on radio and commercials were 60 seconds. From International Historic Films, a blast from television's past.

Carson's Cellar (1953): A dark-haired, baby-faced Johnny mans his live CBS show from KNXT–TV in Los Angeles, with *Queen for a Day*'s Jack Bailey as guest. Tape also includes Jack Parr's first TV gig and Dave Garroway hosting a *Today* segment that explores television in the Fifties.

Take a Good Look (1959): Weird ABC panel show starring Ernie Kovacs, who incites such antics as a *What's My Line?* spoof, "buried clue" sketches and an underwater Dutch Masters cigar ad. Also included: an Easter 1957 episode from Jack Benny's CBS show featuring his immaculate double takes and an appearance by Rochester—plus George Burns' son, Ronnie, singing *She's Kina Cute* in saddle shoes. Bonus: Lucky Strike ads.

You Bet Your Life (1952, 1955): The Cos may be OK, but no one beats NBC's original, the cigar-chomping Groucho, whose victims here include a worm salesman and a 94-year-old woman. The tape's real find: an ad for the new DeSoto convertible, "introducing" power steering and brakes.

Space Patrol (1951, 1953): ABC's outer-space adventure series featuring do-gooders Commander Cory and Cadet Happy. Super-retro, with so-bad-you're-glad acting and special effects. Tape also includes an offer for Space Binocs—yours for just 25 cents and a Ralston box top. Act now. —STUART WARMFLASH

(All tapes $19 from International Historic Films, Inc., 312-927-2900.)

VIDEO BONES

Dinosaur movies bring out the Cro-Magnon in us. While *Jurassic Park* shows us big lizards in the present, we like to remember the caveman movies of the good old, old, old days.

One Million B.C. (1940): Victor Mature and Carole Landis romp in loincloths in this antediluvian gem. Not to be confused with Raquel Welch's 1966 remake. That one has yet to make it to tape.

The Clan of the Cave Bear (1985): Daryl Hannah is ahead of her time as she mixes with Neanderthals. Cave-speak (written by John Sayles) is subtitled.

Quest for Fire (1982): Three cave dudes get smart fast when they spot a more evolved cavegirl, Rae Dawn Chong, decked out only in body paint.

Caveman (1981): Dim Ringo Starr and beauteous Barbara Bach camp it up in a silly saga featuring a pot-eating T. rex. Co-stars pre-*Cheers* Shelley Long.

When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth (1969): Stone Age *Romeo and Juliet* set against backdrop of feuding tribes battling giant crabs. Stars 1968 Playmate of the Year, Victoria Vetri.

The Valley of Gwangi (1969): Explorers want to put dinosaurs in a zoo; the reptiles think otherwise. Wild effects courtesy of legend Ray Harryhausen.

Dinosaurus! (1960): Confused caveman and two irate dinosaurs are unearthed by a construction crew in the tropics. Stop-motion galore; unintentionally a riot. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISNEY ON DISC

A little mermaid, a big beast and a whacked-out genie put Disney back on the map—reason enough to begin racking up Walt's finest on disc (all from Image Entertainment). Our core-collection selections:

Fantasia (1940): The granddaddy of them all. Sorcery and dancing mushrooms set to Tchaikovsky and other masters. A musical education for children, a psychedelic head trip for their folks.

Pinocchio (1940): Pine boy dreams of becoming real kid, learns about truth the hard way: growing noses, a man-eating whale and a conscience-conscious cricket. Unbeatable.

Dumbo (1941): Charming Technicolor pachyderm tale full of peril, pathos, drunken clowns and an oddly racist quartet of crows. Still, a tearjerker.

The Jungle Book (1967): Kipling stories with love-your-neighbor undertones, backed by swinging beats (swingingest: Louie Prima's *I Wanna Be Like You* and Phil Harris' *The Bare Necessities*). A bungle in the jungle before it was hip.

Mary Poppins (1964): Magical nanny Julie Andrews cavorts with Cockney Dick Van Dyke in her Oscar-winning film debut. Feeding birds, flying kites, dancing with penguins. Sugary, to be sure, but by just a spoonful. —JULIE BESONEN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FOREIGN	***Indochine*** (plantation owner Deneuve loses lover to daughter—and vice versa; Oscar's best foreign pic), ***Toto the Hero*** (ill-fated Frenchman thinks he and rich neighbor were swapped at birth; charming), ***Damage*** (Irons gets uncomfortably comfy with son's fiancée; go for unrated version).
ROMANCE	***Forever Young*** (Gibson wakes from 50-year freeze; predictable, but Mel warms up the clichés), ***A Fine Romance*** (betrayed spouses Julie Andrews and Marcello Mastroianni commiserate and connive), ***Used People*** (Marcello again, this time wooing Shirley MacLaine after hubby's funeral).
EROTIC	***The Lover*** (he's a Chinese merchant, she's Marguerite Duras as a teen; steamy saga of sexual initiation), ***Body of Evidence*** (Madonna tells court she didn't screw her lover to death; critics hated it, you'll rewind), ***Lake Consequence*** (PLAYBOY vet Joan Severance does a watery ménage-à-trois; worth a dip).
DRAMA	***Passion Fish*** (disabled soap star Mary McDonnell finds Alfre Woodard—and hope—in Cajun country), ***Sarafina!*** (Whoopi as South African teacher who inspires charges to raise their voices; a joy), ***The Amy Fisher Story*** (from ABC-TV, starring Drew Barrymore—the only version that doesn't kiss butt).

Guy Viau

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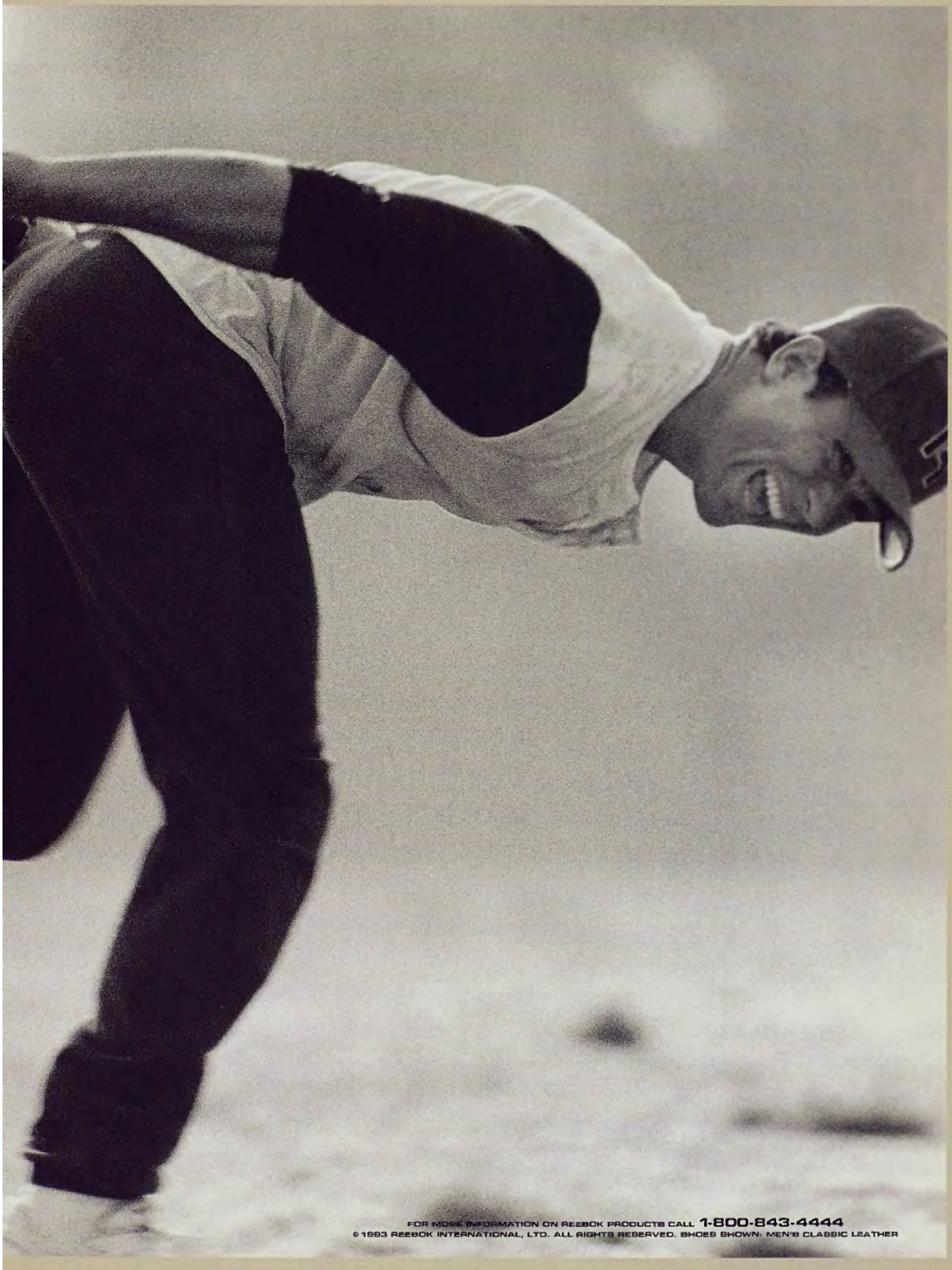
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MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

MY PROUDEST DAY as a PLAYBOY music critic came when Ray Charles asked me if I was "that guy I read in PLAYBOY every month." In my mind, Ray Charles still ranks with James Brown and Elvis Presley as one of the most important pioneers of rock and R&B. So it didn't even matter if he liked my reviews, just that he'd noticed them.

Still, as much as I love him and his records of the Fifties through the Seventies, Charles' recent albums have been undeniably perfunctory. ***My World*** (Warner) offers something for Charles lovers to sink their teeth into, at last. Some of this has to do with Ray's rediscovery of the art of collaboration: Producer Richard Perry found a batch of better-than-decent songs (including a couple of inspired choices, notably *Still Crazy After All These Years*) and gave him appropriate accompanists, including Eric Clapton (who solos on the beautiful *None of Us Are Free*), Mavis Staples, Billy Preston and June Pointer. The album also successfully mates Charles and contemporary idiom. The title track finds him sounding like a born new jack swinger. But most of all, *My World* will engross fans because Ray sounds truly engaged by his material for the first time in years. Plus you've gotta hear him play synth guitar on *Still Crazy*. Although *My World* has its flaws, it's made it easy to explain why Charles remains such a musical hero.

FAST CUTS: Patty Loveless, ***Only What I Feel*** (Epic): Pure honky-tonk from the opening rocker about the inevitable return of her cheating lover to the final weeper about maternal wisdom. But so warm, so wise it can be listened to repeatedly—even compulsively. Lesley Riddle, ***Step by Step*** (Rounder): Hardcore country fans may know that Riddle, a black man, taught the Carter Family some of their most important songs and guitar licks, but until they hear these sides, probably even they won't know that Riddle is so adept and sensitive as a guitarist and singer.

VIC GARBARINI

Chris Thomas scares people. This 26-year-old son of a Baton Rouge bluesman wants to play like Jimi, sing like Otis, emulate Bob Marley's spiritual and social conscience and give up the funk à la Sly. What's spooky about his sophomore effort, ***Simple*** (Hightone), is how easily Thomas radiates the raw power and spirit of his influences. He integrates their essential substance, not merely their styles. This guy is the real Lenny Kravitz. He's not just browsing. He lives every note. Thomas attacks Marley's *War* with more urgency than anyone since the Wailers, and miraculously captures Hendrix' fluid volatility on *Blood on the Dagger*. *Whatever Happened to the Revolution* could be Sly and Jimi sitting in with Arrested Development. How do you pigeonhole this guy? He has the authenticity of an early bluesmaster and the sophistication to carry that vibe into a modern context. Thomas' background and talent make people edgy. Is he Muddy Waters, Jr. or the next Stevie Ray Vaughan? Bring him home from Europe and supply the production chops he deserves. Just don't mess with his vibe.

Sink your teeth into *My World*.

Ray Charles as new jack swinger, raw PJ Harvey and the real Lenny Kravitz.

FAST CUTS: Julianna Raye, ***Something Peculiar*** (Reprise): Chrissie Hynde on a moped instead of a Harley. Deliciously melodic pop (bet her favorite Beatle was George), occasionally marred by clunky lyrics. The Georgia Satellites, ***Let It Rock*** (Elektra): Nearly flawless best-of from the Eighties Atlanta chunk-and-grind roots-rockers. But where's their searing *Run Through the Jungle*?

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

I loved the music on PJ Harvey's *Dry*, but half the lyrics seemed stupid to me. I love the music on ***Rid of Me*** (Island) twice as much. For all I care Polly Jean could be singing Adrienne Rich outtakes. This spectacularly unvirtuosic record is so raw and loud and intense and headlong that the guitar gods are making room for a goddess even as we listen.

And while I can't tell you exactly what the songs mean, I'll vouch for their tone, which ain't for milquetoasts. This is a woman obsessed with male sexual power, until the man misuses it, at which point she wants it for herself. A few lines out of context, where I found them: "You were going to be my life," "I'll make you lick my injuries," "Douse hair with gasoline," "Let me stroke it," "Bend over Casanova," "I'm 20 inches long."

I call that bracing. If you call it daunting, maybe you'd best avoid Shanté's ***The Bitch Is Back*** (Livin' Large) as well. Whether she's dissing other distaff rappers ("Suckin' dicks and turnin' tricks to get a quick fix/While I was puttin' dope hits in the mix") or putting a price on her pussy ("It's all about the gimme-gimme/You say you want to get with the slimmy, but Joe your jimmy ain't goin' in me"), she proves herself the hardest of the hard. And she's got beats to match.

FAST CUTS: Kanda Bongo Man's ***Soukous in Central Park*** (Hannibal) is a propulsive introduction to the high-energy *soukous* of the man who modernized this predominant African style in the mid-Eighties. The Auteurs' ***New Wave*** (Caroline) is a tuneful introduction to postmodern cynicism, U.K. style.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Lollapalooza visionary and Jane's Addiction leader Perry Farrell returns to the scene, after never being that far away, with the much-anticipated ***Porno for Pyros*** (Warner). It sounds like a slightly tighter version of his previous band: heavy guitars played in minor-key modes other than the blues scale, cool bass lines and interludes of weirdness. Like the band's name, Porno for Pyros, the lyrics are somewhat heavy-handed. An inveterate reporter of his own mind, Farrell has a relentless hunger for new experience. But he gazes at his own navel, which gives his songs the distinct flavor of college poetry. Since college students are his main audience, and since college students are some of my best friends, there's nothing wrong with his songs sounding like college poetry. But his words sound deep only in the context of the songs, and unlike *Been Caught Stealing* (Jane's biggest hit), nothing here strikes me as funny either.

FAST CUTS: ***Gutterball*** (Mute): I keep hearing that Richmond may be the next Seattle and these guys are leading the

charge. Somewhere between roots-rock and grunge, with enough respect for pop that the songwriting gets to the point, Gutterball is an alternative hybrid consisting of veterans from Dream Syndicate, House of Freaks, the Silos and the Long Ryders. Three guitars are intricate without stepping on one another. Anthrax, ***Sound of White Noise*** (Elektra): Major step up in sound and lyrics for thrash metal. Should win over some Metallica fans and nonsatanic headbangers. *1000 Points of Hate* shows danger of topical songwriting: Who remembers George Bush? Paul Rodgers, ***Muddy Water Blues: A Tribute to Muddy Waters*** (Victory): In an age of tribute albums, this one stands out by virtue of its unity (Rodgers sings everything), variety (11 different ace guitarists back him up) and worthiness (Waters was a great songwriter). This is probably Rodgers' best album since Bad Company's first LP, which is really saying something, since he has one of the truly great voices in rock. Of the guitarists, it can be said that all are way beyond adequate, but Jeff Beck melts your mind. If you loved what he did to primitive rock and blues way back when in the Yardbirds, you'll flip for this.

NELSON GEORGE

Mary J. Blige's *What's the 411?* was the cutting edge of pop R&B in 1992. Well-sung, cannily produced and beautifully written, Blige's debut effort set new standards for the melding of R&B harmony and hip-hop beats. Crucial to Blige's achievement was the writing of three men (Buddy Wike, Jeff Sanders and Kenny Greene) who have formed their own band, Intro.

Their self-titled 11-song debut ***Intro*** (Atlantic) confirms that their contributions to Blige were no fluke. This trio is as deep in songwriting talent as any vocal group around. Intro specializes in smartly arranged mid-tempo love songs that highlight Greene's impassioned leads, the strident backing harmonies of Wike and Sanders, and sturdy hip-hop beats. *Love Thang*, with its Edie Brickell sample, perfectly exemplifies all this.

Equally impressive are the rich layers of keyboards that intricately underpin such excellent songs as *Let Me Be the One*, *Anything for You* and *Why Don't You Love Me?* The last two cuts are songs of deep yearning and thwarted desire. Melodically and harmonically they are influenced by, but not imitations of, vintage Stevie Wonder. So it's no surprise that Intro pulls off a sensitive remake of Wonder's *Ribbon in the Sky* that respects the original and puts a distinctive stamp on the ballad. This may be Intro's intro, but there will be following chapters.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ray Charles *My World*	4	7	7	7	8
Porno for Pyros	7	7	7	5	6
PJ Harvey *Rid of Me*	9	8	9	4	8
Intro	3	6	9	6	7
Chris Thomas *Simple*	3	9	7	7	8

QUOTE OF THE MONTH DEPARTMENT: Rock artist–archivist **Cynthia Plaster Caster** got her casts back after a courtroom battle. The casts in question include the anatomically precise statues of the penises of **Jimi Hendrix, MC5** guitarist **Wayne Kramer** and Broadway singer **Anthony Newley.** (Anthony Newley?) Says Cynthia, "What's going on here isn't just a fight over art. It's more like a child custody battle. They're like children." Ah, those glorious Sixties.

REELING AND ROCKING: James Brooks' film *I'll Do Anything*, a musical about a father–daughter relationship set in Hollywood, will have a bunch of songs written by **Prince** and a song, *Somebody's Baby*, written by **Sinéad O'Connor.** . . . *Madonna*, the miniseries, will air on ABC next fall. Based on her early years, the show will be produced by her company and end with her first hit record.

NEWSBREAKS: Bonnie Raitt is back in the studio. . . . **The Pointer Sisters** celebrate their 20th year in the music business with a new LP. . . . Look for **Rod Stewart's** *Unplugged* tour to start any day now. . . . **Patti (Mrs. Boss) Scialfa's** LP is due. She's been working on it for more than a year. . . . **Nirvana's** LP and a tour are on tap. . . . After testing i Stations in New York, San Diego and St. Louis, researchers have discovered that people buy more when they can listen to samples of music. Consumers with i-Cards were able to sample 30 seconds of music from 32,000 titles. . . . The rumor goes this way: Once **Velvet Underground** do some European dates, they may play in the U.S., too. Good rumor. . . . The **Tom Petty** greatest hits LP will feature some new material and probably not be in stores until fall. . . . Expect more releases from the **Ed Sullivan** archives, including *Rock 'N Roll Pioneers 1957 to 1959*, *Rhythm and Blues Revue* and *Country Classics*. . . . **Graham Nash's** photographs were exhibited at a San Francisco gallery last spring. He used computer technology to alter photos he's taken over the past 35 years, including those of **Joni Mitchell, Neil Young** and **Johnny Cash.** . . . The new **Billy Joel** LP was recorded twice, but, according to producer-guitarist **Danny Kortchmar,** it's not a case of overproduction. Between the first and second go-round, Joel listened to a lot of Beethoven, Chopin, Ravel and Brahms. Wonder what that might mean? . . . The nation's third-largest supplier of postal-employee uniforms has launched a separate division for **Elvis** stamp memorabilia, and it's cleaning up. The basic Elvis-stamp T-shirt is the most popular item. . . . When **Debbie Gibson** does *Grease* on Broadway, the producers hope to secure the rights to some of the songs used in the film, such as *Hopelessly Devoted to You*. . . . **Richard Thompson** has an album of new material due for release any time, not to be confused with the three-CD box set that was released in April. . . . The CD-ROM version of *The Compleat Beatles*, based on Delilah Films' two-hour documentary and book, will cost about $100 when it comes out this month. Viewers will be able to pick specific years and get different categories of info. . . . The **Ramones** do the Bartman: Joey, Johnny, Marky and C.J. will be immortalized on *The Simpsons* in the fall with brief talking parts and their version of *Happy Birthday*. Will Bart burn down his school as his way of saying thanks? . . . Finally, one last dopey Elvis story comes from our friends at *Rock & Rap Confidential*: Visitors to the **Richard Nixon** library can purchase an Elvis–Nixon watch for $45. Does Mickey know about this? —BARBARA NELLIS

By SUSAN LITTWIN

EVEN BEFORE David Koresh and his faithful Branch Davidians burned to death live on CNN, things were not going well for the cult leader. Four federal agents died storming his compound, he was nursing a bullet wound and he was surrounded by more hostile forces than anyone since Custer. Many things go through a man's mind at such a time, and given the age in which we live, one of the most important—to Koresh and others who find themselves temporarily famous—could also have been the most lucrative: How much will NBC pay me for my life story?

Koresh died before he found out, though he told his lawyers he wanted $2.5 million for the book rights alone. Negotiating under siege surprised no one; indeed, it was later cited by embarrassed FBI honchos as proof Koresh intended to walk out. Story rights, in this era of the fact-based TV movie, are the ultimate nest egg of the notorious.

Sometimes, however, it's the nice guys who finish first. Jim and Jennifer Stolpa, for instance, are an admirable young couple from California. They tried to cross the Sierras in the middle of a snowstorm so they could attend a family funeral in Idaho and were stranded for eight days. But the young soldier and his wife took good care of their baby and acquitted themselves well before they were rescued and had to lose parts of their frostbitten feet. Perhaps it made their ordeal slightly more tolerable when they woke up in the hospital to 70-plus producers who had, like so many Kings of Orient, wended their way to Reno and made offers to the Stolpas' new agent.

The agent selected Michael Jaffe Films, the company that produced one of the Amy Fisher movies. The Jaffe people offered a sum reportedly north of $500,000, the highest fee ever paid for rights.

Of course, the night is young. It is heartwarming that the Stolpas got more than Amy Fisher or the Buttafuocos, but before the ink was dry on the deal memo, the Waco siege, the World Trade Center bombing and the New Jersey rape trial were creating new bidding frenzies, which will probably drive prices higher still.

The problem for those of us who occasionally watch TV movies—hoping for a good double-twist murder, a tug at the heartstrings or maybe a fourth comeback attempt by Ed Marinaro—is that the rights hounds have taken over the medium. "It is next to impossible to pitch original material to the networks now. Producers are just faxing them

Today's headlines, tomorrow's bad shows.

Why everything goes wrong when TV movies document real life.

newspaper clippings," says Michael O'Hara, writer and co–executive producer of *Switched at Birth*, the 1991 NBC movie based on the true story of two babies switched in a Florida hospital. At the time, *Switched* held the rights package record at $250,000. That price has doubled in two otherwise recessionary years, escalated by the hysteria to turn tabloid headlines, fresh from *Geraldo* and *A Current Affair*, into prime-time fodder.

On tap for the 1993–1994 season are the true stories of a young lawyer who discovers repressed memories of incest, two teenagers swept away in a Texas flood, a surrogate mother carrying twins for an adoptive couple who want only one baby, a mother's struggle to protect her teenage daughter from a stalker, the daring rescue of a single-engine Cessna over the Pacific and a schizophrenic Toronto woman who wins legal custody of her young son.

But blockbusters, as real-life TV executives know, can be hard to come by. *Gregory K*—the tale of the kid who divorced his parents, slated by some to be "the quintessential, all-time TV movie"—was a big ratings dissappointment.

Not every true-life drama is TV-movie material. Shortly after the Stolpas captured the headlines with their heroic behavior, seven cross-country skiers were stranded by a blinding blizzard near Aspen. They briefly became famous until the real story surfaced. Apparently, not all members of the group exhibited grace under pressure, turning on one another like some sort of neo-Donner party. Though all survived, the sniping and accusations did not make an uplifting tale and even the most desperate producers could muster only limited enthusiasm. The group, which got along no better off the slopes than on, couldn't agree on any of the meager offers. It's one TV movie we might never have to suffer through.

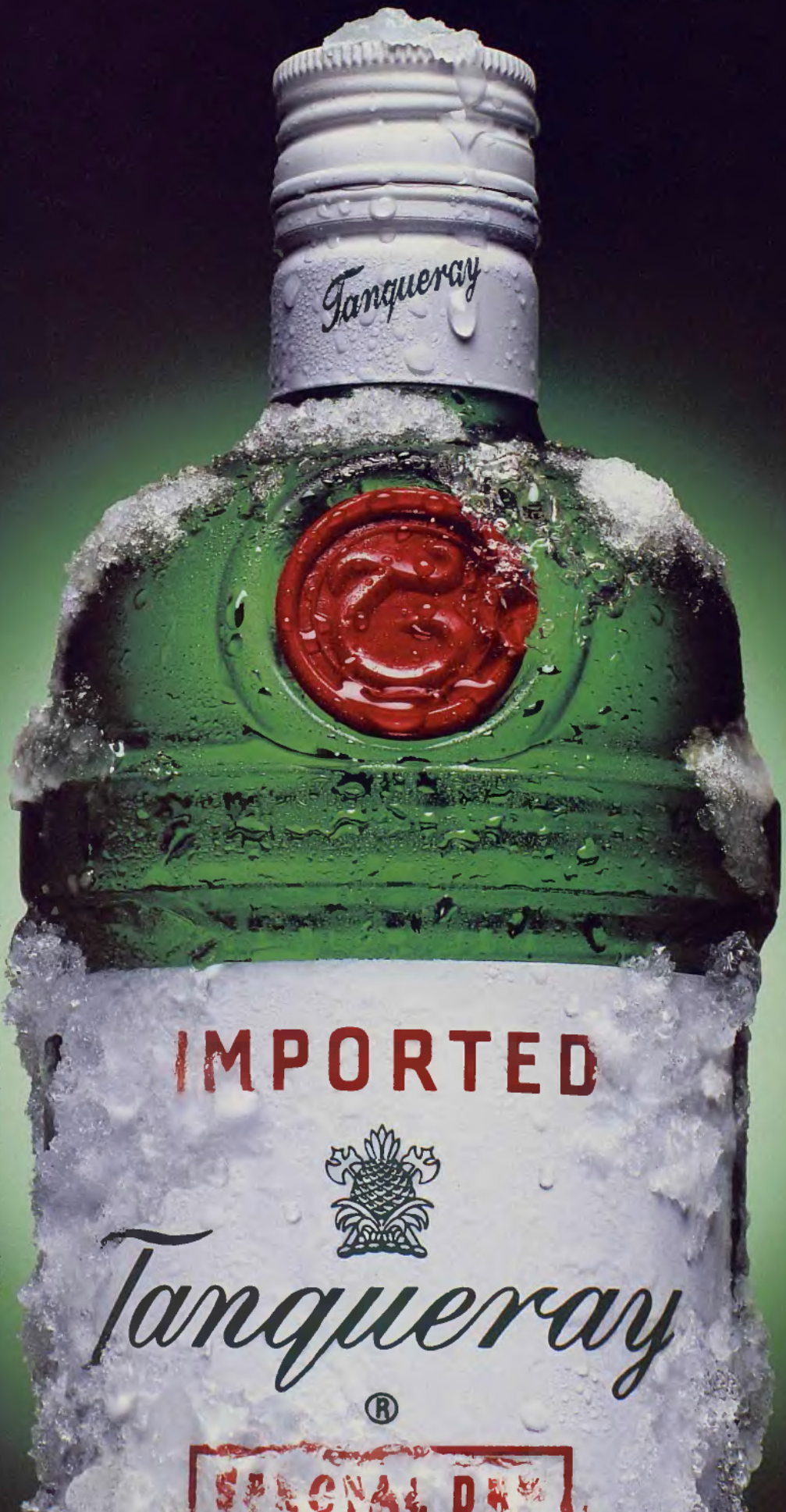
If viewers are sometimes underwhelmed by this new trend, a certain breed of Hollywood executive is thrilled. To be the genius behind a fact-based TV movie requires only a half-dollar for the daily paper. This is a way to get into show business even if you can't sing, dance, write, direct or do sleight of hand. Howard Braunstein—the producer at Michael Jaffe Films who landed the Stolpas—explains his career choice this way: "I'm not a writer. The TV-movie world is concept driven, not writer driven. And it's a very rewarding world."

"With these prices up at half a million, you can't even make a profit," complains O'Hara. Half a million may not sound like much compared to, say, Arnold Schwarzenegger's take-home pay, but the unbudging network fee for a two-hour made-for-TV movie is around $2.7 million. That rights fee means nearly a fifth of the budget doesn't make it to the screen and comes out of writing, acting, sets, costumes, equipment, editing, music and producers' profits. Forget stars, you can hear the rights hounds saying, get me a couple of grateful kids from daytime.

The rights hounds have faxed us into the new dark age, where there are no heroes, no plots, no satisfying endings. We still don't know for sure what Joey Buttafuoco did. And we still don't know how those babies were switched. Real-life mysteries don't get solved, they merely get reheated. And if there is even the tiniest moral to the tale, it gets lost in the scramble to tell the side of the story the producer owns and to avoid lawsuits from the parties whose rights weren't acquired. Good doesn't prevail, love doesn't conquer and, most of all, truth doesn't triumph.

That fact-based stories play fast and loose with the facts is no surprise. Most scripts are pasted up from the self-serving recollections of the wronged or the wrongdoers, then mounted and produced at almost dangerous speed and rushed to the market before they get stale. Of course, that's the downside. There's an upside to this new breed of entertainment, as well—it's achieved the impossible. It's made regular TV movies look like high art by comparison.

The Perfect Frozen Asset.



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By RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

YOU WON'T FIND it on the news, but a revolution is going on in this country. It's being led by bourbon connoisseurs who have suddenly discovered a unique category of limited-edition whiskeys that is so new, no name has been coined to describe its spectrum. For ease of identity, we'll refer to it as small-batch bourbon, the term used by Jim Beam.

It's no secret that bourbon consumption has been declining, displaced from the "socially acceptable" limelight by lighter-tasting drinks. All that is changing now, thanks to the renewed popularity—fueled by small-batch bourbon—of America's native whiskey. In short, this new breed is doing for bourbon what single malts did for Scotch.

Single-barrel bourbons are perhaps the most dramatic of the new small-batch offering. They were in vogue about 100 years ago, when enthusiasts, including Samuel Clemens and Ulysses S. Grant, made them the politically correct refreshment of the day.

Normally, when a straight bourbon reaches maturity, it is poured into a vat with other bourbons that have been aged in new charred barrels. But while all single-barrel bourbons are straight bourbons, they are bottled from one barrel only. When you consider that each 53-gallon barrel yields only about 264 (750-milliliter) bottles, the rarity of a single-barrel bourbon becomes apparent. Because each barrel matures at a different rate, the master distiller must rely on brand criteria as well as on his personal taste to determine when a particular barrel is ready for bottling. The age of the bourbon (which can vary from barrel to barrel) is not the issue, nor is the proof (which can be reduced with distilled water). Rather, it is the aroma, color and flavor—character traits that vary noticeably from brand to brand. Thus, finding a hand-bottled, single-barrel bourbon that links up with your taste buds is like making a friend for life.

The first single-barrel bourbon to make a public appearance in recent history was Blanton's, which has since become the leader in this category. Each bottle of Blanton's sports a handwritten label that lists the day, month and year the bourbon was dumped, as well as the warehouse and rick where it was stored.

In addition to Blanton's, three other single-barrel bourbons have recently been introduced. All are from the Blanton family, but each has its own distinctive sour-mash character. And all of them have been aging since Reagan was president. One, Rock Hill Farms, has a dual personality, being offered at both 80 and 100 proof (the latter is available only in duty-free shops and international markets). Hancock's Reserve has less of a bite at 88.9. The elusive Elmer T. Lee (named after the master distiller who personally selects the barrels from which the whiskey is created) is being released for the first time as a single-barrel bourbon at 90 proof.

GLENN ARVIDSON

Connoisseur whiskeys ready for the glass.

Americans have rediscovered the rich tastes of a breed of native whiskey—small-batch bourbon.

As the first distillery to popularize the small-batch-bourbon moniker, Jim Beam uses the phrase to spotlight its four hand-bottled offerings. Each bourbon in Beam's small-batch collection is made from its own formula. The first was Booker's, which began life as the private stock of Booker Noe, grandson of Jim Beam. Booker Noe reserved the "center cut" of the Beam warehouse, which he believed contained just the right amount of daylight, heat and humidity for aging his personal barrels. But word leaked out and Booker's was made available to the public. Don't let the rustic innocence of handwritten labels pasted on wine bottles fool you: Booker's is the only small-batch bourbon that is uncut and unfiltered. And with a proof that can vary between 121 and 127, it's potent.

Based on its success, three other selections have recently been released: Basil Hayden, Knob Creek and Baker's. Basil Hayden, the mildest of the lot, is an eight-year-old 80-proof bourbon named after the 18th century Kentucky distiller who is pictured on Old Grand-Dad whiskey's label.

The hefty taste and ultrarich color of Knob Creek are the result of its aging for nine years in barrels with the heaviest possible chars. Bottled in bond at 100 proof, it is both smooth and meaty, one of the best of the bunch. The handmade labels are reproduced from the *Knob Creek News*. Closely following Knob Creek's fullness of taste is Baker's, named after master distiller Baker Beam (a grandnephew of Jim's), who uses a strain of jug yeast handed down from his granduncle's time. Aged in the barrel for seven years and clocking in at 107 proof, it is surprisingly rich yet mellow. If you don't feel like spending a total of about $125 just to discover which of Beam's four full-sized bottlings you like best, you can pick up an inexpensive wooden sampler pack that contains a 50-milliliter bottle of each of Beam's small-batch offerings.

At prices that range from $23 to more than $50 per bottle, these bourbons should be sipped neat, preferably in a snifter or in a cut-crystal rocks glass, rather than mixed. You can make a concession to some of the higher proofs with a splash of branch water or the addition of an ice cube. But keep in mind that one glass may be sufficient for a more than relaxing evening. Drinking this distiller's art is somewhat akin to driving a muscle car without putting your foot all the way to the floor: It's enough to know what it can do without having to see what it actually will do.

Of course, there are other limited bottlings that, up until now, had been known only to a select coterie of connoisseurs. Now the word is out, and these rarities are being discovered. For example, there is the double-distilled smoothness of Maker's Mark 90 proof and its more reclusive brother, Maker's Mark Limited Edition 101 proof. Another offshoot of a well-respected brand is Gentleman Jack, the 80-proof cousin to Jack Daniels. Although both Tennessee whiskeys are charcoal-filtered, Gentleman Jack is drip-filtered for a second time before bottling. This double-charcoal mellowing gives Gentleman Jack a lighter sipping quality. And the unique bottlings and deeper tastes of Wild Turkey Rare Breed and Old Grand-Dad 114 are proof that small-batch bourbons are serious contenders for your attention during the cocktail hour.

What was once the favored elixir of railroad barons and cattle kings is, ironically, enjoying increased demand in Europe and Asia. And the demand is specifically for small-batch bourbon. So if you want to do something constructive about the trade deficit, belly up to the bar and go native.

SUPER PHONES

Spread Spectrum technology was developed for the military to allow for high-security communications with crystal-clear reception. Now Cincinnati Microwave has introduced the Escort 9000 ($400), a cordless digital phone with Spread Spectrum that operates on the recently approved 900 MHz radio frequency (that's 20 times higher than the frequency conventional cordless phones use). This marriage of technologies gives the Escort 9000 a remarkable range of about a half mile, superior reception and complete privacy. "Previous attempts to bring Spread Spectrum to the consumer market have been too costly and too bulky for personal use," said Cincinnati Microwave president Jacques Robinson, who sells the phones directly to the public. (Call 800-433-3487 for more information or to order one.) Another company, Cobra, incorporates CM's Spread Spectrum technology into its latest 900 MHz model, and AT&T will introduce a 900 MHz Spread Spectrum phone in the fall. Tropez and Panasonic also offer 900 MHz phones (without Spread Spectrum). It is rumored that the range for some 900 MHz phones could be increased in the future to up to seven miles, which means that one could serve as an around-town alternative to a cellular phone.

DAN YACCARINO

THE LASER'S EDGE

THX is an audio technology developed a decade ago by filmmaker George Lucas, who felt that many theaters weren't reproducing his soundtracks the way he intended them to be heard. Today, the label is deemed the quality standard by which all movie and home-theater sound is judged. Now Lucas Arts (Lucas' company) has decided to apply the tag to laser discs. Instead of accenting only audio, though, the new THX label will guarantee that every aspect of the film-to-laser videodisc transfer is superior. (A common complaint among laser buffs is that many discs offer either great video or great audio but not both.) Director James Cameron supervised the creation of the first THX laser release, *The Abyss* (about $100), which features 27 minutes of extra footage and was called the best disc he's seen by film critic Gene Siskel. *Hoffa*, the *Star Wars* trilogy and *South Pacific* are scheduled to get THXed next. We're told they'll be priced about the same as non-THX discs.

HOP ABOARD THE CEBUS

Until now, home automation primarily meant linking TVs, VCRs and CD players. But recently the Electronic Industries Association approved a standard for the new technology cebus (for Consumer Electronics Bus) that will let most household electrical products—from water heaters to air conditioners to security systems to dishwashers—interact, regardless of who made them. Within the next few years, for example, you'll be able to turn down the thermostat with a remote control or program your security lights to turn on via a touch-screen panel on your television. What will this new technology cost you? Apparently not much more than you're paying now for noncommunicating products.

DAVID COWLES

WILD THINGS

NEC's Ultralite Versa notebook computer offers the best of both worlds. In addition to operating as a standard laptop computer, the 6.8-pound Versa (about $4300, shown here) features a top that easily converts into a pen tablet. (You use a stylus to initiate commands.) You can also slide the Versa into optional docking stations at home or work that cost about $700 and feature inputs for monitors, printers, CD-ROM drives and more. • Canon has created the first laptop computer to include a built-in Bubble Jet printer. Called the Note Jet 486, it's priced at about $3000 and accepts communications cards that let you use the computer as a plain-paper fax machine. • A company called CDR Marketing Group offers a rectangular shield called Cellblocker that attaches to the antenna of your cellular phone. While it looks odd, Cellblocker reportedly reduces the amount of radiation generated. Price: $20. • The first car stereo with an in-dash minidisc changer, the $1000 Sanyo MD-300 stores three MDs and has a built-in tuner/preamp, controls for two Sanyo CD changers and a detachable faceplate.

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

STYLE

SMELLS LIKE GRUNGE SPIRIT

Good news for farmers, lumberjacks and other manly men: Seattle's grunge rock has driven the plaid flannel shirt to the top of the fashion charts. Of course, if you plan to wear your flannels untucked and layered over T-shirts like a true Pearl Jam and Nirvana fan, we suggest going with a style that gives the look some spin. Red Eraser, for example, offers a plaid shirt made of a yarn-dyed reverse fleece that's so thick, the company calls the garment a sweat-er ($55). Reunion's rayon-seersucker one-pocket model (about $60) has a cool, textured look. Pendleton's classic wool CPO style, shown here, has a suede collar (about $70). Axis has given the traditional look an edge by combining an ecru-and-black windowpane plaid with a supersoft, brushed woven-cotton fabric ($75). And Go Silk has a sharp collection of bold, yarn-dyed silk plaid shirts with buttondown collars ($98). Preppie grunge, anyone?

HOT SHOPPING: SAN DIEGO

San Diego's heart may be at the beach, but its soul is in the revitalized Gaslamp Quarter, a former red-light district that was given the green light for hip redevelopment. Behind the Post Office (801 F St.): Surf culture meets hip-hop with this store's sportswear. • Catwalk (705 6th Ave.): The place for fashions by Stussy, Na Na and Betsey Johnson. • The Olde Cracker Factory (448 W. Market St.): An antique lover's haunt, with 20 shops in a restored cracker factory. • San Diego Hardware (840 5th Ave.): A 100-year-old specialist in hard-to-find items such as weather vanes. • Java (837 G St.): The best coffee house and gallery in town, where works by local artists are for sale and newspapers are free.

CLOTHES LINE

Freedom Williams, the former rapper and front man for the hit group C+C Music Factory, is back in the limelight with his new solo LP, *Freedom*. "Onstage and off," he says, "I wear what makes me comfortable." That generally includes jeans and a flowing white shirt (his favorite is by International Male), or anything that's easy to remove to toss into the audience. A bodybuilder who favors suits by Gianni Versace, Williams says that clean lines and a great fit are also important, and accessories provide a strong backbeat. "When you look at a man's watch, you can tell where he comes from." And what does this stylish rapper wear on his wrist? A Cartier, of course.

RETROACTIVE

After years of pumps, air cushions and other high-tech features, would you believe sneakers are now going vintage? One of the hottest styles is a remake of Puma's suede, chunky-laced basketball shoes of the Seventies ($54). Keds is also reintroducing its basketball shoes of yesteryear. These canvas, rubber-toed models come with both low and high tops ($30 to $32). There are also Converse's low-tech retro shoes ($50), which are exceptionally cool in black, gold and burgundy suede. Beyond basketball, L.A. Gear has a number of nylon and leather vintage sport sneakers ($50) for tennis, racing, walking and more. Vans' Retro Active Collection of low- and high-top sneakers includes canvas and suede models in colors such as brick, orange and china blue (about $40). And Guess has come out with a low-top leather sneaker ($74) that's short on bells and whistles but long on comfort, thanks to a built-in padded sock liner.

REGARDING HENLEY

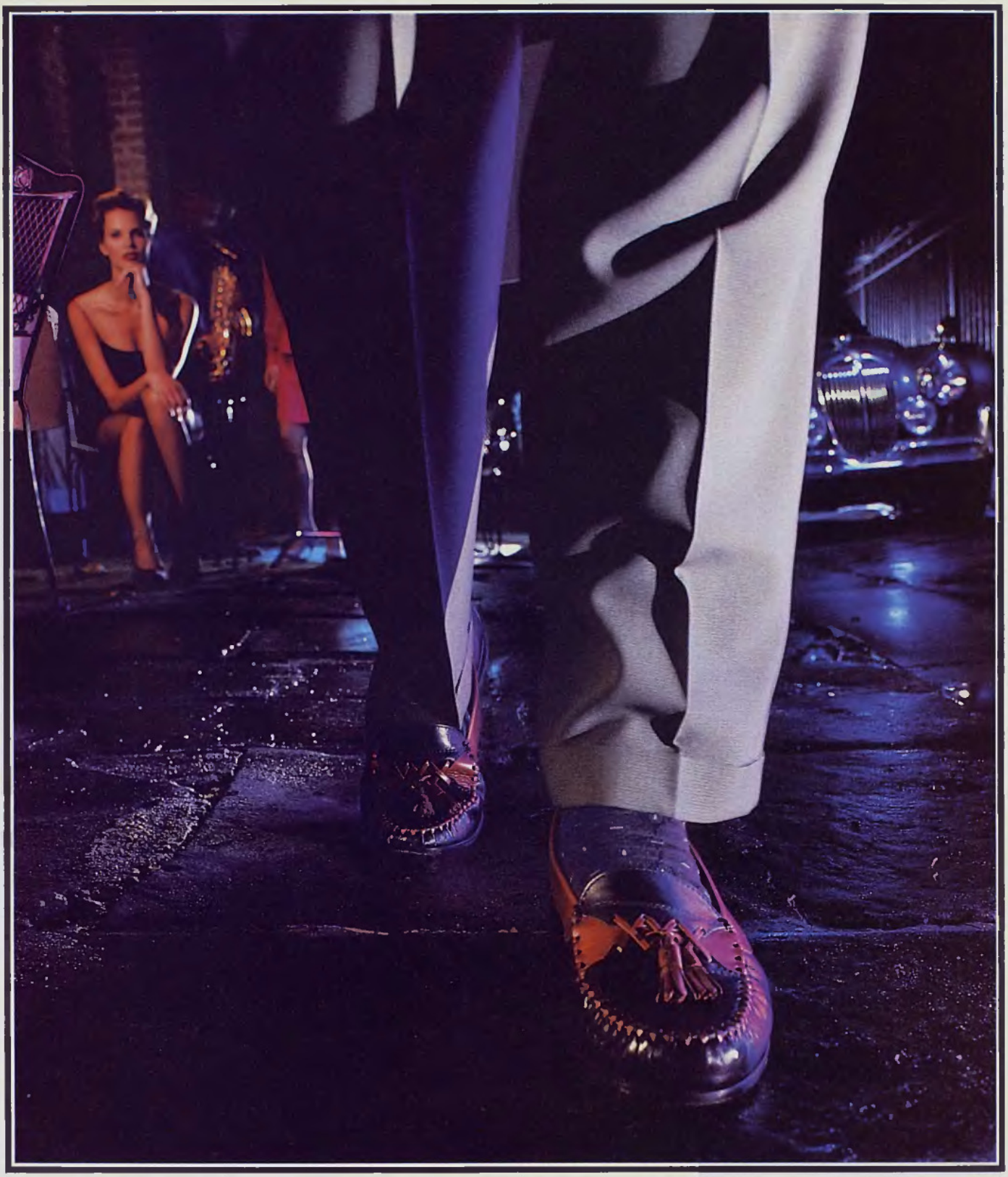
Last summer the white T-shirt was the top look to have, but this fall it's the Henley, an equally casual style named after the shirts worn by crew rowers in Henley-on-Thames, England. Collarless, with a button placket, a Henley can be worn alone or layered under a sport shirt. Here are some of our favorites: Calvin Klein's CK Men's Collection includes a cotton-interlock knit Henley with four zinc-finished buttons ($75). Bar Tack's version ($28) is a cotton thermal knit that's pigment-dyed, then washed for a weathered look. French Connection makes a ten-button cotton-rib style ($52) with horizontal stripes. And Fitigues' oversize Henley with long sleeves comes in soft cotton sanded jersey ($60).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLEMETER

LUGGAGE	IN	OUT
STYLE	Fabric bags with leather trim; oversize duffels; flight-attendant styles on wheels	Matching sets; unconstructed nylon styles; luggage with obvious designer initials
COLORS AND FABRICS	Earth tones, especially green; canvas, leather and woven nylon; pebble grains	Indian-blanket weaves; bold plaids; anything vinyl
DETAILS	Expandable panels; easy-to-open credit-card-type locks; inside organizers	Racing-stripe trim; nonfunctional extras, such as fake buckles

Where & How to Buy on page 155.



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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ONLY A DOZEN YEARS into the future, the world of 2005 doesn't appear so far away to most of us. But to novelist William Gibson in ***Virtual Light*** (Bantam), it is a science-fiction nightmare. Our worst contemporary problems are magnified on a planet ravaged by natural and man-made disasters, in populations decimated by plagues and in societies ripped apart by drugs and greed. The denizens of this near future are heavily into tattoos, a PCP-like drug called dancer, fundamentalist cults and virtual-reality trips. The society's main connection to the world we know today is through "old" movies from the Eighties and the junk pile of outdated 20th century technology that is rifled by survival artists of the underclass.

Welcome to an uncomfortably close encounter with cyberpunk. In previous cyberpunk stories set in the distant future, such as Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*—or even Gibson's earlier books, including *Neuromancer*, *Count Zero*, *Burning Chrome* and *Mona Lisa Overdrive*—this failed future full of technogarbage seemed a bizarre, entertaining fantasy. In *Virtual Light*, its scary, around-the-corner plausibility is all too vividly evoked.

In the opening scenes, Berry Rydell, an ex-cop from Knoxville born in 1983, is driving a Ralph Lauren–designed, six-wheeled armored Land Rover for a private-security company in Los Angeles—now the largest city in the newly formed state of South California. He gets caught up in the search for a bike messenger who has stolen a pair of virtual-reality glasses programmed with information so important that a variety of corporate, criminal and government groups are killing people to get them.

The bike messenger is a young black woman named Chevette who lives on the decaying Bay Bridge (near San Francisco, in that other new state, No Cal). No longer used by automobiles, the bridge is inhabited by impoverished squatters.

Berry and Chevette ricochet through this gritty tomorrow in which fake palm trees replace real ones that have died from a contagious disease and people who can afford it are vaccinated for AIDS strains one through five. The struggle for the secrets of the virtual-reality glasses is far less interesting than Gibson's vividly imagined descriptions of everyday life in 2005. He is a pessimistic visionary offering us a startling warning about the world we are creating.

The Cuban-Americans in David Rieff's ***The Exile*** (Simon & Schuster) don't worry about the future. They are haunted by the past—the pre-Castro fantasy of a free, prosperous Cuba before the best of

Cyberpunk in Gibson's *Virtual Light*.

Gibson's virtually failed future, only 12 years away; Rieff's Cuban-Americans haunted by the past.

Havana had been transferred to Miami. Rieff explores the complex emotional issues of a people torn from their country, angry at Castro, Americanized, yet yearning for an idealized Cuban paradise that doesn't exist.

The focal points of Rieff's cultural essay are Raul and Ninon Rodriguez and their young son, Rully. At the age of 11, Raul was abruptly moved from Havana to Miami (where he is now a successful architect) because his family was prominent and his father was anti-Castro. "It would be easier for my family," he admits to Rieff, "if I could feel entirely Cuban [as the older generation does] or entirely American, as my son, Rully, does." Instead, he continues to make nostalgic trips back to Cuba with his family and to feel the pain of those ties. Rieff brings sensitivity and insight to this poignant study of the people who call themselves "the Jews of the Caribbean."

Randy Shilts' ***Conduct Unbecoming*** (St. Martin's) was moved up from its original October publication date because of its importance to the congressional debate over discrimination against homosexuals in the Armed Forces. This book is, indeed, a thorough, monumental body of relevant research. Shilts provides overwhelming documentation that gay men and women have served with distinction in the American military since the Revolutionary War. Considering the cruelty and humiliation that have been heaped upon them by the military, it is difficult to understand why gays have continued to serve with bravery and loyalty.

What is particularly remarkable about this 750-page historical study is that Shilts examines many individual cases with compassion and investigative zeal. The personal stories tie together this narrative of discrimination. I don't know how any reader—politician or otherwise—could come away from this book without feeling that the persecution of homosexuals in the American military is terribly wrong.

Finally, three short-story collections of exceptional merit: ***Cuervo Tales*** (Ticknor & Fields), by Robert Roper, ***Signs of Devotion*** (Simon & Schuster), by Maxine Chernoff, and ***The One-Room Schoolhouse*** (Knopf), by Jim Heynen. In ten powerful, interlinked stories, Roper evokes the world of bohemian northern California through a child of the Sixties named Abel Richards. Chernoff's wry vignettes of ordinary life have a special candor. And Heynen's 110 quirky moments in the lives of a group of country boys hint of Twain.

BOOK BAG

Get Your Tongue Out of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Goodbye (Atlantic Monthly), by Cynthia Heimel: The PLAYBOY columnist and best-selling author on some of her favorite subjects—boyfriends, birth control and the battle of the sexes.

Asian Grills: 250 Recipes for Exotic Barbecues, Their Accompaniments and Desserts (Doubleday), by Alexandra Greeley: Light the grill and get ready for a mouth-watering tour through India, Thailand, the Philippines and Japan.

The Greenpeace Guide to Anti-Environmental Organizations (Odonian), by Carl Deal: Greenpeace unmasks more than 50 of the worst offenders.

Girls Lean Back Everywhere: The Law of Obscenity and the Assault on Genius (Vintage), by Edward de Grazia: Now in paperback, this history of censorship battles in America—from James Joyce's *Ulysses* to Karen Finley's performance art—is for defenders of the First Amendment.

The Twentysomething American Dream (Dutton), by Michael Lee Cohen: In a series of interviews with 50 young adults throughout the country, Cohen provides a fresh look at a neglected generation.

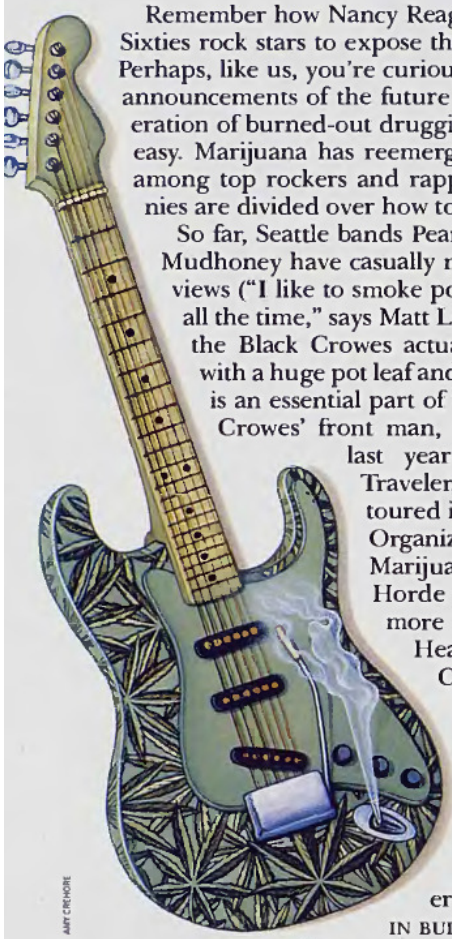
The Gates of Paradise: The Anthology of Erotic Short Fiction (Potter), edited by Alberto Manguel: A delicious assortment of sexy stories and classy erotica.

Death Benefit (Harmony), by David Heilbroner: Riveting reporting on how tax lawyer Steve Keeney uncovered—and helped convict—a female serial murderer.

MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

JUST SAY NO—THE SEQUEL



Remember how Nancy Reagan used to trot out aging Sixties rock stars to expose the dangers of drug abuse? Perhaps, like us, you're curious about the public-service announcements of the future and where the next generation of burned-out druggies might come from. Rest easy. Marijuana has reemerged as the drug of choice among top rockers and rappers—and record companies are divided over how to treat their outlaw acts.

So far, Seattle bands Pearl Jam, Soundgarden and Mudhoney have casually mentioned reefer in interviews ("I like to smoke pot and listen to Black Flag all the time," says Matt Lukin of Mudhoney), while the Black Crowes actually fly a banner onstage with a huge pot leaf and the message FREE US. "Pot is an essential part of life on the road," says the Crowes' front man, Chris Robinson. Indeed, last year pot-proselytizers Blues Traveler, Phish and Spin Doctors toured in support of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws as part of the Horde tours—or as they were more commonly known, the Head tours. Rappers such as Cypress Hill and Basehead are in on the act, too. Dr. Dre hit the number-one spot on the charts with *The Chronic*—the name for killer green sensimilla, also known as the Kind; the album cover is adorned with the logo IN BUD WE TRUST. And both Dr. Dre and the Black Crowes sent out rolling papers as part of recent promotions. An antidrug backlash has already started at one record company. Execs at Disney's Hollywood label fumed when they discovered that the group Sacred Reich was not giving out promotional plant holders to reviewers as it claimed. The freebie was actually a bong. Figure on other groups to take a hit soon.

WE WANT OUR MAN-TV

The TV remote control may be the domain of men, but the show on the tube is clearly under the control of women. According to *Orbit* magazine, nearly 90 percent of the Big Three networks' prime-time schedules is watched by a lot more women than men—even such shows as *Coach* and *Home Improvement*. That's causing one enterprising southern California station—KDOC in Anaheim—to try some gender counterprogramming. *Variety* describes the tiny UHF station as a "regular guy's video Valhalla" because of its male-skewed lineup of horse racing and local sports mixed in with reruns of *Combat*, *Hogan's Heroes* and *I Spy*. KDOC has even created one somewhat dim star—a Rush Limbaugh wanna-be named Wally George, who likes to dismiss Hillary Clinton as a "feminist freak-o." The worst thing about KDOC? Way too many ads touting baldness cures.

MORE PROOF THE NINETIES ARE HERE

The nightclub in Los Angeles that for years housed Chippendale's male dance revue is undergoing a renovation. It will reopen shortly—as a preschool.

LIFE'S A BEACH

It's summer, and one of the great things about hitting the sand is the scenery—and we're not necessarily talking rose-colored sunsets. Unfortunately, political correctness has also hit the beach. When surf great Damien Hardman commented, after watching a women's surfing contest, "That's the best I've ever seen a chick surf," *Surfer* magazine—the bible of the beach—went ballistic. In an article entitled "Sexism Sucks," it attacked Hardman—and all of surfing—for sexism. "*Chick* is derogatory, in the same category as *hebe*, *nigger* and *faggot*," puffed the magazine, perhaps a bit hyperbolically. In its quest to remake the beach as a less fun, more uptight place, the magazine even chided itself for featuring bikini-clad women in ads. Of course, surfing is not the only sport where men dominate, and the chance to see some skin seems to be one of the main reasons *both* men and women like the beach. Even *Surfer*'s publisher was exasperated. "Look, we're a lifestyle magazine, and the way women are shown in our ads is part of that lifestyle," he said. "Have a look around the beach. Have we gone beyond what you see there?" None of this much mattered to the author, who seemed to have fallen under some unfortunate Susan Faludi–type spell: "Surfing's gender morals, in a word, suck," he whined.

THE ONE-MINUTE BOOK EXCERPT

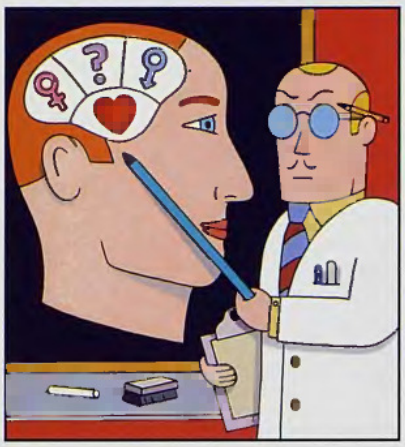
"Healthy wolves and healthy women share certain psychic characteristics: keen sensing, playful spirit and a heightened capacity for devotion. Wolves and women are relational by nature, inquiring, possessed of great endurance and strength. They are deeply intuitive, intensely concerned with their young, their mate and their pack. They are experienced in adapting to constantly changing circumstances; they are fiercely stalwart and very brave.

"Yet both have been hounded, harassed and falsely imputed to be devouring and devious, overly aggressive, of less value than those who are their detractors. They have been the targets of those who would clean up the wilds as well as wildish environs of the psyche, extincting the instinctual and leaving no trace of it behind. The predation of wolves and women by those who misunderstand them is strikingly similar."

—FROM *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, BY CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS

ATTENTION COLIN POWELL

People who still maintain that homosexuality is a choice or the result of upbringing are sounding more and more like those folks who claimed the earth is flat. Evidence continues to build that gays are born that way—or at least born with a strong genetic disposition toward homosexuality. Of course, heredity is a funny thing. Eye color is 100 percent dependent on genetics, for instance, while height is only about 90 percent—other factors, such as nutrition, also play a role in how tall you end up. According to studies mentioned in *The Atlantic*, homosexuality may be 70 percent attributable to genetics. Now science is trying to solve the rest of the mystery: figuring out what factors make up the remaining 30 percent.



STEPHEN TURK

LIP SERVICE

"There's a tricky balancing act with female Muppet characters. We're immediately criticized if we make a female character the object of a joke, but we feel perfectly free to do that with our male Muppet characters."

—DULCY SINGER, FORMER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER OF *Sesame Street*

DAVE CALVER

"The other day I was in Paris with Warren Beatty and three other guys—all playboys of the Western world—and guess what? We talked about babies."

—JACK NICHOLSON

"Nearly everyone will lie to you, given the right circumstances."

—PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON

"Man is conceived in ignorance and born in doubt, and it's downhill from there."

—GARRISON KEILLOR

"Why the courts don't tell a husband who has been living off his wife to get a job is beyond my comprehension."

—JOAN LUNDEN, CO-HOST OF *Good Morning America*

"Men are dogs. They'll go for anything in heels and a shiny dress."

—BOY GEORGE

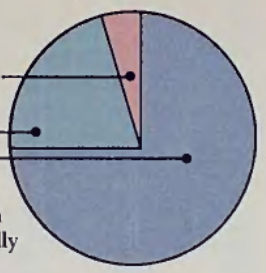
THE RESULTS ARE IN! HERE'S HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT ABORTION, WOMEN IN COMBAT AND GUN CONTROL

ABORTION

When it came to the subject of abortion, callers to PLAYBOY's *Mantrack* Survey Line were overwhelmingly in favor of a woman's right to choose:

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT ABORTION SHOULD BE LEGAL?

- **Abortion should be totally illegal: 4%**
- **Legalize abortion in special circumstances: 21%**
- **Legalize all abortion: 75%**



An impressive number of respondents—82 percent—thought the French abortion pill, RU 486, should be legally available in the U.S.

When we asked men who had been involved with an abortion how they felt, the results strongly backed freedom of choice. Forty-one percent of the callers said they had been involved in a relationship in which the female partner decided to terminate a pregnancy by abortion, and of those, 80 percent agreed with her choice. Even though only 20 percent opposed the abortion, 71 percent of those responding thought that a man should still have some rights in determining whether his child is carried to term or aborted.

WOMEN IN COMBAT

Women's rights didn't fare so well when we asked callers about women in combat. Sixty percent thought women were fully qualified to serve in combat positions. Of the 40 percent who disagreed, most feared that women were an unnecessary complication on the battlefield, while others thought that women weren't physically strong enough for battle.

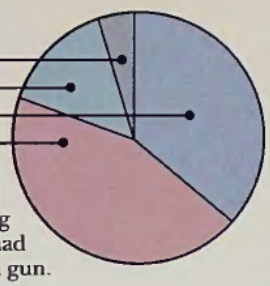
There was at least one area in which a majority of men favored equality, however: 67 percent thought that women should be required to register for the draft, just like men.

GUN CONTROL

For combat of another kind, we asked callers if they favored gun control. The results will no doubt please gun dealers and NRA lobbyists:

DO YOU FAVOR GUN CONTROL?

- **Ban all guns: 3%**
- **Stringent control: 17%**
- **No gun control: 37%**
- **Some control: 43%**



Of course, it's worth mentioning that 71 percent of those responding owned guns, and only 27 percent had been the victims of a crime involving a gun.

FEMINISM! TV NEWS! FIDELITY! SOUND OFF BY USING THE *MANTRACK* SURVEY LINE

This month's *Mantrack* Survey Line covers some intriguing territory, asking: Would you date a feminist? Who's your favorite TV newsman or -woman? Are you faithful (and what happens when you're not)?

If you want to register your opinion, call 900-896-8722. The cost is 75 cents per minute, and a PLAYBOY Playmate will lead you through this month's questionnaire. Remember: You must be 18 years old or older and have a touch-tone phone. The average length of each call is three minutes.

The Playboy *Mantrack* Survey Line is a product of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

MANTRACK

GUEST OPINION
BY ERIC BOGOSIAN

LOS ANGELES—It was the morning after the bitchin'-show-to-beat-all-bitchin'-shows. The hotel room stank of sanitized toilet-bowl cleaner and cigarettes, so I split. On the street I grabbed a fat Sunday paper full of inserts and sports pages, then dug in at the counter of a local diner.

Soon, like the legendary phoenix, I rose from my ashes, finding rebirth in coffee, slippery eggs, burned bacon and newsprint. And like the other single men scattered around the premises on that fuzzy Sunday morning, I was looking only for anonymity. I wasn't thinking about what I was doing, I was just doing it. I was happy to be alone. Then the door of the diner opened and I looked up to see two white-haired, church-dressed women chatting pleasantly to each other. And in tow behind them were two groomed and spit-polished older gentlemen, also in their Sunday best.

The church dudes with their ladies locked eyes with us lone wolves. Their expressions said: "We may look dumb, but we're happy."

For a split second I knew that every man in the place was jealous of those two combed and laundered, probably henpecked, responsible, churchgoing hubbies. Me and my companions on the oblivion express had our lone-wolf freedom, yes, but those squares had the security of a friendly destiny organized by females.

The moral: Men don't want the same thing women want, but often what we want is not what we really want.

Myself, I either want to be gratifying my nerve endings with TV, sex, a car or beer, or I want to be taking a nap. Women seem to have a more diffuse agenda, involving all sorts of plans and people, and people getting together, and kids and families and more kids. And women, of course, never take naps.

LONE WOLVES AND SQUARES

The deeper I get into the rigors of a relationship, the more I dream the lone-wolf dream. My fantasy life consists of me starring as Desperado or hard-bitten Detective or even the Silver Surfer. Just don't expect me to show up on time.

On the other hand, I like this thing I have with my wife and my kids and the rest of my family. I do. Maybe in a perfect world we'd all live on the couch, feeding from a bottomless bag of potato chips, channel-changing endlessly between MTV, Letterman and *Kojak* reruns (with an occasional nap thrown in). But in an imperfect world, life is full of compromises.

And life is full of contrasts. I don't know if what I've got with my wife, Jo Anne, is less a relationship than a World Federated Mental Wrestling match, but I like banging brains (and bods) with the woman. By fighting her female nature, I find out who I am. You could call it intimacy.

But I look out my window and I see lots of lone wolves roaming around. They don't seem too happy. One-night stands and hanging alone in a bar and watching Vanessa Del Rio on the VCR have their attractions, but we all want to go home sometime. And home seems to be an endangered species.

Marriage—commitment—is more a gesture now than a sacred vow. It's like something you do until you don't want to do it anymore. And besides, any fool can find all the sex or synthosex he wants; no one gets married for that anymore.

It seems many men think that since the kids popped out between her legs, they can take a walk. A guy leaves his family because he likes rubbing somebody else's mammary glands? I don't get it. I mean, I do get it, I get the fantasy. I have the get-me-out-of-here fantasy all the time. But this is your warm hearth you're messing with, fella! You screw it up, you're out in the cold, cold, howling night.

The eternal question is "Who needs intimacy with females?" As the characters in Barry Levinson's immortal male-bonding pic said, "There's always the diner."

There are lots of theories about why men and women want different things from life: Our brains are different, we use words differently, we are taught since infancy to expect different things. Who knows what the reasons are? Can we agree that hanging out with the opposite sex is a good thing? And may I propose that what makes it so good are the differences? It's a puzzle—what makes it good to be together is the same thing that makes it difficult.

Yeah, yeah, real heavy. "Women—you can't live with 'em, you can't live without 'em." But it's not that simple because there seems to be so much anger and misunderstanding between the sexes. So much hatred. So much distance. So many couples not being together, or if they are together, they are trying to get apart. Why?

I don't think it's because men don't like intimacy. I think men like intimacy a lot. Every man I talk with seems to want it. And I don't think women are insufferable any more than men are insufferable. So what's the problem? Is it tension? Is it the recession? Is it television?

This will sound very conservative, but maybe, just maybe, the reason the sexes are having such a tough time getting together is the sex part. Why don't we get honest and admit that sex—having sex—is only part of what makes a man and a woman a wonderful thing? Opposites attract, but men and women aren't just walking, talking penises and vaginas.

Maybe the reason couples are having such a hard time is that they're trying too hard to keep it hard all the time. Instead of donning negligees and sucking steroids, maybe we should all relax a little bit. Maybe each one of us should call a temporary truce, take some time off from the stud parade and, instead, enjoy the multifold pleasures of spending time in the company of an alien being. Don't worry, the diner will be there when you need a break.

Eric Bogosian's latest book is "Notes from Underground" (Hyperion).

MEN

By ASA BABER

ISTVAN BANYAI

KILLER HUGS

President Clinton does it. Vice President Gore looks as if he wants to do it. Former President George Bush never looked comfortable when he tried it in public.

I speak of the manly hug.

It is really happening out there. One day some hopeful Ph.D. candidate will do a contemporary history of men hugging men. If it is written with honesty, it will be interesting reading.

Let me make it clear: I am not opposed to men hugging men. I hug my sons every time I see them, and I hug my good friends without embarrassment. But this hugging routine has developed its own hypocrisies and insincerities. Especially in the so-called men's movement, which is a place where I sometimes hang out.

There are several types of disingenuous male-to-male huggers, including the following:

The Promiscuous Hugger: This guy goes around hugging every man he meets, and he hugs each one several times during a conversation. He is usually big, burly and bearded. He wears sandals, even in winter, and he talks a lot about Mother Earth and Father Sky. To hear him tell it, he is against war, poverty, child abuse and sexual harassment—and he implies that people who do not buy his gig are in favor of those things.

Watch out for this man's hugs. They might smother you.

The Reticent Hugger: Here is a man who cannot make up his mind. He is the Hamlet of the hugger's world. Watch his arms as he approaches another man. Are they extended? Does he want to hug or shake hands? Will he avoid all contact and simply nod? Why does he look so worried? There he goes making his favorite move, the half-hug. He stumbles, he wiggles, he spins like a top. There is no commitment here. He might be a buddy, he might be a pickpocket. His secret? The Reticent Hugger is homophobic by definition, and he can hug only women with comfort. Close contact with men freaks him out.

The Karate Hugger: No question about it, you have to be in shape to hug this guy. It's risky, it's bruising and it's work. He's lean and mean and efficiently aggressive, and as soon as he grabs you, you know that it could be over with one chop of his hand. You struggle for balance, you tense your back as he searches for secret nerve centers that if acted on could incapacitate you. You pray that he is having a good day so he will not do that thing he says he sometimes does where the cartilage in your nose can be driven like an ice pick into the frontal lobe of your brain.

The Karate Hugger can bust your knees and shatter your Adam's apple while he quotes lyric poetry and speaks of the glory of indigenous people. The best way to deal with him is to carry a .45 caliber pistol with a trigger pull of 2.2 pounds and a round in the chamber. You have a chance then.

The Bugger Hugger: Now I know I'll catch some genuine shit for describing this gentleman, but the list would be incomplete without him. The Bugger Hugger is after your ass. Literally. He is a hugger-molester. He pats down every part of your body and holds the hug much too long. You stand there in intense discomfort, conscious that his excitement is not matched by yours (also conscious that on a really horny day, your excitement might match his—a prospect you do not want to deal with at all). He hugs and hugs and hugs some more while you strain to move away. Then it happens, and you knew it would: He plants a big wet kiss on your cheek (uh, your face, OK?) and says something like, "I just love loving all these lovely men, don't you?" Your answer, in all seasons, should be "Yes. Within reason."

The Psychotic Hugger: There is no center here, folks. There is no rational process of thought in this man's schizoid mind. Being in his grasp is like wearing a straitjacket. The Psychotic Hugger turns the manic-depressive syndrome into an art form. He moves toward you with great sadness, a long face and slumping shoulders, but as soon as contact is made, he starts bouncing and yelping like a puppy on speed. He chatters, he shouts, he praises you without ceasing. He tells you the story of his life in 30 seconds. My advice: Wear earplugs. He's an eardrum-buster. And carry a few tranquilizer darts with you.

The Full Metal Hugger: He definitely does not want to hug and feels blackmailed into doing it. Hugging him is like hugging a bridge span or a column on the Parthenon. He feels victimized by all this male sentimentality but tries to participate in it, and you know that he hates it. Rigid, unyielding, paranoid and terrified, he cannot raise his arms more than halfway to reciprocate. You can hear his teeth grind and feel his spine stiffen. He is having an identity crisis in your space, and if you are smart, you will back off pronto. The Full Metal Hugger is not physically dangerous. Oh, sure, he would like to knee you in the nuts. But he is too paralyzed to do so.

Now, without a doubt, some men reading this will be offended. "What are you doing, Baber?" they will ask. "Are you suggesting that we go back to the time of our fathers when men could only shake hands brusquely and grunt? Are you against men's expressing their true feelings?"

Let me put it this way: I'm for honest and rational and helpful communication between men at all times. Indeed, I yearn for it. But what are we to do with the hyena smiles, the false sentiments, the ersatz forms of brotherhood that have developed in this culture recently?

That insincere bullshit will never lead us out of our darkness, men. So let's hug one another with discretion. And only when we really mean it. As brothers, not as fools.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

JERRY MCDONALD

GUNS AND POSES

Yesterday I attended a workshop in Phoenix called Women's Empowerment in the Nineties. You're picturing a bunch of broads sitting in a circle, whimpering about low self-esteem and how to find the perfect mate, right?

Wrong. Get out of the Eighties, suckers. OK, we did sit in a circle until the guns came out. We even shared our feelings.

"There's a man stalking me," said a horse breeder.

"My friend was murdered last year," said an insurance underwriter.

"I've been robbed, beaten up, raped," said a union steward. "I have a semiautomatic and a .38 special. I don't want to be a victim anymore."

"I'm here because my husband says you are absolutely marvelous," said a medical technician.

"Thank you. I like to hear that from a man," said Paxton Quigley, our workshop leader. An odd thing to say, I thought. But everything struck me as odd. I was in a place called Shooters World, which I can't even begin to describe except to say it's a huge place brimming with weapons and weapon accessories, plus a gun range and a couple of conference rooms. Normally, you won't find me in such a place. I wouldn't have thought you'd find Paxton Quigley, either. With her Beverly Hills–coiffed blonde hair and fancy python boots, she looks like every woman in a BMW. But here she was, wispy and little, teaching 26 young-to-middle-aged women how to kill—no, sorry—"stop" their attackers.

Before we got to the hard stuff, we learned how not to be stalked. We learned never to have addresses on our checks, always to lie when merchants ask for phone numbers, to use mean and threatening (as opposed to submissive) eye contact, always to watch a man's hands, to barricade ourselves in our bedrooms and bathrooms behind a solid-core door with a dead-bolt lock, to ram a car in precisely the right place when it's trying to force us off the road, to spray an attacker's face with red-pepper spray, which will disable him for 30 minutes.

"I'd like to talk briefly about oral sex," Paxton said. "You *can* bite it off. I hope you never have to, but you have the power to do that."

Then we had lunch. Turkey and ham sandwiches. I made friends with Laura, who writes science-fiction books, Gladys, an NRA instructor, Betty, a Burger King manager, and Pat, a gorgeous woman wearing a T-shirt that read WHEN ONLY COPS HAVE GUNS, IT'S CALLED A POLICE STATE.

After cookies Paxton had us stand in a circle and chant "Get the fuck outta here!" in our most threatening voices. Paxton had interviewed rapists in prison and discovered they don't like dirty language from a victim. Laura had a hard time with the chant. She kept giggling and blushing with the fear of expressing anger, the way we women are taught.

Then it was gun time. I was agog as half the women in the room pulled guns from holsters in innocent-looking purses. The rest of us were given a revolver for the afternoon.

"Do you want a .357 Magnum?" Paxton cooed.

"Sure," I cooed back. First we practiced with dummy bullets. We loaded, aimed, unloaded, learned how not to shoot ourselves in the foot.

"The head is the person," said Paxton. "Get used to shooting at the head."

Then we put on protective headsets and glasses and walked to the gun range. "I don't know," said Pat, "a lot of ditzy women with loaded guns."

"Come on, we finally have a teacher who's not calling us honey," said Betty.

I was fucking terrified as I stood, loaded gun in hand, in front of a target stenciled with a male silhouette. I was afraid I'd panic, and when I panic I get stupid. So I went slow. I aimed. I shot. I hit the target in the head and neck. I stared at the target, imagined blood running from the holes, felt sick.

"You blinded him, he can't see. You got him in the neck, he can't talk," yelled a beautiful blonde.

We went through several exercises and several rounds of ammo. We shot slow, fast, one-handed, stationary and moving toward the target. We learned the Mozambique: one shot to the head, two to the chest. "That's my favorite," said Paxton.

"It's a rush, isn't it?" said Pat.

I was shooting cautiously when Gladys, the NRA instructor, came up behind me. "Come on, get the son of a bitch," she said. I felt a surge of adrenaline and pulled off two perfect shots.

"OK, I want you to build up some aggression," said Paxton. "Yell at the target as you shoot this time."

"That's for talking down to me!" Betty yelled.

"Go fuck yourself, you bastard!" Pat yelled.

Our last exercise was shooting at the targets through our wide-open knees while lying flat on our backs. From the about-to-be-raped position. I pulled off five perfect shots to the chest.

"How many women would just love to do this at the gynecologist's office?" Betty asked. Many hands shot up.

After two hours of shooting, the workshop was over and we were bushed.

"This ass-kicking sure takes a lot out of you," sighed Pat.

I said goodbye to my new pals and collapsed on a bench outside, feeling unsettled. I decided to dismiss the whole thing. These women were a bunch of Dirty Harriets who were attracted to violence, who said they hoped they'd never use their guns but secretly wanted to. Right-wingers. Not like me.

Not like me. I've never been attacked, raped, beaten.

I stared into space for a few minutes. Then I walked back into Shooters World and bought myself some red-pepper spray.

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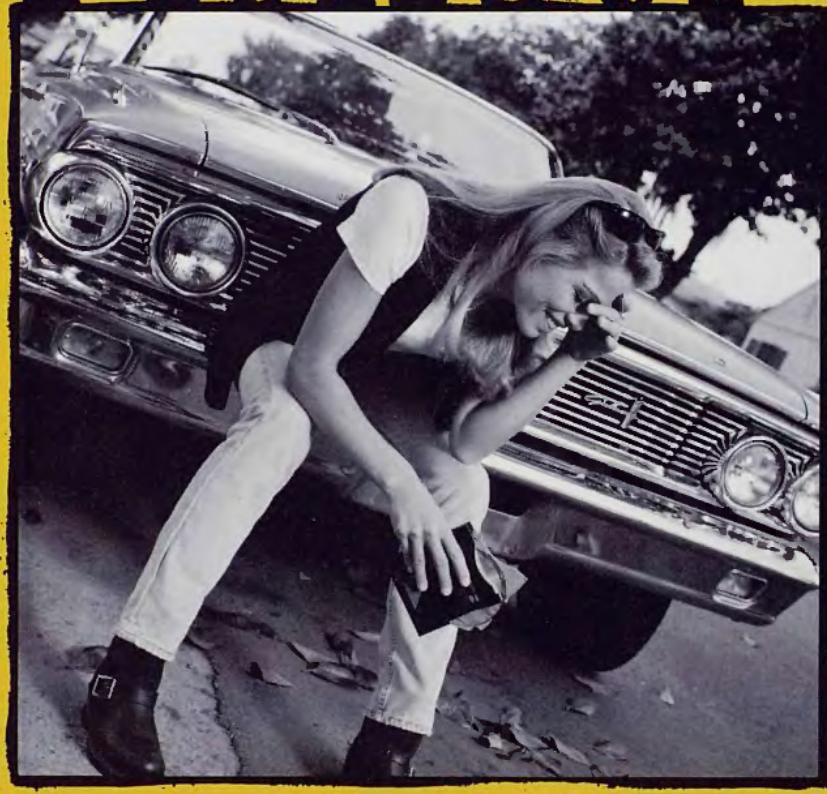

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I ask all my lovers to wear condoms during sex. When is the proper time to put on the protection? I enjoy mutual masturbation and performing oral sex (I break contact before ejaculation), but I'd prefer these activities sans rubber.—C. B., Chicago, Illinois.

We've always said that the time to put on the mask is before you enter the bank. Preejaculatory fluid may contain enough sperm to impregnate a woman. Scientists have found that the same fluid can contain HIV—the virus that causes AIDS. If your partner is HIV-positive, you might come in contact with the virus through oral sex even if you stop short of orgasm.

As far as I'm concerned, nothing compares to the taste of food cooked on a grill. My wife and I don't wait for summer—we keep our grill stoked year round. But I recently read something about grilled food's being potentially cancer causing. Since when? Is this yet another thing to add to the list of nonos? Please say it ain't so.—K. W., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

We don't want to put the kibosh on your hibachi, but there is some truth to the ugly rumor. Meats cooked at high temperatures (above 212 degrees Fahrenheit) are susceptible to forming potential carcinogens. The average grill reaches temperatures of 350 degrees or above. Additionally, fat drips onto the burning coals, creating smoke that may deposit even nastier stuff on your food. But take heart. The risks these chemicals pose are no greater than those of alcohol and only slightly greater than those of your chlorinated tap water. Still, there are several precautions you can take: Stick to cooler-burning fuels such as charcoal or maple or hickory wood. Mesquite, which burns hotter than any of these, may deposit more chemicals on your food. Skinned chicken, lean cuts of meat and fish produce fewer fat drippings and less of a risk. Microwave your food first, cooking it partially, then drain the juices and finish it off on the grill. The bottom line is there are worse ways to abuse yourself, so stop worrying and throw another shrimp on the barbie.

Black vinyl gives me more gratification than CDs. I've always replaced my phono stylus once a year. That's more important now than ever, since I can't replace my treasured LPs. Now that LPs are extinct, how soon before I can no longer buy replacement styluses?—W. R., Iowa City, Iowa.

You should be able to stay in the groove for a few more years. Major phono cartridge purveyors maintain they will continue manufacturing replacement styluses for most of

their cartridges. After all, there's a lot of profit in replacements. They warned, however, that they are at the mercy of the few companies that grind the diamond tips. As volume decreases for the tip makers, their interest in this specialty declines. Dedicated vinylphiles should keep a couple spare styluses on hand. Fortunately, you can still play 78s with cactus needles.

I love muscular women. There is a certain beauty about feminine muscularity that adds to a woman's sexuality. One of my favorite sexual fantasies is to have a woman flex her muscles for me in various poses during foreplay. I fear that my fantasy might seem odd to some women and turn them off. I'm in good physical shape and would feel very turned on if a lover asked me to pose for her. How do I fulfill my fantasy without sounding like I have a weird sexual fetish?—C. M., Richmond, Virginia.

You think the people who watch workout videos do it only to get in shape? We see nothing odd in your love of strong women. Perhaps you should try meeting women in the weight room at your health club. A shared enjoyment of serious muscle tone is a good opener, and it might make your quest less difficult. You could also try stacking your coffee table with muscle magazines. Decorate your study with a poster of a female bodybuilder. Install a complete set of Nautilus equipment and free weights in your bedroom, along with a floor-to-ceiling mirror. Move from a workout to sex and vice versa.

A few months ago, the *Playboy Advisor* mentioned an art exhibit in which someone played recordings of sex on boom boxes, stereo systems, cellular phones, etc. That's nice if you live in the neighborhood, but has anyone made erotic soundtracks commercially?—J. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

Excuse us while we turn down the CD player. We've been listening to "Cyborgasm," the first virtual reality experience. It arrived in a brown envelope with the warning label THE FUTURE OF SEX IS INSIDE THIS PACKAGE. *Who could resist? The CD has 16 tracks, each one an aural sex adventure. It's like owning a private 900 line, without the phone bills. This is not someone reading Victorian porn (we assume you've checked out X-rated books on tape). Listen through headphones and you are inside someone else's orgasm. It's horny. It's hilarious. It makes a great commuter tape. You can get your own for $20 from Algorithm, 2325 3rd Street, San Francisco, California 94107, or by calling 415-252-5595.*

Why do airplane videos look so bad? Are they prepared by the same people who cater the food?—J. B., Bloomington, Indiana.

If you placed your VCR on the backseat of your car and drove the Baja, the picture would look almost as bad as it does on an airplane. Most airlines use VCRs only slightly more rugged than your home unit and video projectors that use three projection tubes. These tubes must be precisely focused and converged (perfectly aimed) so their light falls on the exact same area. A few hard landings, some turbulence and normal engine vibration throw the projector and VCR out of kilter. The good news is that the next generation of aircraft entertainment equipment features more robust Hi8 VCRs and direct-view LCD screens that are less susceptible to shock and vibration. In the meantime, take along a good book.

My nipples are one of my major erogenous zones, second only to my clitoris. I can almost climax from stimulation of my nipples alone. The problem is, my nipples are rather insensitive to light or normal touch. I like to attach clips to my nipples or twist them hard, burn them lightly with candle wax or rough them up with sandpaper. I found that if I do this prior to sex with my husband, my nipples are so sensitive I can feel every touch and suck. The next day they're still so sensitive I can hardly keep my hands off myself, and frankly, I do not try. Am I doing permanent damage to myself?—K. C., Portland, Maine.

Years ago we got a letter from a guy who masturbated with sandpaper. He asked if he had a problem. We said "Yes, but not for long." Apparently, he consulted a sex therapist who cured him of the habit by switching to lighter grades of sandpaper, velvet, then a

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

woman. He still gets a hard-on every time he passes Ace Hardware, and he spends an inordinate amount of time watching "Home Improvement." You are abusing your body, but so does every person who runs a marathon, mounts a StairMaster or plays tennis. Are sexual injuries the same as athletic injuries? It's your call. Doctors would probably tell you that sex is like medicine: Above all, do no harm. All you've done is found a dramatic way to amplify the signals going to the brain.

How do I determine my ideal weight?—M. J., Berkeley, California.

Depends on whom you believe. Most health experts use insurance company weight guidelines set in 1959. Recent studies suggest that those guidelines are unrealistic and lead to restrictive dieting that can be detrimental to your health. Dietary Guidelines for Americans, a 1990 government table, is a bit more lenient, allowing a 30- to 40-pound margin for each height category and age range. If, for example, you are 5'9" tall, by the old guidelines your ideal weight would be between 139 and 153 pounds. By the new table, you could weigh anywhere from 129 to 169 pounds (ages 19 to 34) or 142 to 183 pounds (age 35 and up). The best fitness determinant is twofold: (1) know your risk factors and (2) locate your fat. To do that, measure your waist, then your hips at the widest point. Divide the waist measurement by the hip measurement. If the result is 0.95 or above (0.80 for women), you've strapped on the feed bag a few too many times.

I own a late-model car that's a popular target for thieves. Do antitheft devices work against professionals? If so, what are some effective brands?—D. J., Detroit, Michigan.

Antitheft devices consist of two basic types: active and passive. Alarms, locks and disabling devices can be used individually and in combination. Passive antitheft devices work automatically. Just remove the ignition key to render fuel, ignition or starting circuits inoperable. With an active system you must manually engage the device whenever you park the car. Passive systems, including the multifunction sensors and disabling devices made by Clifford Electronics, are expensive, but they're more effective because drivers frequently forget to turn on their active devices. One of the best new devices is Lo Jack, an electronic bug (about $600, not yet available in all states) that police can quickly activate to trace cars. To keep your hot car from being even hotter, we recommend a combination of antitheft devices. No antitheft device is foolproof, but they discourage most amateurs—and if a crook passes up your car for an easier mark, you've paid for your investment.

Last week, while waiting for my flight, I saw a very attractive woman in the lounge. We made eye contact and it was obvious that our attraction was mutual, but I wasn't sure she was alone. Fortunately, she made the first move by handing me her business card and telling me she'd be back the following week. I'm looking forward to our meeting, but I don't want to back myself into a corner in case my expectations are too high. Suggestions?—T. W., Chicago, Illinois.

A first date usually means lunch or drinks—something finite and noncommittal. But why not do yourselves a favor and try something a little more unconventional: an early morning breakfast at a spot with a view, betting on the sleekest filly at the local track, antique hunting or apple picking in a small town outside the city limits. Just remember: The point of the first few dates is to reveal enough of your charm and sex appeal to keep her wanting more. Then you can move on to your neuroses.

On a recent night out I finally tried one of those karaoke machines and loved it. I'd like to use something like that when I entertain at home. Is it possible to buy a consumer system?—H. P., Los Angeles, California.

Karaoke, long a popular form of entertainment in Japan, is the Nineties version of the Slinky. Karaoke bars are everywhere, and the technology is now available to us, the lowly consumer. Consumer karaoke systems are primarily digital, with laser disc and CD+G (compact disc plus graphics) software. The digital signal processing of the system enhances an otherwise raw vocal performance or it can provide spacey, more exaggerated effects. Most of the consumer karaoke manufacturers are recognized names in audio technology and offer machines with a wide range of features and prices. Pioneer and JVC offer several models priced from $700 to $1000. Naturally, Japanese manufacturers are in on the act, too. Manufacturers such as Denon, Sanyo and Nikkodo have their own lines of consumer models. Check with your local audio dealer to see which system best fits your needs.

I'm a 40-year-old married male (no kids) whose wife has almost no interest in sex. I'd prefer sexual relations daily but would be happy with it weekly. Instead, we have sex about once a month. Consequently, I've taken up with a very attractive young lady who provides sexual satisfaction without infidelity. How? Through simultaneous masturbation. When my wife is out, my lover comes over and changes into sexy lingerie. Like a strip dancer, she starts writhing around on the bed or floor, getting me hot. Then we share in sexual dirty talk and masturbate ourselves. After we're both satisfied, she dresses and leaves. Other than a casual hug at the door, we never touch. I feel I'm not cheating on my wife since there is no sexual contact between us. My lover disagrees, insisting we are having an affair. I believe that if confronted, I can look my wife straight in the eye and state that I have never cheated on her. Still, this young lady has threatened to tell my wife that we are having an affair. If she does, assuming I could prove the extent of our contact, could my wife divorce me on grounds of adultery?—T. D., Seattle, Washington.

What do you call this? Safe sex? If you found your wife writhing around for another man, would you take it calmly? There is infidelity here—on both sides. When a partner lets a sexual relationship die—without the courage to seek counseling or communicate—he or she is being unfaithful. The affair just moves into that vacuum.

I hope you'll be able to tell me a good and safe way to make a dildo using my own penis—erect, of course—as a model. When I'm away, my lover could have a bit of me to keep her company. I need to know what materials to use and how to make a mold.—S. P., Jacksonville, Florida.

You'd be surprised how often we get this request. One reader wanted to have an elegant dildo made from silver, another wanted a model complete with hydraulics. Why not go the distance and motorize the sucker, with little flames around the corona, rear end jacked up three or four inches, maybe put in a sound system? OK, here goes. In the Sixties, a young rock fan named Cynthia Plaster Caster went around making plaster moldings of the penises of rock stars. She tried a variety of materials—obviously, plaster takes a while to harden, which turned out to be about the same amount of time it took rock stars to soften. Also, there's nothing like trying to pull pubic hair out of plaster to spoil the moment. She experimented with aluminum foil and hot wax (fill a cylinder with wax, insert erection), but hot wax is, well, hot. She eventually obtained the best results using an alginate dental product used for tooth and jaw molds. Ask your dentist where he or she buys the stuff. Follow instructions and you should end up with a suitable mold. You can pour in plaster or latex or wax. Another strategy: Find a local art class and ask a sculptor to do a life study—something in marble you could pass down from generation to generation.

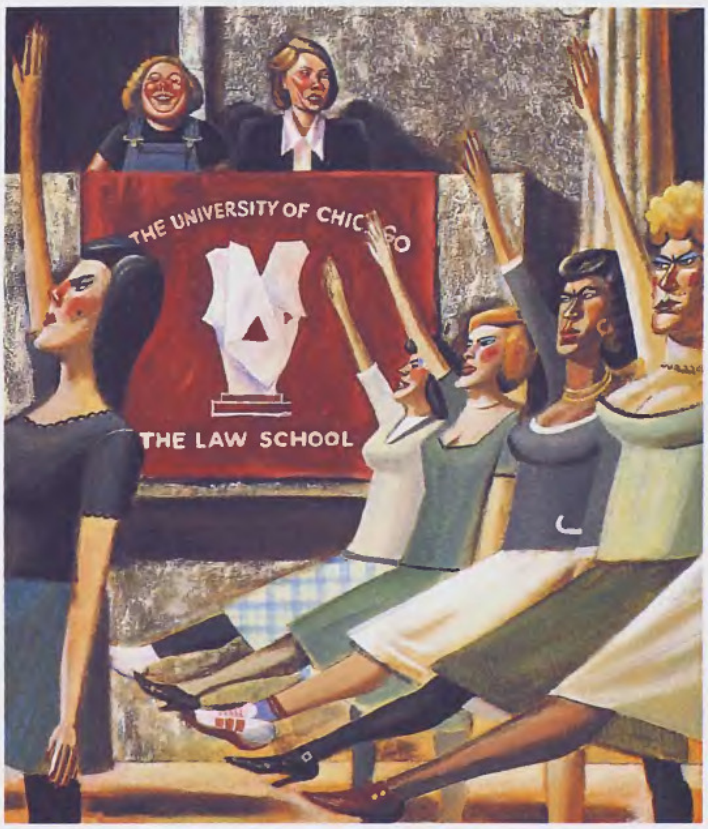
All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

HATEFEST

hanging out at a feminist legal conference

The halls of the University of Chicago Law School are bottlenecked with delegates to the world's first Speech, Equality and Harm Conference. The participants file past a table set up by the ACLU—not the American Civil Liberties Union but an organization named Always Causing Legal Unrest. The group is selling buttons with such slogans as SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE AMMUNITION, DEAD MEN DON'T USE PORN and THE BEST WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS CHEST.

Hawking the buttons is Nikki Craft, a stocky, black-haired woman with a voice hoarse from years of activism. It was her idea to create a group whose name needles antiporn's nemesis, the ACLU. Craft's ACLU members don ski masks and stand outside porn shops to take pictures of men going in. They print the pictures in a newsletter distributed in nearby neighborhoods. I pick out a handful of buttons. Craft suggests a better assortment, making sure I have her favorite—a picture of a bloodstained .45 semiautomatic over the legend FEMININE PROTECTION. I buy six buttons, so she throws in a leaflet she wrote. Its cover shows an American flag adorned with five pictures of open vaginas.



THE ARENA

The auditorium is lively even before anyone takes the podium. One thousand academics, lawyers, activists and students have come to hear feminist legal strategies on the censorship of pornography. Nine of every ten are women. Those on the lookout for celebrities fix on Andrea Dworkin, the prime motivator and spiritual leader of the feminist antipornography movement. Dworkin sits oddly alone among empty chairs in the auditorium's balcony. She's a physically intimidating woman who needs room to sit, but no one approaches her even to talk. Instead, people just look up at her looking down on them.

I take a seat toward the front of the room. Many of those seated near the stage have shopping bags full of fliers. Some have books they want signed. A couple behind me speak of rumored trouble: "I hear there are going to be major protests here by the American Civil Liberties Union, some homosexuals and skinheads," says the woman to her friend.

By TED C. FISHMAN

The dean of the law school, Geoffrey Stone, presents the opening remarks. He, too, expects disruptions and warns First Amendment defenders that their concerns will not be addressed at this conference. He says the debate about whether or not pornography is consistent with the First Amendment has been exhausted and that it is now time to consider how pornography would be regulated if its First Amendment protections were overcome. People have criticized the university for sponsoring a pro-censorship rally, but Stone explains: "A university is a safe haven for ideas. It is a place where we welcome even those ideas some of us fear and some of us hate. It is a place where we talk, listen, criticize and think."

Stone introduces Norma Ramos, the conference emcee, who sets him straight. Ramos, the top lawyer at Women Against Pornography, tells the crowd she is not interested in regulations. "We work to completely eliminate pornography as well as all forms of sexual exploitation."

This first night and the following morning belong to the lawyers. They lay out the antipornography movement's legal crusade. The opening speaker, Kathleen Mahoney, professor of law at the University of Calgary, persuaded the Canadian Supreme Court to uphold an antipornography law based on work by Dworkin and feminist legal theoretician Catharine MacKinnon. "Pornography," Mahoney

explains, is "an instrument of subordination and discrimination." Canadian law judges pornography not by its moral content but by whether or not its depiction of women is "degrading and dehumanizing."

When Mahoney finishes her remarks, an audience member who introduces herself as Carol Leigh tries to pose a question. "This is kind of scary for me," she says. "I'm a prostitute. It is important for me to attend this conference because I'd like women who work as prostitutes and women who are working in the business of sexual representation to be able to participate in the discussion of law reform——" Leigh is cut off by Ramos. Leigh tries to say that she speaks not as a victim but as someone who doesn't regard pornography as "necessarily mean, violent or misogynistic sexual imagery." Ramos again cuts her off and recognizes Evelina Giobbe, the founder of Whisper (Women Hurt in Systems of Prostitution Engaged in Revolt). Giobbe, a former prostitute, is an antipornography lecturer. As Leigh is pressured back to her seat, Giobbe explains that Leigh simply doesn't know that she's a victim.

THE COLISEUM FILLS

The seats onstage fill up. A conference photographer wants a picture of MacKinnon with Mari Matsuda, a panelist from the UCLA Law School and a leading proponent of laws prohibiting hate speech. They sit arm in arm, then MacKinnon puckers her lips and offers Matsuda a huge smooch. The front row cheers. A dozen women rush down the auditorium aisles, raising their pocket cameras. They want MacKinnon to replay the kiss.

The first speaker is Cass Sunstein, a University of Chicago law professor mentioned recently by *The American Lawyer* as one of the nation's top legal scholars. He's a slight blond who reads his manuscript without passion, reiterating in a small tenor voice that "pornography is associated with an increase in dehumanizing and sometimes illegal conduct." He suggests that "sexuality is itself part of sex discrimination" and argues that pornography has created a caste system in which women are inferior.

Japanese-American Matsuda, a latecomer to the antipornography struggle, follows Sunstein in a panel discussion on pornography, hate speech and the First Amendment. Matsuda has long promoted banning discriminatory speech. Her parents were interned in a resettlement camp during World War Two, and racism against Asians is her special concern. She tells about women in her law school classes who are afraid to speak out on issues of sexual abuse and abortion because their stories will become oral pornography. Then she indulges in the first horror story of the day. "I'm thinking of an example of a hate crime where a white man grabbed

FEMININE PROTECTION
REAL WOMEN Don't Eat MEN
PORN IS THE THEORY, RAPE IS THE PRACTICE
I HATE MEN
KNOW THE BASTARD ON TOP OF YOU.
THE BEST WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS CHEST

an African-American woman off the street, assaulted her, directed both racist and sexist hate speech at her, threw lighter fluid on her genitals and set her on fire. Horrible, horrible crime, but an increasingly commonplace crime." Horrible, yes. Commonplace? No. Monstrous acts capture our attention because they are so rare.

In Matsuda's mind, the attack's monstrosity allows her to dismiss the legal concept that the accuser must prove she has been harmed. The harm that flows from sticks and stones and lighter fluid is—in the eyes of Matsuda—equal to that caused by words. Harm, she argues, need not be quantified or causally linked. A simple assertion will do. To be offended is to be harmed. She tells those who question a connection between pornography and violence to "ask the women in this room."

HAIL, CAESARA

The panel ends with Catharine MacKinnon, the University of Michigan law professor and daughter of a famous conservative judge. MacKinnon is typically described by the press as stern, prudish and humorless. Today she's in high spirits, nodding and grinning as other speakers elaborate on her brainchild. This is her first of two talks, supposedly a short, lawyerly one. But she is in too good a mood to play legal scholar. She stands to a great ovation. Dressed in her trademark black Victorian dress, she tells the crowd, "This conference is the most fun party I have ever been to. It emphatically is my idea of a good time." She beams a bright, toothy smile. The crowd beams back. She absorbs the applause. "If anyone wonders what women want, this is what women want!" The crowd roars, stamping and clapping more.

MacKinnon asserts her leadership by upping the stakes. "Now consider snuff pornography, in which women or children are killed to make sex films," she asks the audience, drawing on one of antiporn's popular examples. "This is a film of a sexual murder in the process of being committed. Doing the murder is sex for those who do it. . . . Those who watch the films are having sex through watching the murder. . . . A snuff film is not about sexual murder. It sexualizes murder."

I check my notes. "Doing murder is sex for those who do it"? My thought is it's murder. Maybe MacKinnon means that criminalizing pornography will dissuade people from killing. Then again, killing is already illegal. As are snuff films, which MacKinnon claims to have seen but no one else has ever found.

She then celebrates a seminal image of the antiporn movement. In 1984 *Penthouse* ran a pictorial with several images of an Asian woman in bondage, including two of her left

hanging in a forest. "If used at work, this *Penthouse* spread would create a hostile, unequal working environment actionable under federal sex-discrimination laws. But you know there is no law against a hostile, unequal living environment on the basis of sex, so everywhere else it is protected speech." This is the point of the conference—to use sexual-harassment law to purge the barbarians, to eliminate all sexual imagery from the world.

MacKinnon ends her talk with an antiporn legend: "Not long after this issue of *Penthouse* appeared, a little Asian girl was found strung up and sexually molested, dead in North Carolina. Suppose the murderer consumed the *Penthouse*?"

THE CHRISTIANS

Outside the law school a line of a dozen police stands elbow to elbow. The police monitor a small group of women braving the cold in tight black skirts, halters, fishnet stockings and stiletto heels. Stickers over their breasts and crotches read DYKES AND WHORES UNITE. They represent the Coalition for Positive Sexuality, an ad hoc group of students in support of the Sex Workers Action Coalition. To a crowd of reporters and photographers Beth Freeman, their spokeswoman, says, "The legislation this conference is promoting will be repressive sexually and economically."

The women huddle together for warmth. One of them adds, "We're here in support of sex-trade workers. A blow job is better than no job."

Behind the protesters, a large woman unwraps herself. It is Carol Leigh, the prostitute shunned the night before. Dressed in a feather boa and a gold-fringed gown fashioned from an American flag, she holds a sloppily lettered sign reading YOUR ANTISEX STRATEGIES OPPRESS WOMEN. The cops move in closer. So do the cameras. From the door of the school a matronly woman dressed in Talbots plaids reproves a photographer pointing his lens at Leigh: "Don't photograph that bitch." The photographer asks me: "Is that what this conference is really about—the right of one group of women to control images of all women?"

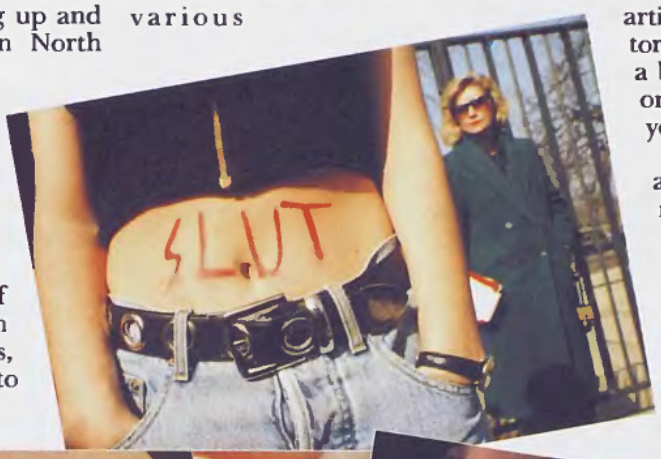
THE LIONS

I reenter the law school. In the hall of tables at which various groups display and sell information, I watch the conferees dissect ideas: "Rip this shit up," calls a woman shaking with rage to those milling about her. When no one joins her, she screams, "I mean it. We need to rip this shit up!" A swarm of women and a few men rush the table and parcel out piles of papers. Some rip their stacks sheet by sheet. Others struggle to tear through them whole, like small-town phone books. I ask the now-breathless woman what is going on. "We're ripping up this shit from PLAYBOY," she tells me. "It's an article critical of Catharine MacKinnon. I can't believe they let those fuckers in here." She wipes sweat from her face and goes back to work, digging through the debris for large shreds she can rip into smaller ones.

An editor from PLAYBOY moves in to capture this censorship in action on film. Ann Simonton, a former *Sports Illustrated* model turned antiporn activist, jams her hand in front of his camera. A young male feminist rushes around the table and spits at the editor. In less than a minute the article reprints are hash. The editor takes a picture of a woman in a bug-eyed trance searching for one last scrap to shred. "Have you paid for that?" he asks.

"You don't know anything about me. I've paid for this with my life."

A security guard comes up and asks the editor to leave his camera outside. "You can stay but you can't take pictures." Geoffrey Stone approaches and makes the same offer. "You can stay and listen quietly. You cannot bring your camera back in." The editor complies. Without a camera he misses an important shot—conference attendees trying to piece together shreds of the article. So much for a safe haven for criticism.



FAUX PROSTITUTES PROTEST AND FORMER MODEL AND ANTIPORN ACTIVIST ANN SIMONTON EXPRESSES HERSELF

THE GLADIATORS

Inside the auditorium, the hatefest is in full swing with a panel discussion on pornography and prostitution. The first speaker, Evelina Giobbe, mocks the lawyers who have until now dominated the conference. "Unlike those guys, I have many, many stories." She tells of prostitutes working in massage parlors who are shown pornography by johns and told "See this, do that, bitch." Giobbe recites titles of paperbacks: *For Rent, Hooker in Pigtails, Wild Teen for Hire* and *Kinky Call Girl*. She reads letters from survivors and

offers her description of an S&M film: "They start torturing the victims, tying them, whipping them. Putting out cigarettes on their bodies is the showing of pain. Obviously we are not dealing with people who can act. Therefore the pain is very real."

Her finale is the tale of a prostitute tied up by her pimp, who assured her that he wouldn't hurt her. "Then he brought in the dog—and took pictures," she says in a breathless voice. "She stayed with him for seven years."

The protestors outside ask for better working conditions for prostitutes, or job training. But Giobbe never offers a tangible reform that might spare women similar humiliation in the service of prostitution. Instead, she wants to end pornography because it is pictures of prostitution.

There are other tales. Gang rapes in Central Park. Even more sex with dogs. Someone talking about Chinese pussy, Asian pussy, Hispanic pussy, dead pussy—the niche marketing of some nightmare porn video store. A pornography survivor recites a chant: "You will find me sandwiched somewhere between my sisters in the video section, among such titles as *Abused Runaway*, *Street Slut* and *Call Girl*. You can buy us, rent us or—if you don't want to take us home—you can stroll over to the peep-show booth, drop a quarter in the coin box and watch us caught in an endless pornographic movie of sexual humiliation and abuse. With a pocketful of change you can see us bend, twist, turn and spread our legs to your pleasure. Drop in another coin and watch us lie there with any manner of man or beast, and if no living thing is within reach, any common household object will do. . . . Buy yet another piece of my youth in the bargain basement of the marketplace of ideas."

The audience is fascinated with the horrific, excited by what it forbids. The testimonials pump libidos and superegos. Antiporn activist Ann Simonton recounts her gang rape in Central Park on her way to a modeling assignment. She then hands out red stickers proclaiming THIS HURTS WOMEN for her listeners to paste over the published images of other models. The stickers seem like meager bandages, too slight for the pain she suffers and submits to. Simonton has embraced the horror. She says she has decided to live with these stories, make them all her own. She says she even takes them to bed. For what, I wonder? To nurture the nightmares? To remind her that sex is disgusting? Or to play the images against her own repression?

NIKKI CRAFT INSPIRES A FEEDING FRENZY ON MADONNA'S BOOK SEX

THUMBS DOWN, THEY DIE

The hatefest reaches a peak. Dworkin and MacKinnon take the stage and continue the oral pornography. MacKinnon offers the most revealing soliloquy of the evening: "Pornography doesn't leap off the shelf and assault women. . . . It is only pornography and not its ideas as such that gives men erections that support aggression against women in particular. An erection, whatever else one may wish to say about it, is neither a thought nor a feeling. . . . Pornography is, of course, masturbation material. It's used as sex. It therefore is sex. . . . Women being exposed, humiliated, violated, degraded, mutilated, dismembered, bound, gagged, tortured and killed. . . . Men come doing this. This, too, is behavior. It is not a thought. It is not an argument. If you think it is, try arguing with an orgasm."

The audience loves MacKinnon's equation: Men, by playing with themselves, rape. It takes a moment to calm the crowd down, allowing MacKinnon to add, "It is not the ideas men are ejaculating over. It is the experience of sexual access and power that the materials are providing that they are masturbating and ejaculating over."

MacKinnon argues in run-on sentences that rise in crescendos when she speaks. She nods to the rhythm of her own logic, and when she arrives at particularly satisfying results, she pauses to see if the audience will return a nod. Her speech catalogs the gruesome and the vile and ties them together like rosary beads. But before the listener has time to think, MacKinnon is on to the next equation or description. Her brilliance is praised so often that the audience must take her logic on faith. If some people fail to understand, the onus is theirs.

ENTER HERCULES

If Andrea Dworkin is having a good time, she doesn't let on. While MacKinnon creates the logical web for antiporn legislation, Dworkin, herself an abuse victim, reminds the crowd that women's suffering is all that counts. She begins with the

undeniable: "Pornography happens." From there she builds. "Women go out there and are made two-dimensional and we are flattened on the page or on the screen. Our vaginal lips are painted purple for the consumer to clue him in as to where to point his attention. Our rectums are highlighted so that he knows where to push. Our mouths are used and our throats are used for deep penetration. . . . You are turned into a target, and red or purple marks the spot where he is supposed to get you."

Dworkin's overalls, protest buttons and black T-shirt are her trademark garb, and in them she is both mass and grace. Seated, she seems handicapped, immovable. Yet when she stands and speaks, she unfolds.

Tiny hands at the end of Popeye arms point and pound the air as she draws on the imagery she says she abhors, dragging the audience through the process of objectification. Dworkin offers her own dog imagery, describing human ejaculate as men's method of claiming women as their property. "We talk about fetishisms and sex. . . . For instance, a man who ejaculates to a shoe, to a table. That's what happens to a woman's body. She's turned into a sexual fetish and he ejaculates on her. . . . It is a convention in pornography that the sperm is on her, not in her. It marks the spot that he owns and now he owns it. It's a way to think she's contaminated with his dirt and she is dirty."

Dworkin's language and stories place her firmly in the obsessive world she denounces. Porn is Dworkin's element. Like a fire-and-brimstone preacher riled up by his own descriptions of hell, Dworkin revels in her hard-core discourse. She arouses at the same time she shames, fires sexual tension and then condemns it. This is her idea of a good time.

THE CARNAGE

Nikki Craft, who sells a button reading DWORKINISTA, finally gets her chance at the podium. She's in tears, apparently moved by Dworkin's speech, and takes a moment to collect herself. It's a rare glimpse of vulnerability in Craft, who is often cited as the inspiration for feminist civil disobedience.

When a photographer kneels to snap Craft's picture, MacKinnon walks up to him, pokes her finger in his shoulder and with a bitter stare asks if Craft has given him permission to take her photo.

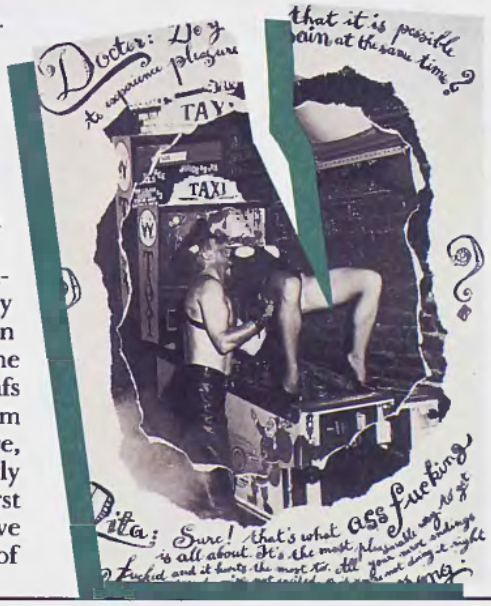
"I have seen a lot of pornography," Craft says, pulling out a copy of Madonna's book *Sex*, "more than most consumers." She holds up the book to the audience and leafs through the pictures. Someone from the audience yells, "Don't go there, Nikki!" but Craft continues slowly through the book. "This is the worst mainstream pornography that I have ever seen. . . . A lot of chains, a lot of bondage. I just don't put up with these kinds of images anymore." Craft makes a motion to the crowd. "I need some audience participation." Twenty women rush the stage and gather around the book. Shreds of it fill the air. The crowd cheers wildly as the debris floats to the ground.

Over the noise of the audience, Craft advises the audience to "put stickers on things, rip up pornography and kill a basher if you have the opportunity."

THE REAL WORLD

When I get home, my wife calls me into the kitchen and gives me a hug. I push away. She wants to know all about the conference, but I can't even begin to talk about it. I am trying to untangle myself from the slander of militant women describing men as predators, rapists, abusers. I need to know if my wife thinks I objectify her. She laughs. "No," she says, but she's glad I asked. Then she changes her mind: "Maybe sometimes," she says, adding that she, too, has a rich fantasy life. That night in bed I try to sort through the issues, but the day's images of violent, hard-core porn keep appearing.

I doze off late and wake from a disturbing dream. I want to reach out to my wife, to touch her, but I don't. How could Ann Simonton, the former *Sports Illustrated* model, take these women's stories of abuse to bed with her? The world that Simonton chooses to sleep with haunts me. Although, at least for me, antiporn's pornography will recede into a more varied and promising world, one where hugging will again be an unhesitating act of love.



READER

WITHOUT A NET

I noticed the tidbit in April's *Playboy Forum* that sperm production may substantially shorten male longevity. That would seem to imply that frequent sex, requiring more sperm production, would result in a shorter life span and thus confirms the long-held notion that married men live longer than single men. Sign me Single and Willing to Risk It.

Daryle V. Scott
Jacksonville, Florida

DOING TIME

One of the worst scandals and best-kept secrets of the war on drugs is its female POWs. The majority of these women are minor players overrun by the government's blitzkrieg. Thousands of women are in prison today as first-time offenders on such bogus charges as aiding and abetting, harboring a fugitive, failure to report a crime, and—the vaguest and most abused charge—conspiracy. Prosecutors use it as a blackmail tool, threatening and often indicting uncooperative partners. In many instances, women receive harsher sentences than the guiltiest participant, because the most active drug traders are more useful to the feds as informants. So dealers get plea bargains that put them back on the street to set up sting operations while their women do hard time in jail. If the public were made more aware of this inequity, maybe Congress and President Clinton could be convinced that the injustice of the current drug policy should be righted.

Amy Ralston Pofahl
Camp Parks, Unit E
Dublin, California

BUZZWORDS

The buzzwords from *The Activist's Handbook* used to identify campaigns by the "radical religious right" ("Voting Frauds," *The Playboy Forum*, May) include the term natural law. Perhaps Clarence Thomas' support may be enough to discredit the theory in the eyes of some, but he is in good company. Martin Luther King, Jr., said, "An unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal and natural law." Maybe he belonged to the radical religious right. I don't think so. Thomas Jefferson appealed to the laws of nature to justify rebellion against Britain in the Declaration of Independence. You may dislike the religious right so much that you are willing to dispense with Martin Luther King and Thomas Jefferson. If so, you are going to have to find a different justification for civil disobedience and for the American Revolution.

Kelley L. Ross
Van Nuys, California

FOR THE RECORD

CHILD'S PLAY?

Artist Mike McNeilly offers another monolithic art statement in an ongoing series. This 100-foot high antihandgun mural graced the side of the Playboy Building in West Hollywood.

HOME FRONT

A note to let *Playboy Forum* readers know we haven't fallen off the globe but are working to keep the pro-censorship forces at bay. Here in Nashua, New Hampshire we've given would-be censors some notable setbacks: A bill introduced in the state legislature to turn control of obscenity rulings over to local governments was voted down 274 to 56. More battles are to come, and the Nashua city government has been reluctant to confront us, probably sensing the agony of defeat.

Arthur W. Ketchen
Vice President
First Amendment Legal Defense Fund, Inc.
Nashua, New Hampshire

SIN CITY

In "The Pleasure of Watching" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) porn actress Nina Hartley is quoted as saying, "My fans are part of a community." Evidently that community does not include anyone in Las Vegas. Nina and ten other women were charged with misdemeanors at the Vegas Consumer Electronics Show last January. Anticensorship activists and sex-industry workers questioned the propriety of police officers who sat through an entire three-and-a-half-hour adult show without ever making a move to stop things. Chief Deputy District Attorney John Lukens reportedly asked to be assigned to the case and promptly upgraded the charges to felony lesbianism. Based on an antiquated Nevada statute, the defendants now face prison sentences of up to six years for committing consensual acts before an adult audience. Conventional wisdom suggests that Vegas is trying to clean up its Sin City image and the erotic 11 are being railroaded to set an example. To raise your voice against censorship, send your defense contributions to: The Freedom Fund, c/o Bobby Lilly, 2550 Shattuck Avenue, #51, Berkeley, California 94704. Thanks for your support.

Bobby Lilly
Berkeley, California

NUMBERS

A few years ago *The Playboy Forum* ran a series of articles in which you ridiculed the claims of two supposed sex researchers—Edward Eichel and Judith Reisman—that Alfred Kinsey lied when he said ten percent of American males were homosexual. According to Eichel and Reisman, the "true figure for exclusive homosexuality among the male population is one to two percent." The article took on Patrick Buchanan for claiming the research "may just blow the sewer cap off Kinsey's monumental reputation, reestablish homosexuality as a one-in-50 aberration and expose the gay-rights movement as a paper tiger." Eat your words. A much-publicized study by the Alan Guttmacher Institute seems to support the Eichel-Reisman-Buchanan claim. About two percent of the 3321 men surveyed had engaged in homosexual sex, and about one percent considered themselves exclusively homosexual. What say you now?

Jim Neal
Alexandria, Virginia

In this time of extreme homophobia we view these statistics with some suspicion. Buchanan, Reisman and Eichel—as well as other various right-wing coalitions around the country—seek to create a new final solution: Eliminate gay rights and protections by declaring homosexuals to be statistically irrelevant. A few years ago, we asked more than 100,000 PLAYBOY *readers to give their sexual identity. Of the 61,000 respondents, only 1.5 percent identified themselves as homosexual and 4.6 percent described themselves as bisexual. Yet 12.5 percent reported that they had had bisexual experiences as adults. The trick in this recent survey seems to be the notion that homosexuals are defined only by those who declare themselves exclusively homosexual, and that is, of course, almost no one. One of the great things Alfred Kinsey introduced into the perceptions of human sexuality is the revelation that men and women are capable of responding to a wide spectrum of sexual stimuli. It is the unfortunate attempt to turn human sexuality into a "them" and "us" definition that encourages bigotry instead of understanding.*

We want to hear your point of view. Send reactions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.*

DATE RAPE REDUX

by TERRY WHITE

Recall, if you will, our not-so-popular position a couple years ago on the issue of date rape. We stated then that the statistics wreaking havoc on college campuses were questionable. We found it hard to believe that one in four female students was ravaged by a drunken, hormone-crazed frat boy who wouldn't take no for an answer. Within our pages, author Stephanie Gutmann raised an appropriately skeptical eyebrow at the *Ms.* magazine–funded research that was the source of these statistics.

Now even the mainstream commentators are voicing similar doubts. Their reevaluation reveals a crucial point: The date rape crisis became a crisis simply because of a broadened definition of rape. Among the crusading feminists, rape had come to mean anything from a breast being fondled to a brutal assault in the bushes.

A recent *New York* magazine article by Peter Hellman argues that sexual assault as a major campus issue is fueled by politics, not genuine concern. At Barnard College, for instance, Hellman found no rapes reported by any of its 2200 students in the 1991 school year. He found that, in the same period, Columbia University statistics cited only two rape accusations for a student body of almost 20,000. Neither of these charges held up under investigation—one of the women admitted that her "attacker" had actually only pushed her to the bed.

But the date rape crisis rallies continue. One featured a victim who claims, "I counted the times I had a penis in me that I haven't wanted and I had to stop at 594." Do you ask, as sociologist Pepper Schwartz did, "What is she, a professional?"

None of the testimony is challenged by the movement. The self-proclaimed survivors and potential survivors are too frenzied to let reality interfere.

In response to the date rape hysteria, many colleges opened campus crisis centers. Hellman gives the impression that they stand empty and unused. One center reported treating a mere 79 clients, and only ten percent of those cases were a result of recent sexual assaults. Most involved past incidents of childhood incest or molestation.

Moreover, there is some tension between the women driven by rhetoric and those moved by compassion. Hellman describes how feminists at Columbia held a rally and recruiting drive, while the volunteers who actually counsel victims sat, lonely as Maytag repairmen, in the rape crisis center unwilling to join the sound and fury of the debacle outside.

A guerrilla technique pioneered at Brown University in the beginning of the date rape controversy a few years ago (and now used at other schools) scrawled the names of students accused of rape on campus walls. Maybe it's time men responded to unfounded slander: Next time you see guerrilla graffiti, add your own name and the name of every other man on campus.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LADIES OF NIGHT SCHOOL

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—*To stem prostitution, the city sends johns and prostitutes to school. Judges now have the option of sentencing sex workers and their customers to sex-ed classes that feature sensitivity training and a safe-sex movie. The training is basically a group-therapy session run by an ex-prostitute counselor. The session involves discussion of how the participants ended up on the street. So far only one man has been caught twice—a sign, says the mayor, that the program is working.*

EQUAL WAITS

LITTLE ROCK—*Seeking one small gesture of legislative revenge, 11 female members of the Arkansas House of Representatives have introduced a bill that would require a 24-hour waiting period for men who want vasectomies. The proposal is a response to passage of a bill requiring a 24-hour waiting period for women who want abortions.*

UPPING THE ANTE

ST. LOUIS—*A federal appeals court has supported a novel legal defense known as "sentencing entrapment." The court said agents wanting to get drug dealers a longer sentence under mandatory minimum guidelines cannot simply keep asking for more drugs until the dealer provides the amount necessary for the higher sentence. The dealer whose attorney tried this defense, however, didn't succeed—he was deemed "predisposed" to sell a larger amount.*

THE BELL TOLLS FOR HER

NEW YORK CITY—*A federal district court has held that a 12-year lesbian relationship, formalized with a wedding ceremony, did not qualify as a legal marriage. The decision came in a case in which the judge ruled that the plaintiff could not force AT&T to pay her her lover's company death benefits. The ruling found that AT&T's benefits plan specifically restricted payments to an employee's legal spouse or dependent family members. Since the state does not recognize lesbian marriages, AT&T's refusal did not, according to the court, violate its own marital and sexual nondiscrimination policy.*

CITY OF SISTERLY LOVE?

SAN FRANCISCO—*If city supervisor Terence Hallinan has his way, this will be the only city outside Nevada to allow prostitution. He sees legalization as a means of stemming crime and the spread of infectious diseases and, not coincidentally, a tidy way to tax commercial sex as well. The leader of the prostitutes' union, Samantha Miller, who's in favor of decriminalization, fears legalization would result in excessive government controls. And the head of San Francisco's vice squad predicts the city would become a hooker haven. Hallinan, meanwhile, is forming a task force to see if the plan is feasible.*

TURNING THE TIDE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The District of Columbia voted to repeal its sodomy law. That decision leaves 24 states where people can be prosecuted for "unnatural sex." So while the congressmen from those states can't legally have oral sex at home, they can get their sexual fantasies fulfilled while away at work.*

SCHOOL RULES

WACO, TEXAS—*Baylor University has "heard clearly the voices of Texas Baptists" and canceled its plans to allow seminude modeling in an art class. When news of the nudity reached the public, both school administrators and Baptist officials were swamped with calls protesting any state of undress as "inappropriate on any Christian university campus." Which prompted one dissenting minister to comment that "many Baptists would be embarrassed to live in the Garden of Eden."*

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN—*Notre Dame Academy's duly elected Queen of the Ball, Shara Detampel, was dethroned by school officials. The administrators cited two incidents that violated school disciplinary codes: a striptease at a local bar that ended with Detampel in a swimsuit, and one in which they claim she stripped down to a bra for classmates at a private party. Admitting to the first incident, Detampel said she needed the money to pay medical bills. She flatly denies the second took place. One of her pom-pom teammates defended her, saying, "I think it's her decision to do what she wants."*

LIGHTING STRIKES

CHARLES CITY, VIRGINIA—*Sheriff's deputies ran to ground a suspected drug dealer by following his shoes' taillights. The suspect had fled into a wooded area at night, hoping to elude the pursuing law. Unfortunately for him, he was wearing a pair of L.A. Gear's Light athletic shoes. The suspected coke dealer forgot that his battery-equipped footwear—intended to protect nighttime joggers—flashed every time one of his heels hit the ground. Duh.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

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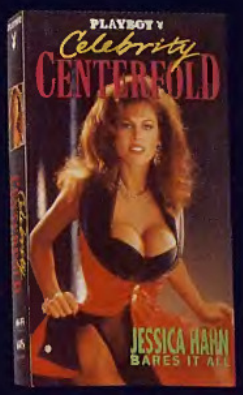

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MC BROUHAHA

mcdonald's serves up an image of care and concern for the community. is its charity as cheap as its food?

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

McDonald's quite possibly has the best public image of any corporation in the land. What is essentially a collection of greasy spoons that relies heavily on low-paid teen labor to dispense artery-clogging food has come to be marketed successfully as a center of cheerful community service and charitable goodwill.

I have bought the image. Mention McDonald's and an involuntary smile comes to my face. I still can't hack the breakfasts or the coffee, but a McLean once in a while won't kill you, and a pack of kids can be fed fairly cheaply there. And I did assume that this chain was giving something back to the community because it was always telling me as much.

Now I'm not so sure. I hate to be the grinch here, but the way this huge corporation seems to have behaved toward one of its more visible charity projects raises serious questions about what it is and what it does.

I am referring to Camp Ronald McDonald for Good Times, which provides cost-free vacations for kids with cancer. The project has brought McDonald's an immense amount of favorable national attention over the past ten years, including features on *Good Morning America* and *Donohue*, in *Reader's Digest* and from much-covered visits by President and Mrs. Reagan.

Does McDonald's deserve the publicity? Not according to Pepper Edmiston, the mother of a kid with leukemia, who founded the camp and elicited McDonald's support.

In a recent mailing to donors to the camp, Edmiston documents the company's decade-long play for public admiration. McDonald's made only $485,000 in net charitable contributions, she charges, while attempting to reap maximum publicity from Camp Ronald McDonald.

The camp was launched in 1982, thanks to the contributions of Dustin Hoffman, Michael Jackson, O. J. Simpson and other Los Angeles residents of goodwill and substantial means. After a spate of positive publicity, McDonald's stepped in with the commitment "to become a significant and continuing supporter" of the camp. Not so significant, it turns out. In 1984, in return for getting its corporate name on the camp logo, McDonald's contributed a miserly $8000. From 1982 to 1992 the company accounted for less than five percent of total income. Other contributors provided 95 percent.

There had been big promises of finding a permanent site for the camp, which had been getting by at rented facilities. McDonald's offered the J&R Ranch in Santa Barbara, California, which had been donated to McDonald's Charities by Joan Kroc, the wife of McDonald's founder, Ray Kroc.

The ranch, with its stables, tennis courts, swimming pools, professional kitchen and lodging for 120, looked perfect to Edmiston and the other camp directors. They were bitterly disappointed, after three years of leasing the property, when McDonald's abruptly decided to put the ranch on the market, where it was sold as an executive retreat for $6 million.

Meanwhile, tension continued to mount between the McDonald's honchos and Pepper Edmiston over issues of control and, believe it or not, the political use of children with cancer. According to Edmiston, while Reagan was in office, McDonald's had encouraged presidential visits to the camp, convinced that they generated good publicity for the company. But with Clinton as president, the company seems wary.

When 24 campers were invited to attend the inauguration as guests of the new president, McDonald's executives nixed the trip. Why? Edmiston released a copy of a letter written by Anita Faunce, senior regional marketing manager for McDonald's, to the president of the camp's board of directors. The letter's language tells a great deal about what McDonald's expects from its charitable activities. A boldfaced sentence lays down the law: "We strongly recommend that you do not participate" in the inauguration. The letter does not indicate just why having Good Times campers with the president during inauguration ceremonies "could potentially compromise the McDonald's name and reputation." Repeated calls to Faunce were not returned.

Edmiston took the kids anyway. A good time was had by all, with the kids walking hand in hand with Clinton in the Bells for Hope Inaugural Parade. They even appeared on the *Today* show. Edmiston, the camp's director for ten years, was fired over this incident.

In her letter to contributors, backed by a similar appeal from board member and actress Sally Struthers, Edmiston charges that McDonald's opposition to Clinton's health care reforms was at the root of the controversy. "Bill Kolberg, PR account executive for McDonald's, was candid when I talked to him on December 18," says Edmiston. "He said the campers could not be seen with President Clinton because it might be interpreted as McDonald's endorsement of Clinton's health care plans. According to Kolberg, McDonald's doesn't want to insure its lower-paid restaurant workers."

When I contacted Kolberg for his response, he refused to speak on the record.

I am inclined to accept Edmiston's explanation that McDonald's is threatened by Clinton's health reform program. McDonald's, which has a base-pay scale at its restaurants that hovers around the minimum wage, does not provide health benefits to much of its work force.

President Clinton keeps worrying about the working poor and the alarming chasm between rich and poor. But that's what the cheery staff at McDonald's is—the working poor. It is absurd for McDonald's executives to complain about Clinton's managed health care proposals because the proposals are made necessary by companies such as theirs that fail to do the right thing in the first place.

Charity should begin at home for McDonald's. It should face up to the need to provide workers with the bare essentials of life, beginning with health care, whether or not the government requires it. The kids with cancer who walked hand in hand with the president—indeed, all children—will be better served by a decent national health plan than by dim points of light from companies such as McDonald's.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAN AYKROYD

a candid conversation with a conehead (about UFOs), a ghostbuster (about real ghosts) and a wild and crazy guy (about being wild, crazy and grown-up)

It's been a grueling 14-hour day on the set of "The Coneheads." Suddenly, a strange sucking sound echoes off the walls. For the cast and crew it's the signal that they can go home—Dan Aykroyd is ripping the plastic cone off his head.

No longer dressed like Beldar the head Conehead, Aykroyd is shorter and happier. But he still has work to do. He's one of the writers as well as the star of "The Coneheads," which he helped create as a skit back in the golden age of "Saturday Night Live." Tonight, representatives from a toy company need to meet with him about a line of Conehead toys, the assistant director needs to discuss tomorrow's shots, his secretary hovers nearby to talk about juggling his schedule. When he finally gets to pass through the guarded gate to the parking lot, he's spotted by a few lingering stage-door johnnies. One, an eight-year-old boy, grabs a friend by the shoulder and squeals, "Look at that. It's Bill Murray!"

Aykroyd smiles and shakes his head. "Close," he says, "but no."

"I know you're a Ghostbuster," the boy counters. "Aren't you?"

"That I am," replies Aykroyd.

Indeed he is. Dan Aykroyd has been a Blues Brother, a Ghostbuster and a Conehead. He does killer impressions of Richard Nixon and Jimmy Carter. He's won an Emmy and has been nominated for an Oscar and a Grammy. Yet he can still travel unrecognized—or at least be mistaken for Bill Murray.

Unlike others who have graduated from "Saturday Night Live" to success in films, Aykroyd is such a gifted sketch actor that he is better known for the characters he has played than as a comedic personality. Over the years, he's preferred to let his work speak for him, keeping a low profile in the media, while some of his "SNL" contemporaries—including a few who followed years later—achieved major stardom, burned out and are planning their comebacks.

Despite his 27 movies—some, like "Ghostbusters" and "Driving Miss Daisy," were blockbuster hits—Aykroyd will be forever linked to his days on "SNL." His legendary moments range from the Weekend Update newscasts to send-ups of Nixon, Carter, Tom Snyder and Julia Child to skits featuring the Blues Brothers, Two Wild and Crazy Guys, Killer Bees and the Coneheads. He also was one half of the show's most outrageous comedy duo: Aykroyd and his best friend, John Belushi, were lauded as the Lennon and McCartney of comedy.

Together, Aykroyd and Belushi ventured into movies with "1941" and "Neighbors." Two characters they created for "SNL," Jake and Elwood Blues, moved to the big screen in the monster-budgeted "Blues Brothers," in which dozens of police cars and an entire shopping mall were demolished. They also recorded best-selling albums and performed to sold-out audiences, even opening for the Rolling Stones and getting a Grammy nomination for best new artists. As Elwood, Aykroyd played a convincing harp and did one of the funniest and stiffest shuffles ever seen onstage.

When Belushi died of a drug overdose in 1982, Aykroyd began a solo career. He thrived, landing starring roles opposite Eddie Murphy in "Trading Places," Walter Matthau in "The Couch Trip" and Kim Basinger in "My Stepmother Is an Alien." He co-wrote "Ghostbusters," in which he starred with Harold Ramis and Bill Murray. It was the number-one-grossing comedy until it was topped in 1990 by "Home Alone." Aykroyd also earned good reviews for his re-creation of the role of Sergeant Joe Friday in the movie version of "Dragnet," another of his script-writing efforts.

Just when it seemed as if Aykroyd were destined to a career of sweet if often silly comedies, he was a surprising casting choice as the worried son in "Driving Miss Daisy," directed by Bruce Beresford. The film won the

"John Belushi was the captain of his own ship. Or maybe he wasn't, and that's the trouble. He was downstairs in the galley and no one was at the helm. So I can look back only with great fondness and a little anger."

"Some things are always going to make people laugh. We laugh at toilet jokes. We have people who are striving to shock. I don't know what the year 2000 will bring. Maybe guys will be chopping off their fingers."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I can't believe Harold Ramis says he doesn't believe in ghosts when it's a reality of life. He's going to get spanked for that. I'll take him to the most haunted place on earth and scare the shit out of him."

1990 Oscar for best picture, and Aykroyd earned a best supporting actor nomination. That was followed by a role in "Sneakers" with Robert Redford and Sidney Poitier. Next, Sir Richard Attenborough cast him in "Chaplin," which he finished shortly before launching into "The Coneheads" with his boss at "SNL," Lorne Michaels.

Aykroyd was born in Ottawa, Canada into a practical-joking, movie-watching family in which séances were typical Saturday-night entertainment. He attended Catholic schools and over the years worked at jobs that pointed many places other than show business. He drove mail trucks, load-tested runways for jumbo jets, surveyed roads and wrote a manual for penitentiary guards.

At Carleton University in Ottawa he became involved in a theater group, the first of several comedy ensembles he joined. He was soon appearing on Canadian TV in what he describes as a hip precursor to "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-in," which led to a stint with the Second City troupe in Toronto with co-stars Gilda Radner and John Candy. While in Toronto he met Belushi, then a performer with Second City in Chicago.

Like Belushi, Aykroyd had his wild years, though he says he preferred wine and beer to the heavy drugs that brought down Belushi. He loved hanging out with friends, and he opened the Blues Bar in lower Manhattan for late-night or, often, all-night parties.

Now his life is far quieter. On the set of "Doctor Detroit," Aykroyd fell in love with his co-star, Donna Dixon (who appeared in "Wayne's World"). They married and have a daughter, Danielle, now three. The family spends as much time as possible at its 70-acre lakeside farm in Ontario. When the Aykroyds are there, the serenity of the Canadian nights is occasionally broken by the sound of one of Aykroyd's several modified Harley-Davidsons; he's an obsessed biker. He planned to head back to Canada as soon as "The Coneheads" wrapped.

Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** *whose last tête-à-tête in these pages was with musician-philosopher Frank Zappa, took on the tête-à-cone. Here is Sheff's report:*

"When I first met Aykroyd, in 1979, he had recently completed 'The Blues Brothers.' He was a less-than-eager interview subject, seemingly uncomfortable talking about most aspects of his life. In the years since then, everything seems to have changed, not only in his life and career but in him. For this interview he was forthcoming and at ease. Often, he came across as overly earnest—almost corny—as if time had taken the rebel out of him. But there's no doubt he seemed genuinely happier.

"I met with Aykroyd on the set of 'The Coneheads,' which was being filmed in Los Angeles. He was in costume for much of the interview, and I found it disconcerting, if somehow appropriate, to look up at him during impassioned conversations and realize I was talking with a Conehead."

PLAYBOY: Is it a surprise to find yourself back en cone after all these years?

AYKROYD: Yeah. I thought we had put away the cones for good. But Lorne [Michaels], now a successful movie producer after *Wayne's World*, thought it was the most logical project.

PLAYBOY: What originally inspired the Coneheads?

AYKROYD: I was looking at the TV and thinking, If people's heads were like this [*he presses the sides of his skull together*], they could fill the screen a little more.

PLAYBOY: Has the cone changed over the years?

AYKROYD: The original was just a cheap piece of plastic that was glued to the forehead and around the top of the ears. This cone is done by a top-notch, professional makeup guy, David Miller, who did the Freddy Krueger makeup.

PLAYBOY: It's a little unsettling.

AYKROYD: Yeah, it kind of frightens small children.

PLAYBOY: Is it uncomfortable?

AYKROYD: No, but I bump my head a lot because I forget how tall I am. It adds six inches. There are two moments of discomfort when they put it on. I imagine it's like being decapitated or getting a lethal injection: You feel a pinprick and then it's all over. With this you feel two applications of cold glue—to your neck and forehead—and that's it. It's comfortable enough for me to take naps in. Actually, it's like wearing a dunce cap all day, which former teachers of mine might find fitting.

"They're going to be sitting there with their arms folded, tapping their feet, waiting for this one to bomb."

PLAYBOY: Since *Wayne's World*, which also started as a skit on *Saturday Night Live*, was such a success, do you feel extra pressure with *The Coneheads*?

AYKROYD: Oh, yeah. They're going to be sitting there with their arms folded, tapping their feet, waiting for this one to bomb. But that can't really affect what I'm doing here. The writing's good. The story's great. I'm reasonably confident because I know people want to laugh. It's time for laughter.

PLAYBOY: Why now?

AYKROYD: People always need laughter. It's well known that laughter produces some kind of endocrinologic response that cures and is otherwise good for people. The more the better.

PLAYBOY: Are hard times—recessions, ethnic wars abroad, inner-city tensions—fertile times for comedy?

AYKROYD: There was a profusion of lighthearted movies in the Thirties, all meant to get people's minds off the Depression, but I don't think filmmakers consciously make movies to take people's minds off hard times.

PLAYBOY: You're working with several of your former co-stars from *Saturday Night Live*. Do you feel like you're in a time warp?

AYKROYD: Having Jane [Curtin] walk in and—bang—go right into the character, just where we left off, is great. It's like it never stopped. Some of us have put on weight or gotten gray, but it's better. The skills increase over time.

PLAYBOY: What about your sense of humor?

AYKROYD: It's sort of the same. We're still into shock humor and we still deal with the absurd.

PLAYBOY: Has what's funny changed?

AYKROYD: Some things are always going to make people laugh. In Neanderthal times, people probably laughed at jokes about burning themselves with fire and how funny their mates looked. We're laughing at the same things today—the things in our lives, human behavior. We laugh at toilet jokes, at shock. Then you get into the Nineties and you have guys like Sam Kinison, God rest his soul, and Andrew Dice Clay—the abrasive and caustic humorists. That's really what has changed. It's like everything is through the top now and we have people out there who are striving to shock. I don't know what the year 2000 will bring. Maybe guys will be chopping off their fingers.

PLAYBOY: Are there places where lines should be drawn?

AYKROYD: I'm not much into bathroom humor unless it is really well done. We did a skit called the Widettes, in which the characters had huge haunches. Once, we hung toilet paper out of the backs of their pants. That was justified. I have never been into gratuitous sex or swearing, though; it has to have a purpose.

PLAYBOY: How about the meanness—you mentioned Clay and Kinison?

AYKROYD: It makes me laugh, but I don't do that kind of thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you find some of it in questionable taste?

AYKROYD: Yeah, and I don't really like vulgar stuff. People may call liquefying a bass vulgar, but I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to the Bass-o-matic routine you did on *Saturday Night Live*.

AYKROYD: Yeah. But to people who think that liquefying a bass is offensive, I have to point out that this woman in Canada, sort of our Julia Child, uses the blender to make fish soup—bones, head and all.

PLAYBOY: Are there certain targets that should be off-limits?

AYKROYD: I don't think the weak,

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oppressed, poverty-stricken and handicapped should be targets, unless they do it themselves, and then I'm ready to laugh. There are things I wouldn't do, but it depends on the writing. If it's good, I'll do just about anything. You're talking to the man who had his pants down below his hips and who then put a pencil between his cheeks—on national television.

PLAYBOY: What was the occasion?

AYKROYD: I was playing a refrigerator repairman on *Saturday Night Live*. It was a nerd sketch—the Lupners—with Billy [Murray] and Gilda [Radner]. I came in as the refrigerator repairman and the nerds were breaking up watching me move the fridge because I was one of those guys who wear their belts very low. I just got down like this [*he demonstrates*] and did the character, and when I put the pencil in, I rested it—against broadcast standards' request—right there between the cheeks. Now, people may argue that was as vulgar and cheap as you can get, and at first I didn't want to do it. Lorne talked me into it. The audience howled. It was a magic moment. You have to watch the tape to see how subtle that insertion was.

PLAYBOY: How tough was it to make the move from TV to films?

AYKROYD: Movies are a whole other canvas, like working with acrylics compared with modeling clay. TV is like skywriting and movies are more like setting up dominoes and letting them fall.

PLAYBOY: Is it frustrating to work in movies where you have less control over the material?

AYKROYD: The frustration is that good ideas are put into a blender. There are so many factors—writers, producers, directors, actors and others—that make or break what might be a great idea. We go into these projects with the best intentions, willing to do the best work possible. You just never know how they're going to turn out. You can do only so much, and so much of movies is out of your control. On the other hand, when it works there's nothing else like it.

PLAYBOY: It seemed to work for you in *Driving Miss Daisy*. Many people thought you were an unusual choice for that role.

AYKROYD: A friend saw the play and said the part was good for me, so when I heard they were making the movie, I had my agent call. I sat down with the producer, Richard Zanuck, and told him I'd like to do it. I was thrilled when I got it.

PLAYBOY: Were you consciously trying to get away from your usual comedic roles?

AYKROYD: Yeah, I wanted a little variety in the career.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to the Academy Award nomination?

AYKROYD: Obviously it was very gratifying. It sort of legitimized my efforts.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised?

AYKROYD: Oh, yeah. But I knew I wasn't going to win because I had seen *Glory*. I knew Denzel [Washington's] performance was the one. But it was cool. I still went to the show. Morgan Freeman and I hopped up and down like excited little kids when *Driving Miss Daisy* won Best Picture. If I never do another dramatic part, I can look back and say I was in the best picture of 1989.

PLAYBOY: After doing all those comedies, did you have any trouble playing a more serious part?

AYKROYD: No. The acting is different but it's still the same. The hardest part is getting producers and directors to consider you when they already think of you as a comic actor. For me it has less to do with what kind of movie it is than who I'm working with. In *Driving Miss Daisy*, I got a chance to work with Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman. More recently I did *Sneakers* with Robert Redford and Sidney Poitier. By now I've worked with some of the best. Walter Matthau in *The Couch Trip*, Bill Murray in *Ghostbusters*, Eddie Murphy in *Trading Places*, Tom Hanks in *Dragnet*.

PLAYBOY: You wrote *Dragnet*, one of your many movies featuring cops and robbers. From where does the fascination with crime come?

AYKROYD: I like to explore adventures and events that I wouldn't normally be part of. I'm an armchair quarterback. I don't really have to live that life, but I can act it.

PLAYBOY: You even studied criminology.

AYKROYD: Yeah, in college. I gravitated immediately to sociology and abnormal and deviate psych.

PLAYBOY: Ever think of being a cop?

AYKROYD: I couldn't be a cop because I have two differently colored eyes and webbed feet. It means I'm a genetic mutant and would probably be rejected for any kind of service.

PLAYBOY: So what's behind your interest?

AYKROYD: I was curious about what makes a person turn from the straight and narrow to a life of crime. And the other side of it is law enforcement. I have a lot of friends who are cops.

PLAYBOY: After you ruled out police work, what led you to acting?

AYKROYD: I had done plays in college in Ottawa. I was kind of hoping something would come up so I wouldn't have to go through and get the degree. When I was seventeen, Valerie Bromfield, who was a writer and performer in Ottawa, got me started doing a cable show. She had met Lorne Michaels, who was doing a show called the *Hart and Lorne Terrific Hour*, sort of like the Canadian Rowan and Martin, but earlier. They had long hair and they were the only hip thing Canada had seen. I eventually became involved in that. Then I went back to school until Valerie dragged me out and moved me to Toronto for good. We formed a comedy team doing Mike Nichols and Elaine May–type bits. We used to go on after a transvestite named Pascal. He/she opened for us. This led to Second City.

PLAYBOY: Where you worked with Gilda Radner for the first time.

AYKROYD: Yeah. Gilda was already breaking hearts left and right. All the guys loved her. You know how Bill Murray would pick her up and twirl her around his head? I felt that way about Gilda.

PLAYBOY: Huh?

AYKROYD: I would express it differently, but I understood it when Billy would pick her up and twirl her around and begin biting her.

PLAYBOY: Did you remain friends with her after *SNL*?

AYKROYD: We all kind of lost touch with Gilda. She married Gene Wilder and built a life with him. Our paths didn't intersect for many years, until I saw her at a party at Laraine Newman's house one year before she died. Everyone there was around her like filings around a magnet. But we had a lot of years together at Second City and then on *Saturday Night*.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the job on *Saturday Night Live*?

AYKROYD: John Candy and I were both at Second City and we took a drive to Pasadena in his Mercury Cougar to be at a dinner-theater show that Second City was opening. It took thirty-eight hours, and as soon as we arrived, Lorne Michaels called and asked me to come back for an audition. I flew to New York. People were lined up everywhere. I thought, I'm not prepared for this, this is crazy. But I went in and Lorne put me behind a desk to do a news report, à la Weekend Update. That was 1974. I was with *SNL* through 1979. I've often thought, If I ever get a tattoo, it's going to be a little TV set with SNL 75–79. It's like if you spend time on the USS Guadalcanal and get a patch.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever heard from the subjects you skewered on *SNL*?

AYKROYD: No, though I was in an elevator with Tom Snyder. I don't think he recognized me. I hope he didn't. I tried to disguise myself.

PLAYBOY: What about Jimmy Carter?

AYKROYD: I performed with Chevy Chase at the Carter inaugural. Chevy played the chief justice swearing in Carter. I did Carter. There we were, at the Kennedy Center, with all the people who move the machinery of government sitting there. And I came out onstage in a jeans jacket and the traditional inaugural stovepipe hat, and Chevy swore me in using the Crest toothpaste oral dentifrice pledge.

Later we found out that at the moment Chevy and I stepped onstage, Carter was called away. He was told that there was an important Department of Defense briefing, but I'm sure they just wanted to get him out of there.

PLAYBOY: But he probably had to approve your appearance in the first place, didn't he?

AYKROYD: No. He asked Chevy to come

and do Ford. Chevy snuck me in.

PLAYBOY: Who was your favorite subject to impersonate?

AYKROYD: Nixon. I mean, he was just rich. Reagan was good, too. Republicans are much richer to do. Ross Perot, too. What a dream for an impressionist. That voice, that look.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried doing Clinton or Gore?

AYKROYD: Clinton is Phil Hartman's territory. I could look at Gore. There are a few things there—the posture, the stance, the pace. But for me there's nothing like good old Nixon.

PLAYBOY: Do you vote for the candidate who would be the best target for parody?

AYKROYD: As a Canadian citizen I don't have a vote in this country. My wife has the vote in the family and I try to convince her, but she votes the way she wants.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your political bent?

AYKROYD: In Canada I would probably be classified as a far-left liberal, anti-socialist, free-enterprise capitalist.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on the Quebec secession?

AYKROYD: I will stand behind Quebec. Whatever the citizens of that beautiful part of the world do, I will stand behind them. If they choose to separate from the rest of Canada, I will support them, with reluctance, because I don't want to see my nation splinter. My mother is full French-Canadian and I'm half French-Canadian. She feels the same way: sad, sorry things haven't been worked out. But the problem there dates back to when the English seized the nation and called it English Canada. Quebec license plates read JE ME SOUVIENS, which means, "I remember." Basically it means, "I remember how I was fucked over by the English." They remember that they are really French and a separate cultural entity.

PLAYBOY: Did you begin your training as a performer in Canada?

AYKROYD: Yeah. My parents sent me to drama and improv classes when I was twelve. I was distracted by theater and the arts and acting all the way through. Other fathers made their kids toy guns; my father carved me a little wooden microphone, painted black on the top, with a rope for a cord.

PLAYBOY: Is a sense of humor hereditary?

AYKROYD: In my case. My grandmother on my father's side was always writing verse and poetry and couplets and funny rhymes with little lessons in them. Then there was my grandfather, who had a nice, wry sense of humor. On my mother's side of the family there was always music around, someone banging on the piano, singing a song.

PLAYBOY: In the movie *The Blues Brothers* you poke fun at Catholicism. Was your family religious?

AYKROYD: Yeah, I was an altar boy.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents cringe at your irreverence?

AYKROYD: Not really. They know it's true. And I'm not slamming religion. I'm not what you would call a fervent practicing Catholic, but I do slip in the back door of church a couple times a year.

PLAYBOY: Why?

AYKROYD: I like the music. I have a faith of a kind. I'm not a born-again Christian, but I have some faith. I think that God is in and around all of us, in everything, and thus we're all connected. I have always believed that. I feel a link to the squirrels outside, and that's what God is to me. If He introduces Himself to me, sits me down and tells me something different, then I will reconsider my feelings.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you had a nice, cheery childhood, not the tormented childhood many comics endure.

AYKROYD: My parents and grandparents and my home life were warm and beautiful, with probably the normal deficiencies. My mother and father both worked. I went to work at fourteen because I had a lifestyle to maintain. I wanted to be out in the world exploring, I wanted to have money for dances and movies. My father earned a government salary and my mother had a salary barely enough to keep the car, the house, the groceries

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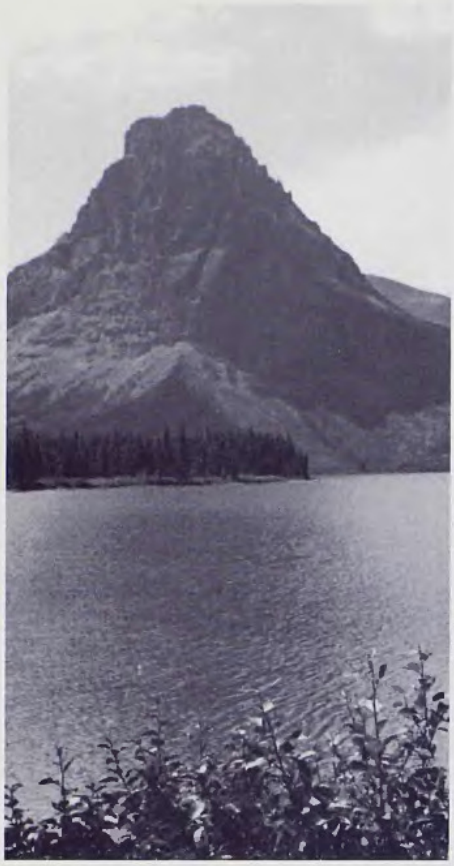

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PLAYBOY: Were you exposed to big-name comics when you were young?

AYKROYD: Yeah. I appreciated all the great practitioners of the craft—Jack Benny, George Burns. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in those road pictures. Desi Arnaz, one of the great, great comedians; Lucille Ball, amazing timing. Carol Burnett, Carl Reiner, Sid Caesar, Morey Amsterdam—all the classics—Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore on the early show. Red Skelton. Jackie Gleason and Art Carney in *The Honeymooners*. The work Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon did together. Of course, Bob Newhart, Tim Conway and Harvey Korman. I grew up with these people.

PLAYBOY: Were you a Charlie Chaplin fan? Did that weigh in your decision to take a role in *Chaplin*?

AYKROYD: Not really. I saw all his movies when I was a kid. My dad would rent them and show them on a bedsheet in the basement. But I preferred the Keystone Cops, Laurel and Hardy, and Buster Keaton. I appreciate Chaplin more after making the movie. It was a fun movie to make and it was incredible to work with Sir Richard Attenborough, who directed it. That one just came to me. I was asked to read for the part.

PLAYBOY: Is it more interesting for you when you write the script, too?

AYKROYD: I love writing scripts. But it's different. It is also great to have a truly good script written by someone else and to come in and just do the job as an actor.

PLAYBOY: Were you writing most of your stuff back in the *SNL* days?

AYKROYD: I had nothing to do with many of the great pieces. James Downey, who was a producer of the show, wrote the Two Wild and Crazy Guys skit, though Steve [Martin] and I came up with the idea. Steve came up with his continental guy, which I fused with my Czech architect. It was like dealing with split personalities. Julia Child cutting her hand and bleeding everywhere was written by Al Franken and Tom Davis. Belushi wrote a great piece for me about the Swiss army gun. Instead of spoons and blades, it had blowtorches and bazookas and all. I wrote some pieces with Alan Zweibel, who went on to produce *It's Garry Shandling's Show* and who wrote *Dragnet* with me. We did The Headcheese Cash Machine sketch, in which all U.S. currency has been converted to headcheese.

PLAYBOY: Were there limits to how far you could go on *Saturday Night*?

AYKROYD: They didn't want me to put the pencil between my cheeks. We had to fight over some things. Placenta Helper was a big fight.

PLAYBOY: Remind us.

AYKROYD: It was like Hamburger Helper for placentas. There was this New Age, Greening of America sort of concept where the husband would eat the placenta for all kinds of strange reasons. Franken and Davis wrote it but it never got on the air. But there weren't too many fights. Some of the Weekend Update fights were pretty extensive. Lorne would fight for us every time. If a writer believed in something and wouldn't give up, Lorne would fight to the wall.

PLAYBOY: Did he usually win?

AYKROYD: Eighty percent of the time. The rest of the time they drew the line. I think we had to fight to say "Jane, you ignorant slut" when we were doing our point-counterpoint thing. The word slut was the problem. Another thing we did was have the audience send in joints. We did a bit saying, "Pot is bad, so send your joints to us." And people sent us joints.

PLAYBOY: How much pot came in?

AYKROYD: Many envelopes. Some good, some not so hot, some homegrown, some real good. A lot of pot was sent in. And dollars. Another time we asked for dollars. I think it's illegal to get money. I think Soupy Sales did it once and was chastised for it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the current *SNL*?

AYKROYD: I'm a big, big fan. I watch whenever I don't fall asleep.

PLAYBOY: Does it amaze you that the show is still going?

AYKROYD: Definitely. It was touch and go there for a while because they thought it wasn't going to succeed after everybody left.

PLAYBOY: You didn't go back to guest on the show for years. What took so long?

AYKROYD: The fact of the matter is it was emotionally trying for me to go back to 8H.

PLAYBOY: 8H?

AYKROYD: Yeah, 8H, the studio at NBC where we made *Saturday Night*. I had big memories of John. I remember all kinds of things—him being wheeled down the halls when he twisted his knee after doing the twist offstage and then whirling out, taking a bow and heading right into the orchestra pit. Things like that. I still see him in the halls there. I go through such emotion. I guess I was a little afraid of the feelings that would well up. I was afraid I'd go up there and get maudlin.

PLAYBOY: When did you first work together?

AYKROYD: I came down on my bike from Toronto to Manhattan and did a guest spot on the National Lampoon Radio record that he was working on. I was a drummer on a Helen Reddy parody. We started to work together in earnest on *Saturday Night*.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize the relationship?

AYKROYD: We just immediately clicked and became fast friends. We brought each other different sensibilities. He introduced me to the Allman Brothers and Bad Company and heavy metal and I introduced him to old blues. He took me under his wing. He had the capacity to

sweep you along into his rhythm. With John you just kind of jumped onto the inner tube and took a ride.

John and his wife, Judy, let me stay in their apartment. I slept at the foot of their bed for almost a year, because I was commuting from Canada when I wasn't sure whether I was going to move to New York. They were sort of like my aunt and uncle.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe what each of you brought to the collaboration?

AYKROYD: It's one of those mystery things of instant chemistry. The two of us together had a good look. Both of us would play straight and both of us would play support. I don't know. It was just one of those things.

PLAYBOY: Somebody called you and John the Lennon and McCartney of comedy.

AYKROYD: For a while I guess we were. Elaine May and Mike Nichols and Art Carney and Jackie Gleason—there are a lot of great teams around. We had our moment.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a favorite moment together?

AYKROYD: On the show doing the Nixon and Kissinger thing. I think Richard and Henry bonded us.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember about hearing the news that he had died?

AYKROYD: Well, you know, it was over for me very quickly. It was really over for me in the first minute I realized that he was gone.

PLAYBOY: Had you tried to intervene when it was clear he was having problems with drugs?

AYKROYD: We all tried to talk to him. It was hard because he refused help from people who loved him. In retrospect I see that the Betty Ford confrontation technique is about the only way we could have done anything, but if we had used it, I can see him getting mad at all of us and storming out the door and disappearing for days. We would have literally had to handcuff him, and I think that's what we should have done. He made progress the summer before he died. He was completely off the powders. But he got frustrated.

PLAYBOY: By what?

AYKROYD: The business. And there were people around to hand him anything he wanted.

PLAYBOY: Do you blame those people?

AYKROYD: Well, you can be sure that with all those people, it was John who was running their lives, not the other way around. He was having them come and go as he wanted. He was the captain of his own ship. He was at the helm. Or maybe he wasn't, and that's the trouble. He was downstairs in the galley and there was no one at the helm. So I can look back only with great fondness and a little anger. But we had eight good, rich, fulfilling years together, creatively and in terms of a friendship.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect something like that to happen?

AYKROYD: He said he was heading for an early grave. He was always alluding to that. But that's no reason why we should have accepted it.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you feel somewhat guilty.

AYKROYD: It's very hard when someone doesn't want to change, or if they want to change and their will is weak. But I regret that I wasn't stronger, and in a way I do feel a little bit of guilt for letting him slip through my fingers. But there were times when I did try and there were times when I was effective. Times when he did listen to me. I feel good about the occasions when I was able to help and bad about the occasions when I slipped up.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear about his death from Judy?

AYKROYD: No. I told Judy. I got the call from [our manager] Bernie Brillstein. He called me at the office in New York. It was a beautiful March day and absolutely spectacular in New York. The weather was warm and clear and the streets were full of people enjoying the sunshine. I'll never forget that walk from 150 Fifth Avenue to Morton Street to Judy's house, because I was thinking, I can't get in a cab, I've got to keep walking. Richard Pryor described it when he

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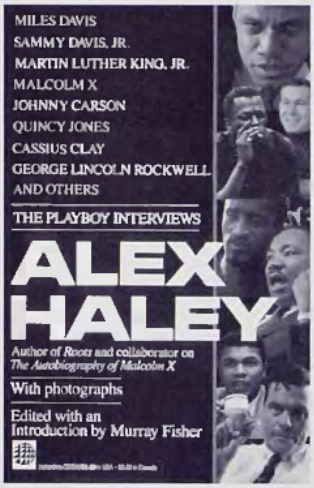

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was burned: He just kept running to stay alive. He knew if he stopped he was going to die. I had that same desperation. I knew if I stopped, it was going to get me, so I just had to walk and get there before Judy heard it on the radio. I managed to get there and I told her. "He's dying" is all I said. And that was the most painful part for me.

After John, Gilda died. I guess the only question is, Who's next? Gilda and John are gone, and gone before the close of a millennium, which is kind of frightening, because it didn't have to happen. Her cancer should have been detected much earlier. And John did not have to die from that speedball, because he should have just left L.A. He shouldn't have been hanging around with those people. He should never have gotten to the point where he was fucking with that shit.

PLAYBOY: Did what happened to John affect your views on drugs?

AYKROYD: As I've always said, we're born in this pure vessel and it's our choice what we want to do with it. There are a lot of pleasures out there. Everyone has to decide. I don't crusade against drugs. I have a resistance to that. I suppose I say, Just be moderate, just be careful. Look at the destruction they've caused. John was a shell that washed up on a beach in the tidal wave of the billion-dollar cocaine industry. It's a big business.

PLAYBOY: Could you have gone down a path similar to John's?

AYKROYD: I was never into the powders. Maybe the difference was this: In a sense, of the two of us, John seemed to have the harder exterior, a more macho, male, harder thing going. In reality, though, deep down, I'm the boulder, he was the softy. I might have been the one who was more accommodating and more open when you'd meet us, but I'm also the one with the controlled edge and the hardness. He was the soft innocent. And my edge and coldness kept me from those pursuits, whereas his softness and innocence made him vulnerable. To hide it, to close that up, he used drugs—as armor.

PLAYBOY: Even though John is dead, we've heard the Blues Brothers are making a comeback. Why?

AYKROYD: Well, after John died I thought that would be it. But right after, I met this friend, Isaac Tigrett, who had lost two brothers to tragic circumstances, and his grief was so much bigger than mine could ever be. He helped me get over John's death. We became partners in the Hard Rock Cafe enterprise east of the Mississippi. He ran it, built several restaurants, went public and sold the company for a hundred million English pounds. So I'm out of that, but every time we opened a Hard Rock Cafe, the Blues Brothers band came together. The original band. For a while our co-singer was Sam Moore of Sam and Dave. Then

the band asked if we would license them the name so they could tour. Judy and I said, "Go for it"; we get a small percentage of the take. I go out and play the harp sometimes. We do *Soul Man* and *Knock on Wood*. We rip the house apart.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate your musical abilities?

AYKROYD: I'm a great emcee–front man and I can move onstage. It's funny and exciting to see a man of two hundred-plus pounds moving in such a way that it looks like he knows reasonably well where he's going and he's not going to hurt people.

PLAYBOY: What are your musical tastes these days?

AYKROYD: I listen a lot. My favorites are the Black Crowes, Robert Cray, Bonnie Raitt, Stevie Ray and Jimmy Vaughan, Kim Wilson and the Thunderbirds. There's also a new band called Blues Traveler with an amazing new young harmonica player named John Popper.

PLAYBOY: Might there be another Blues Brothers movie?

AYKROYD: I'm working on a story with John Landis, who directed the original. We're going to try to bring back everybody from the first movie. We have to convince the studio. The walls of Universal are still stained from the first Blues Brothers movie.

PLAYBOY: Stained? Didn't Universal make money on that?

AYKROYD: Not really, because it cost so much. They made their money back, but it was traumatic getting the movie made. It was an enormous production. John was out of control.

PLAYBOY: You've often been criticized for creating movies with runaway budgets.

AYKROYD: We are always criticized for costs—for *1941*, *Ghostbusters*, *Blues Brothers*—but that money doesn't go into the pockets of the actors and directors, it goes into the pockets of labor.

PLAYBOY: And special effects and wrecked cars. . . .

AYKROYD: The major expense of *Blues Brothers* was not the seventy police cars we bought from the Chicago Police Department. We paid only $700 each for them. The major expense was labor, so that's good, it gets people working, and why shouldn't the profits of the megacorporations be reinvested in the trades of this industry? If I write a big show and it costs a lot of money, I make no apologies. I'd be a wealthier man today and a better businessman if I sat down and wrote small movies that cost little and brought in lots.

PLAYBOY: Will you continue to make sequels—whether based on the Blues Brothers, Ghostbusters, Coneheads or others?

AYKROYD: As long as there is something new to do with them and it's enjoyable. It's kind of nice to have built-in franchises. The one I don't think we'll necessarily further exploit is *Ghostbusters*. It looks like that's about had its run.

PLAYBOY: Because *Ghostbusters II* did poorly?

AYKROYD: Yeah. It opened and *Batman* opened the next weekend and wiped us out that summer. Although we made a good movie, it just wasn't as commercially successful as everybody thought it would be. If I could get that team together, it would be a real dream, because I think there's a great story to be told. But it won't be for a while. By the way, I heard a great ghost story about an old Manhattan hotel, the Sheraton, that is now the Chinese consulate on 42nd Street on the West Side. We were shooting on the fifth floor in a banquet room. I was outside having a smoke and I saw this guy go down the hall in an Air Force jacket with master sergeant stripes. I asked him what was up. He told me he was an electronic-countermeasures technician who installs ECM packs on F-16s and F-106s and all that. He told me that his father worked in the building and then he mentioned, "We can't keep guards." When I asked what he meant, he said they had gone through five security guards. They would come running downstairs, yelling, "You can keep your job." They finally questioned one, who said, "I was making my rounds and I saw something come through a wall."

When the man was asked what he had seen, he said, "It was a man's head and shoulders. He was wearing red." So this guy and his dad and brother go up there to check it out. They were walking on the fifth floor and they saw something go across the hall: a guy wearing a red chef's hat and holding a knife and fork. They followed him into the kitchen and he disappeared into the mashed-potato mixer.

He said they researched the employee records of the hotel and found that a week after it had closed, the roast beef chef, who had been there for fifteen years or something, went to a bar around the corner and drank himself to death. His presence is still around.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that story?

AYKROYD: It's a perfect example of a ghost story I can place credence in because it was unsolicited. Now that the Chinese consulate is there, I've wanted to talk to someone in charge and ask if there have been any experiences with the presence.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a personal experience with a presence?

AYKROYD: My wife and I bought Mama Cass' old house in Hollywood. It is where Cream, John Lennon and Harry Nillson used to hang out. Ringo owned it for a while. *California Dreamin'* was rehearsed there. We have a presence in that house. A psychic came in and told us that some guy apparently died of a drug overdose in the living room. My wife and I told a friend of ours about it and he turned ashen and gasped. He said, "I know about that." It happened just as the psychic said. It was something that had been hushed up.

PLAYBOY: You called a psychic?

AYKROYD: We had to. The maid wouldn't go upstairs. Also, my mother experienced some stuff there and some friends heard the piano playing and then heard footsteps and doors closing. When the psychic said she couldn't deal with it, my wife went to more traditional methods—religion—to try to get rid of it. But we think it's still there because recently the other maid went upstairs and a door slammed. Another time I was alone in the house in bed and I felt the mattress depress behind me like something was getting into bed. You know what my reaction was? I didn't hop up. I wiggled my rump right up next to it. I thought, If you can like me this much, you're going to feel me right next to you.

PLAYBOY: Did you believe in ghosts as a child?

AYKROYD: Of course. They had séances at the old family farm where I grew up. My mother witnessed an apparition. I once saw some lights I couldn't explain. My father was a psychic researcher, so it was really passed down to me.

PLAYBOY: It seems *Ghostbusters* is your idea of a documentary, not fiction. Are you pulling our leg?

AYKROYD: Definitely not. The other day I read that Harold Ramis, my colleague in *Ghostbusters*, said he doesn't believe in ghosts!

PLAYBOY: And that surprises you?

AYKROYD: Yes, because he is a very smart person. I'm going to bring him up to Dudley Town, Massachusetts and scare the shit out of him sometime. I'll take him to the most haunted place on earth. He's my man. He's going. I can't believe he offhandedly says he doesn't believe in ghosts when it's a reality of life on this planet. He's going to get spanked for that.

PLAYBOY: Don't you require more proof of ghosts than those vague experiences?

AYKROYD: Sure. I'm a skeptic. If somebody tells me a ghost story, I want proof. I want to know if he or she was smoking or drinking. In eighty percent of the cases I've inquired about, you can put a name to the presence, a human name. You know why they're there.

PLAYBOY: Why are they there?

AYKROYD: They died in an unfulfilling and unsatisfied way and they are lingering here in this world for something that they'll never have. And it's very simple. Very simple.

PLAYBOY: Frankly, Ramis' view isn't much of a surprise to us.

AYKROYD: But Harold's such a brilliant philosopher. He knows that the empirical scientific world is not all there is. Maybe that's all he sees. I just can't believe that he means it. He's such a practical man, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: Did your experiences with

ghosts inspire *Ghostbusters*?

AYKROYD: Sure, and old ghost movies. Bob Hope, the Bowery Boys, the Marx Brothers all did ghost routines. Ghosts were a big part of humor in the Thirties and Forties. *Ghostbusters* grew out of those as well as my commitment to and ongoing support of the American Society for Psychic Research.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever not believed?

AYKROYD: No. There is just too much literature, too much research being done, too much evidence.

PLAYBOY: You have no doubts?

AYKROYD: None.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever nervous talking about it in public?

AYKROYD: Not really. Because I got all this legitimization from my parents on it. It's a fascinating area of study.

PLAYBOY: Has there ever been an advisor to you—a publicist or manager—who said, "Listen Dan, this is not the kind of stuff you want to talk about"?

AYKROYD: No, not really. Ghosts are part of the general lexicon. Most people know they exist.

PLAYBOY: What is the closest thing to a real Ghostbuster today?

AYKROYD: There are paranormal scientists who work in the field of telepathy and ESP. There are people who have equipment to detect ghosts.

PLAYBOY: What type of equipment?

AYKROYD: Highly sensitive photo equipment and sound equipment that can detect presences. A guy I know says that he gets seventy-five percent of his referrals from religious people.

PLAYBOY: Don't priests feel that it's heresy to mess with those forces?

AYKROYD: But a parish family might have a problem with their house. The priest goes over and gives a blessing, spreads around some salt, lights a candle. That doesn't work and ultimately. . . .

PLAYBOY: Who you gonna call?

AYKROYD: Right. The priest refers it to a professional.

PLAYBOY: How about UFOs?

AYKROYD: There is no question about UFOs. There are photos, videos, recordings. The military knows about them.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen UFOs?

AYKROYD: I've had two vivid experiences. One time the lights were green S-shaped cubes, like two S's following each other, like two little sea horses. They were at the top of the stairs in the old farmhouse in Canada. I was with a friend. We both saw them.

PLAYBOY: Were you straight?

AYKROYD: We were probably not straight, which immediately discounts me by my own rules, but I know what I saw. My mother saw an apparition there once; that's what led to the séances they had at our house.

I saw the other UFO on Martha's Vineyard at my hilltop estate 272 feet above the ocean. It was about three in the morning. I went outside to take a leak off the balcony and I saw it coming from the far upper-right-hand corner of my vision: two objects, around 150,000 feet high. They were perfect circles flying in tandem. They did a beautiful zigzag. I screamed at my wife and my friend's girlfriend to come out. They did and the three of us saw these objects do a beautiful zigzag, and pow! Gone across the sky.

PLAYBOY: The problem with all the anecdotal evidence you have is that anecdotal evidence can prove anything. There can be all kinds of explanations for lights in the sky.

AYKROYD: Forget anecdotes. We're talking about ghosts, UFOs. There's physical, recorded evidence. This woman in Massachusetts, every time she picks up a camera and takes a picture, ethereal images appear. She shot some super-8 film that was silent and then played it backward and there were ethereal voices on it. It made my hair stand right up on end when I heard it. UFOs? There's a famous photo that people have proved is not a hoax.

PLAYBOY: What will you tell your daughter when she asks about ghosts?

AYKROYD: I have to be straight with her. She hasn't brought it up, but when she asks me, I'm going to have to say that some places have ghosts and sometimes

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souls linger after life. The way to treat them is to talk to them sharply and not let them interfere with your existence.

PLAYBOY: How has being a father affected you?

AYKROYD: It has been a surprise just how much love you can feel and how much love you get back.

PLAYBOY: What's it like playing to a three-year-old? Does she have a good sense of humor?

AYKROYD: A great sense of humor. It's all sort of absurd—mentioning words that shouldn't be said. My only complaint is that we waited so long to have her. We waited seven years, so we missed seven years of enjoying her. I encourage people to have kids early. I'm forty now, and when my daughter's twenty I'll be approaching sixty.

PLAYBOY: Could you have appreciated being a father in the same way ten years ago?

AYKROYD: A few months ago, Warren Beatty said something to me: "God is very merciful because he doesn't let you know what it's like to have children until you have them. And if you knew that feeling before you had children you'd just yearn and want them so bad." That veil you walk through when you have a child is something anyone could live with at any point in life.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe that Warren Beatty has become a source for parenting wisdom.

AYKROYD: I know. But of course he's just flipped out over his little girl.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with your wife, Donna Dixon, on several films. Is it difficult mixing work and marriage?

AYKROYD: Oh, no. It is a lot of fun. She's an extremely capable and funny comedienne. There have been no problems. I'd do it again any time. But now she's given up the business. She wants to be a full-time mother and has made that commitment. It may be temporary. She may go back to acting and she also has a tremendous sense of interior design. She's decorated the house in California, the two houses in Canada and the house on Martha's Vineyard.

PLAYBOY: Why do you own so many houses?

AYKROYD: We seldom use the Martha's Vineyard house anymore, but I've had it for a long time. We're in Los Angeles when we need to be and we go to the family house in Canada whenever we can. There are two houses on the property. Ours and one our friends stay in. The property is about seventy acres with two thousand feet of waterfront on a lake twenty-two miles long and three hundred feet deep in some spots, they say. It's really beautiful. We jet ski out to our island fifteen minutes down the lake and set up camp there. I'm really fortunate I have a place to go. The world is sort of closing in around me. They strung a set of high-tension power lines across the farm next to ours, sort of visual pollution if you're looking certain ways. The highway is getting busier now and the city we live near is growing. But then there are those magic nights after nine o'clock when you don't hear any traffic and there's just the black sky and the loons on the lake.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of chain-sawing the towers carrying the power lines?

AYKROYD: I wouldn't use a chain saw. I'd use muriatic acid and let the solvent eat away at their bases over a long period of time and bring them all down at once. But I actually don't have to worry too much about it because a big windstorm tore down about three of those towers. They'll rebuild them, of course, but I've tried to rationalize the fact that the wires are there because many UFO reports say that power lines attract UFOs.

PLAYBOY: What's your off-camera life like these days?

AYKROYD: I'm basically a recluse. I never go out anymore. I had all that in the old days. After the *Saturday Night Live* shows, we went to the Blues Bar, a place I opened down at Dominick and Hudson. It was a private bar. We put armor on the window so we couldn't see outside and just had wonderful nights. We would invite everybody from the show and stay

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up till Sunday morning. So I've seen the nightlife. Increasingly, it has just made me want to withdraw.

PLAYBOY: Is it simply a matter of getting older?

AYKROYD: I suppose it's that by nine-thirty at night, I'm beat. These words are coming from the master night host of all time. I would be standing at the door at three A.M. at the Blues Bar ready to invite anybody in, to crank a song on the jukebox and serve another beer.

PLAYBOY: Is there any danger that by going to bed early you lose touch with the scene that inspired much of your work?

AYKROYD: I don't think so, not considering what I'm doing now. In fact, I've got to conserve my energy. To do these films, I get up at six in the morning. We work more than twelve hours a day. That's not to say that I never burn the midnight oil. I still like to see the dawn. About once a month I stay up all night and, the next day, I swear I'll never drink red wine again. I have had some spectacular campfires this summer up at the old family farm in Canada. We go out into one of the fields with the trucks, light a big bonfire, look at the shooting stars and let the cool nip of a Canadian August night roll over us. I can stay up until dawn doing that. Those late nights in the country are nectar, absolute nectar. We try to get up there as much as we can, and I make sure that many nights' and many days' silences are broken by the sound of whining, whistling Harleys. I have two up there and bikes are always welcome. I love to hear the sound of a Harley coming down the drive.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting mixture of sensibilities. What is it about Harleys that so intrigues you?

AYKROYD: I think every red-blooded North American boy at some point purchases or is given an automobile or bike that means everything. That's why I love old cars. You climb into an old car and it smells musty, like an old barn. It smells like your grandfather's car. To me, that's texture. These are all the things I worked so hard to enjoy. They're very simple. I love cold-weather riding. Being on a backcountry highway on a summer night with the mist rolling off the fields, smelling everything from the thickness of manure on the land to the evening mist, driving through a little town like Poland, New York, where everybody has the American flag up on the whitewashed front porch and kids are out on their bicycles. You roll through town at fifteen miles an hour and take in everything. What more could you ask for?

PLAYBOY: What more could you ask for?

AYKROYD: John Candy and I were recently marveling at how fortunate we've been. When I met him, in 1971, he was selling Kleenex and I was a mailman. And now we star in feature films together, work in these great enterprises.

PLAYBOY: What movie is next?

AYKROYD: I'm not sure. They're talking about *My Girl 2*, which I may become involved with. Jimmy Belushi and I are talking about doing a Chicago police story. I'm writing a couple of things.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in doing more dramas or do you plan to stick to comedies?

AYKROYD: For a while all the movies—*Doctor Detroit*, *Neighbors*, *Ghostbusters*, *Blues Brothers*—were comedies. I was expected to get out there and be radical and produce laughs. I don't have an obsession with it, but my tastes are broader than that. That's why *Driving Miss Daisy* meant so much. Now I could see writing something historical or serious.

PLAYBOY: Does the work get easier?

AYKROYD: In some ways. But a working film actor works hard. The first thing that's hard is getting up early in the morning. The second thing that's hard is waiting. You work when they're ready, not when you're ready. The toughest part is when the camera's rolling, that one or two minutes of compressed time. You are concentrating, distilling your character. You have to do that over and over every day. You have to shut out everything else. It's like being a diamond cutter. When he looks up from his work, there's the clock on the wall, other instruments, other staff, customers, the money being counted. When he goes to cut his diamond he has to slice that facet. If he doesn't hit it clean, that's it. The after activities are also hard: taking criticism, putting it out there and having people hate it.

PLAYBOY: How much do reviewers affect what you do?

AYKROYD: Sometimes the reviewers love you, sometimes they hate you, but mostly they are mixed.

PLAYBOY: You really got knocked for your directorial debut, *Nothing but Trouble*. What went wrong?

AYKROYD: It was a good little story, but the studio didn't know what to do with it. They changed the title at the last minute—originally it was *Valkenvania*. It was kind of dark and they didn't know how to sell it. On top of that, we opened when the Persian Gulf war was going on, *Silence of the Lambs* opened and Julia Roberts' *Sleeping with the Enemy* had its second weekend. We were doomed. The studio backed away from it.

PLAYBOY: Because test audiences didn't like it?

AYKROYD: Right. It wasn't what they thought it would be. But sometimes films test bad and they go out and do business. The reviews weren't all bad for that movie. The *Toronto Star* thought it was funny.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy directing?

AYKROYD: A lot. But that movie set me back ten years. Nobody's going to hand me the reins.

PLAYBOY: Even after all your other successes?

AYKROYD: Well, they may, but it will take some convincing. *Nothing but Trouble* came out when I was filming *My Girl*, and I remember knowing within about two days that it was all over. The way it works now is that the people are the critics. They are the ones who matter. The business is built on research and audience response cards, not reviewers.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't so much reliance on feedback from audiences take a lot of the creativity out of the business?

AYKROYD: Well, I still write movies for one person, and that's me. I'll fight to put in some obscure technical reference that maybe twenty people out of the millions will understand. But it's also good to take into consideration the responses of the people, because that's who we're making these movies for.

PLAYBOY: You once said you wished you had the money, not the fame. Is that still true?

AYKROYD: I wish that today. The fame is worthless. It doesn't have anything to do with the quality of my work. I could happily dispense with it. I would much rather be paid for what I do and not have to go home with it at night. But what am I going to do? Moan and cry and bitch about it? I'm the only person on the planet who's been a Ghostbuster, a Conehead and a Blues Brother. I've had a recording career, a TV career, I won an Emmy and was nominated for a Grammy and an Oscar. I had a number-one record, a number-one TV show and a number-one movie. With cable and reruns I'm going to be on the dial for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: Did turning forty last year mean anything for you?

AYKROYD: Age never really bothered me. Forty is just a number. Somebody accused me of having my adolescence arrested at fifteen. It could be true. I am forty with a cone on my head.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any sense of what people think about you?

AYKROYD: I think people perceive that whatever I do is going to be different from what I did last. I'm perceived in the comedy sphere mostly. I think there's curiosity about what I'm doing, like, "What's he going to try to pull?" or, more likely, "What's that maniac up to this time?"

PLAYBOY: Can that be a burden?

AYKROYD: Not really. I mean, I don't always have to be funny. I just like to find out what people are thinking, I like to talk with them. I'm just thankful that I'm not treated like one of the more controversial figures in history. When Robert McNamara was going to his home on Martha's Vineyard, a Vietnam vet tried to throw him off the ferry. I'm sure Henry Kissinger takes abuse. Jane Fonda gets it from the vets. All I have behind me is, "That maniac made me laugh once or twice."

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YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE

the vultures of modern medicine will take one or the other. it doesn't have to be that way

BENNY MILLIGAN saved a friend's life and went to jail for it. Milligan, a technician who worked for the Martin Marietta Corp. in New Orleans, was hiking with friends in central Tennessee three summers ago when his buddy James McElveen plunged 30 feet off a cliff. Milligan rushed his unconscious friend to a local hospital, but he worried that the critically injured man might be sent to another hospital because he had no health insurance. Milligan believed his Martin Marietta insurance coverage might save McElveen's life. When an admitting clerk asked for the friend's name, Milligan gave his own name and insurance account number. McElveen survived, but the ruse was discovered.

Last May a federal court found both men guilty of defrauding the insurer of $41,000 in medical bills. Milligan was sentenced to nine months in prison, and McElveen got seven months for not confessing his crime when he regained consciousness.

It cost the federal government more than $300,000 to prosecute the two men, plus about $4000 more each month to keep them locked up. Ironically, once in jail, McElveen got the right to health coverage he lacked when he fell off the cliff.

Gordon Bonnyman, an expert witness in the case, points up the unfairness of the episode. "They committed a crime that you can commit only in the United States," says Bonnyman, "because every other industrialized country provides health insurance for all its citizens."

America's unfortunate distinction is finally a major political issue. Indeed, President Clinton placed health care reform at the center of his domestic agenda, and the debate, ferocious for the past several months, has really just begun. It may be years before the issue is settled. [See *An Enlightened Proposal*, page 69, and *Go Ahead, Make My Deductible*, page 70.] For now, at least, the spotlight is on insurance, which is not surprising to Benny Milligan, James McElveen and millions of other Americans.

Statistics show that patients without insurance are as much as three times more likely to die in American hospitals than those who have insurance. Uninsured patients admitted with circulatory problems or chest pain, for instance, are 44 percent less likely to receive angiography than patients with insurance. A 1987 survey showed that every year nearly 1 million Americans who need emergency medical care do not receive it because

article by JONATHAN GREENBERG

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI

they do not have insurance.

But even having a good health insurance policy is no guarantee of coverage if you become seriously ill. John McGann, an employee of H&H Music Co. in Houston, was protected by a company policy with a maximum benefit of $1 million. In 1988 McGann submitted his first claim for an AIDS-related illness. In order to keep its plan fiscally viable, H&H quickly rewrote its coverage. McGann's new policy paid a maximum of $5000 for AIDS-related illnesses.

McGann sued his employer for the revoked benefits and lost, both in federal court and on appeal. According to the courts, his employer had acted legally, and questions of fairness were irrelevant. To escape higher premiums from the AIDS claim, H&H had "self-insured." Instead of paying premiums to an insurance company, as it had before McGann became ill, H&H assumed the risk of its employees and financed health costs directly. Because self-insurance plans are regulated only by a 1974 federal pension law, they are immune to state insurance regulations. Once McGann had spent himself into poverty, Medicaid began to pay his bills. He died in 1991.

Employees are often unaware that their employers have self-insured their workers, which leaves them, like McGann, vulnerable. Typically, the same large insurance provider is hired to administer the self-insurance plan with the same obscure language. More than 60 percent of working Americans are covered by their employers' self-insurance plans. No person or institution is immune to the vagaries of the insurance industry—not even the Republican National Committee. When RNC chairman Lee Atwater was stricken with a brain tumor in 1990, the organization's insurers were reported to have threatened to triple the committee's rates unless it dropped Atwater's coverage. A year later the committee switched insurers.

Individual policies are also risky. Michael Jones, a former loan officer, purchased a major-medical catastrophic health policy in 1982 from Aetna, one of the nation's largest health insurance providers. Jones felt secure with the policy, which pledged to pay 100 percent of all health care costs after $2500, with no limit.

A few years later, Jones contracted a rare neurological disease. He collected Social Security disability, which made him eligible for Medicare, but he chose to continue to pay Aetna's escalating insurance premiums for its broader benefits. Before long, Aetna refused to cover all his large medical bills, insisting that because his disability made him eligible for Medicare, Jones would have to rely on the government (or himself) to cover a portion of the bills. According to Aetna, Medicare's involvement would get Aetna off the hook, regardless of what Jones had paid the private plan. Jones' benefits are now restricted to Medicare's levels and are paid by the American taxpayer. Jones' story demonstrates how the health insurance industry manages to have it both ways: The companies privatize their gains and socialize their losses.

Federally funded programs are the only insurance an employee can ultimately count on. This includes Medicaid, which provides basic coverage to 32 million poor Americans. Government already assumes 42 percent of the nation's health care costs, with local, state and federal governments picking up the tab. Private insurers, including Blue Cross, pay only 33 percent. Out-of-pocket payments by individuals account for most of the rest.

"The U.S. can provide the most advanced medical treatment a Saudi Arabian billionaire can buy, but every year about 300,000 Americans are refused care at emergency rooms."

The insurance industry complains it is merely another victim of skyrocketing health care costs. Although many parts of the insurance industry suffered, Aetna's health insurance profits increased more than 150 percent between 1987 and 1991. Cigna, another top health insurer, did even better, with profits increasing 400 percent in the same period.

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Rising costs have priced health insurance out of the range of many employers. With benefits averaging $4000 per worker, companies are cutting coverage, cutting full-time jobs and hiring more part-timers. Medicaid's rolls swelled by a record 3.3 million people last year. Meanwhile, 37 million of us are uninsured—a number that grows by 100,000 every month. And almost 50 million more are underinsured, holding policies with gaping holes in coverage.

It's no surprise that some 50 percent of all personal bankruptcies are now filed because of the inability to pay hospital bills. The U.S. can provide the most advanced medical treatment a Saudi Arabian billionaire can buy, but every year about 300,000 Americans are refused care at hospital emergency rooms because they are uninsured or have inadequate coverage.

Even those lucky enough to receive top-notch employer-sponsored insurance policies are indirectly paying for increasing health care costs through higher taxes and a bigger budget deficit. Last year federal Medicare and Medicaid outlays grew by 25 percent, to nearly $200 billion.

Rising health care costs were the chief reason most American workers' wages remained frozen through the Eighties, and they were the cause of three quarters of all major labor strikes between 1988 and 1991. Ford Motor Co. spends $1300 in health insurance benefits for every car it produces in the U.S. That's more than double the health benefits cost for a car produced in a Japanese factory.

America's health care system is our largest industry. Its revenues will reach $940 billion this year, which is double, per capita, what Japan or Germany spends on health care. Yet for all this money, the United States ranks 21st among the world's 24 most industrialized nations in infant mortality—worse than Spain and Singapore. In terms of life expectancy, America ranks 16th, behind Canada, Japan and most of Europe.

"We are the only country in the world that lets the private health care industry determine health care policy," says Cathy Hurwit, legislative director for Citizen Action, a nonprofit consumer activist group in Washington, D.C. *Consumer Reports* noted in a special report that the American health care system "does not just allow prices to rise—it practically demands that they do." Why? Because America, for all practical purposes, pays doctors, hospitals and drug companies whatever they want.

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Frank Simpson (not his real name) is a 36-year-old nurse at a midsize community hospital in the Northeast. He and his colleagues who work in the cardiac catheterization department have a term for the patients who are forced to have unnecessary tests: profitably

(continued on page 142)

AN ENLIGHTENED PROPOSAL

playboy's plan for the most vexing problem of our times

ONE FACT sets the U.S. apart from every other modern nation. Ours is the only country on the planet in which health care is a commercial enterprise and not a social-policy issue. There is no connection between our health delivery systems and public health. The questions of profit and loss ultimately determine how most health care is delivered.

The political assumption that health care is a commodity has produced the irrationality of the current system. In the U.S. the going price for magnetic resonance imaging is approximately $1000. In Japan the price for that procedure is $177. In British Columbia the pre-set fee for removing a gallbladder is $349. In New York City the fee paid by insurance carriers averages $2700. Thanks to these exorbitant fees, some sectors of the medical-industrial complex make stupendous sums of money, while as a country we compare unfavorably with all other developed democracies in categories such as life expectancy, heart disease and infant mortality.

We must closely examine the commercial underpinnings of our health care system. We must require more candor from our political leaders about what needs to be done. They must be aware that we are in the early phases of what may be one of the most historic and beneficial transformations in American society. But it is irresponsible to talk of a quick fix. To say otherwise cripples any hope of reform.

The plan we propose will guarantee access to medical care for all American citizens. It is sweeping in its goals but modest in its timetable. It will take at least until the year 2000 to bring it about, with changes evolving thereafter. But the first and most important element of our plan is the immediate recognition of a timetable based on "all deliberate speed" (to recall another turning point in our history).

In short, our plan closely resembles what in current parlance is called the single-payer system. Once it is put in place, this is what the American health care system might look like, and how it would work:

The ticket to health care would be a simple national health care card that would give all Americans access to all doctors and hospitals. A single entity—call it the National Health Department—would administer the new system. Its personnel and its expertise would come from the medical profession, from private industry, from consumer organizations and from the government. It would reflect a merging of public and private sectors. It would be unique, innovative and helpful—as was the Social Security system when it was established in the Thirties. The new department would be the nation's health insurance company. It would receive all premiums and pay all fees.

With the help of regional boards that would reflect this same expertise, the new authority would set permissible, reasonable rates and assign fixed budgets to hospitals. Rates would be established for everything from a consultation about a headache to a coronary bypass operation. It would endeavor to bring a rational balance to many large hospitals, which contain within their walls some of the cruelest juxtapositions of American health care. For instance, a typical big-city hospital may have highly trained, richly compensated specialists who perform abstruse medical maneuvers, and nothing else, a quick elevator ride away from understaffed emergency rooms that resemble war zones. When the questionable bypass for a wealthy 50-year-old man assumes higher priority than basic care for the masses, something is seriously wrong. The new system would also give more funding to prenatal care and other forms of preventive medicine virtually ignored by the current system. The current system discourages the commonsense checkups that can identify a serious illness. Because such checkups are generally not covered by insurance, our system encourages care only when crises erupt, which is the most expensive approach to health care. Ultimately, preventive medicine is the most powerful controller of costs and the best policy for the health of the country.

But the new authority would not run doctors' offices and hospitals, nor would it dictate where patients should go. Americans would retain their right to choose their physicians, and the medical marketplace would be intensely capitalistic. Doctors would make money only if patients chose to go to them. The only element that would be socialized would be the financing of and payment for services. That same authority would pay doctors and hospitals directly, which is *(concluded on page 145)*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

GO AHEAD, MAKE MY DEDUCTIBLE

one man's confession and exhortation to oust the bureaucrats

EARLY ON in the orgy of lobbying and recrimination that is the debate on health care reform, I discovered who is really at fault for this mess.

I am.

Now before you rat on me to Hillary's health thugs, let me say there are good reasons why I ruined health care in America and personally flushed the economy down the crapper. Greed didn't make me do it. Indifference did. And that's the problem.

If somebody were looking for a culprit, I would have made the police lineup. I'm in my mid-30s, I make a good salary, my wife doesn't work professionally and I have two children. For the next 20 years, I will be the market for health care. Go ahead, make my deductible.

This culpability doesn't run in my family by the way. When my dad used to call Dr. Birney in the middle of the night to have him come to see me or one of my three brothers, it was a simple transaction. The doctor came, he worked out of his black bag and my dad paid. Those were the days.

The health equation has become a lot more complicated. In these unhappy times, there are at least four levels of bureaucracy between me and my many doctors (I have one, my boys have one and my wife has two). There is the personnel department where I work. There is the insurance behemoth that handles my employer's account. There are the government agencies (state and national) that regulate the insurance behemoth and my employer. And there are the lobbyists, professional associations, industry hacks and opportunists that buzz around this great stinking heap of a health care system.

Is it any wonder, then, that when I enter into what should be the most intimate of professional relationships—that between doctor and patient—I regard it with as much warmth as I would a trip to the post office? If Karl Marx were around today, he might say that I am alienated from the health care system.

Why? I'm not sure I need to go into this; we all have our reasons. But I will, anyway, because it feels so good to complain.

Three years ago I fell hard on my elbow while cross-country skiing. The next day I noticed some tingling and numbness in my hand so I went to see my doctor. Among the first words out of his mouth were, "It's probably a touch of neuralgia. Nerve damage. It'll go away in a couple of months." Then came the seven most expensive words in medicine: "But we better run a few tests."

What followed was a month of torture in various labs, capped off by the sine qua non of medicine gone awry, a ride on the thousand-dollar magnetic resonance imaging roller coaster. (At least, that's what I think MRI stands for; it could be money removal intensifier.) The result of $1800 of testing? The doctors found nothing, and my neuralgia healed itself in two months, just as my doctor (now my ex-doc) had predicted.

Jump forward a couple of years to the birth of my second son. As second babies will, Tyler arrived in a big hurry. The labor pains were marked by intense screaming from my wife and complete indifference from the hospital staff.

At one pivotal point we were being ignored by a nurse who was folding sheets in our room, so I had to run into the hallway and shout at the nurses and doctors in the lounge that my wife was having a baby and would they get their asses in there and help her? A few shrugged to their feet, mildly interested. Fifteen minutes later my boy was born, no thanks to the hospital staff.

The capper came two months later when the bill arrived, padded with hundreds of dollars of medical services—an IV drip, for instance—that were never provided because the labor was so rapid and because the staff had no evident desire to visit us in the birthing room.

This is where we get to my responsibility for the health care crisis. Presented with this bill, and still fuming over how we had been treated, I did absolutely nothing, and for an abominably good reason: I'd met my deductible—piling on the amniocentesis, the ultrasound tests, the genetic counseling—and my insurance was picking it up. So why waste my time rectifying a padded bill?

Therein lies the rub. Acting in my own interest, I spent a small amount of money to reach my out-of-pocket limit, and then I hit pay dirt—100 percent payback. That is precisely when the dollars ceased to be real. Somebody else was picking up the tab. When I pay for health care in fake dollars, I pay no attention to the charges.

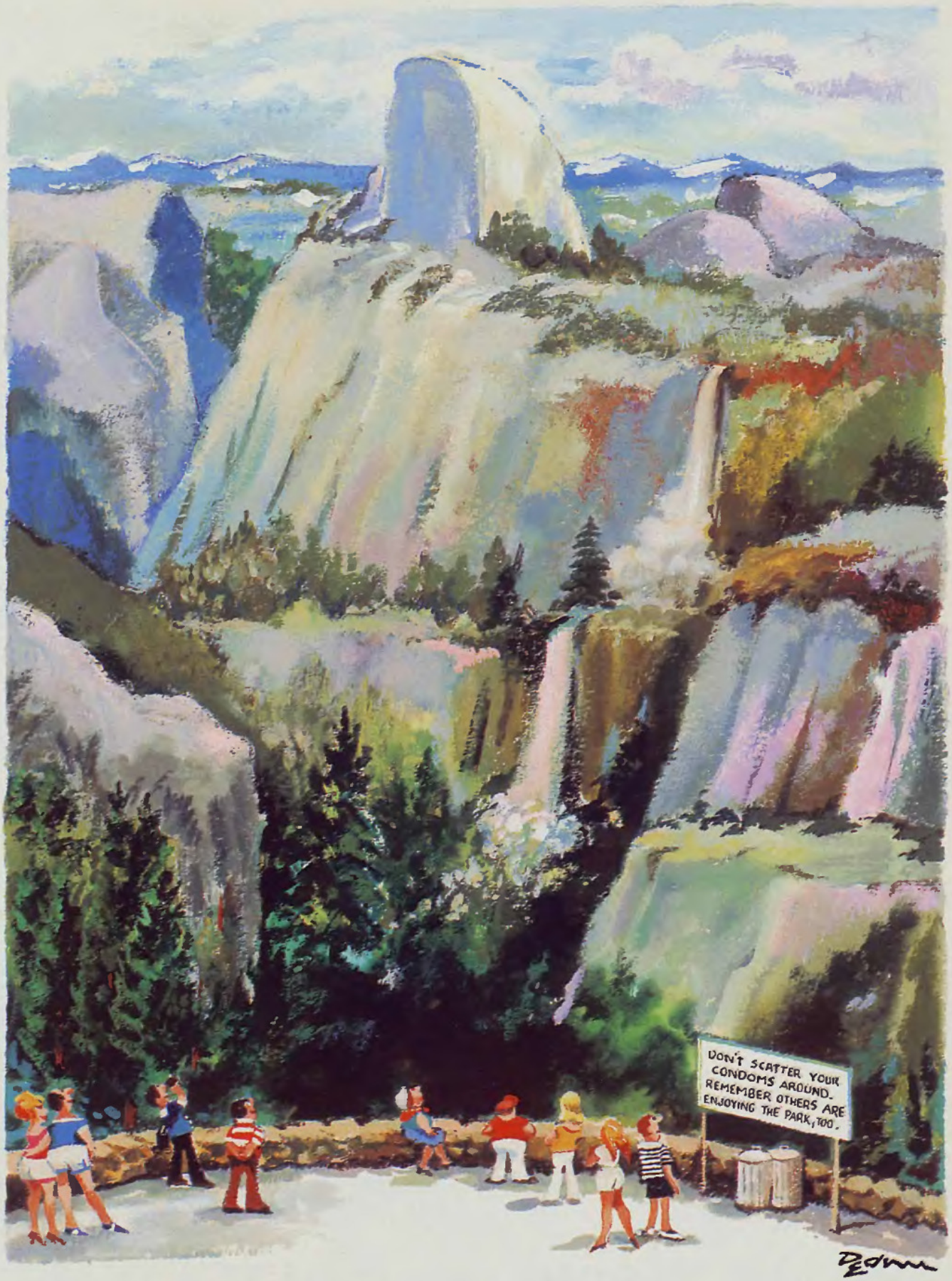
My decision not to protest was, until recently, the national decision. Yeah, you guys are in this with me. How many times have you heard a co-worker say, "Well, I maxed out on my deductible, so I may as well have the surgery now." I've heard it plenty. Where there is no incentive to forbear, doctors will prescribe and people will spend.

One of the reasons why doctors overprescribe expensive testing and unnecessary surgery is that they are covering their asses against malpractice suits. This is an area where the federal government could help out by limiting liability. But that doesn't excuse all of the high-tech tomfoolery.

If any single aspect of medical care has been overhyped, it is the saving graces of big machines. Most of that horrific, impersonal, dehumanizing technology is trotted out to torture failing bodies in their final months or days, and it robs people of their dignity and selfhood at a time when they need it most. Death by machine is the lowest circle of modern medical hell. If it weren't, Dr. Kevorkian wouldn't be devising suicide machines to save people from its clutches.

Until we reconnect the elemental relationship between doctor and patient—where the doctor has incentive to offer only the care that the patient needs, and the patient has incentive to buy only what is necessary—the upward spiral in health charges will continue unabated.

How to reconnect? I have a few ideas, none of which are my own. In the brilliantly argued treatise *Patient Power*, John C. Goodman and Gerald L. Musgrave do the impossible: They write clearly and engagingly about a murky problem. Their views run counter to the Washington health reform stampede, *(concluded on page 146)*


DON'T SCATTER YOUR CONDOMS AROUND. REMEMBER OTHERS ARE ENJOYING THE PARK, TOO.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTERS

tamara davis and her offspring prove there's no tie like a family tie

NOBODY EVER said motherhood was easy. Tamara Davis was 24 years old in 1971, a farmer's daughter from Muskogee, Oklahoma, still a little dazzled by her life as a young wife in Phoenix. Then her marriage broke up. Tamara was disillusioned and anxious, but she wasn't alone. Not with three toddlers climbing all over her. "I took the kids everywhere, partly to keep an eye on them, but also because I needed them near me," she says. "Dawn, Sean and Shannon were the truest friends I had." Today, 22 years later, most of Tamara's motherly duties are done. Son Sean, 25, is a fashion model and father of a tyke—making Tamara a grandmother. More vital to us this month, her two daughters, Dawn and Shannon—still their mom's best pals and closest confidantes—grew up into beauties who look as good as Tamara did when she was their age. Remarkably, Tamara still looks as good as she did when she was their age. "People don't believe us when we say she's our mom," says Dawn, 26. Dawn

Two-stepping at Denim and Diamonds, a Phoenix dancehall (top right), posing at a cantina (right) or relaxing at home (facing page), Tamara Davis and her daughters, Dawn and Shannon Burns, are often mistaken for sisters. That's Tamara, Dawn and Shannon from top to bottom on the facing page; Tamara is surrounded on this one.

lives, works and parties with Shannon, 24, and Tamara, who may be the only 46-year-old jewelry designer in the Southwest who still gets carded in bars. According to Mom, raising her photogenic brood alone was "difficult, but it kept us close. Being on our own is what made us a team." She could have remarried a dozen times over. There was no shortage of suitors: "Men from the ages of 25 to 70," Tamara says. "But if one of the girls wouldn't like one guy, the other didn't approve of the next. So I stayed single." And watched her daughters grow into young women. "Dawn is the sweet one, a real charmer," says Tamara, while "Shannon is the wildest and the wittiest—like Eddie Murphy if he were a white female." Still, it was Dawn who played the aggressor during the family's frequent outings at a Phoenix go-cart track. "Dawn and Shannon drove like maniacs," Tamara recalls with a grin. "Dawn once drove up behind my go-cart and smashed into me." Off

"I taught my girls to make their own choices," says Tamara (left). "I'd say they're sexually liberated, but not sexually liberal." A fine distinction? Just fine, say the daughters. "We can't shock Mom if we discuss everything with her," says Shannon (facing page, far right).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

the track, however, the family prospered. The furniture store Tamara ran paid for a house in Phoenix and an apartment in Dallas. Recently, after 20 years of running the store, she founded another family business where Shannon and Dawn now help their mom design and market her own line of costume jewelry. They plan to launch careers and families, too, but there's no hurry. "Maybe we've corrupted our mom," says Shannon, "but we're having a great time. She's not surprised by anything we do. She doesn't judge us, she just gives us the best thing in the world: unconditional love." The girls call her Momma at home but switch to Tamara for their nights out—to keep their secret. "We all love it when someone thinks we're girlfriends or three sisters," says Dawn. "But we won't let just anyone dance with our mom. Shannon and I have to OK him first." Asked whether her girls are overprotective, Tamara shrugs. "I don't mind. I'm not hellbent to get married after all these years, though I wouldn't mind having a boyfriend." Potential beaus beware: To win a date with Tamara, you'll have to go through Dawn and Shannon first. —RALPH MARINO

Serial Murder and Sexual Repression

At the age of 13, William Heirens received the following advice from his mother: "All sex is dirty. If you touch anyone, you get a disease." The year was 1941, the place, Chicago. Plenty of kids had heard the same warning. But in the mind of William Heirens, the words became part of a dark and complex fabric.

On the evening of June 3, 1945, Josephine Ross started from a sound sleep to find a stranger rummaging through her apartment. Before Ross could scream, Heirens emerged from the dark and attacked. He cut her throat, then began stabbing viciously at her body. After Ross lay bloody and lifeless on the floor, Heirens stayed in the apartment. He wandered through the quiet rooms in a daze, masturbating over and over.

The killer instantly became a demon of terror in the Chicago news. After the next murder—another single woman—the police found a message written on the victim's wall. Using her lipstick as a crude marker, Heirens had scrawled: "For Heaven's sake catch me before I kill more. I cannot control myself."

The police caught Heirens, but not before he had kidnapped, killed and dismembered one final victim: a six-year-old girl.

Time magazine labeled the case the "crime story of the century." Even seasoned detectives took a deep breath at details too lurid to be recounted by the papers. Strangest of all, perhaps, Heirens hailed from a "nice" family in a respectable neighborhood. How had he grown into this bizarre aberration, a figure from the darkest of nightmares?

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Half a century later, only one facet of Heirens' story has changed: Heirens now ranks as the harbinger of an epidemic of serial sex-killers. The stats tell a chilling story: With five percent of the world's population, the U.S. accounts for 74 percent of all known serial killers. Europe has a paltry 19 percent. Even discounting better reporting here, we are the preeminent nation of random murders. Worse, the number of serial murderers emerging here has been growing explosively since 1950. Sociologists talk of a rising tide of serial killers, from 35 to as many as 500 in our midst, trolling for victims night after night.

Detectives, criminologists and psychologists have spent careers trying to fathom what makes the likes of William Heirens tick. [See *Terrors of the Twisted*, page 149.] Joel Norris, an eminent psychologist who specializes in serial killers, breaks the killing cycle into stages.

First comes the aura phase, as the killer recedes from reality and slips into a twilight world. A long-nurtured and sexually charged homicidal fantasy takes hold, colors heighten, time slows and even skin becomes more sensitive. The fantasy replays itself for hours, days, weeks. Inevitably it turns into an irresistible compulsion.

Next, the trolling begins. Hunting for a victim—stalking, lurking, driving sometimes for hours on end. Having locked on to a target, the killer begins the wooing phase, a subtle seduction that forms the prelude to sudden capture. It can be a polite Ted Bundy feigning a broken arm or a stranger offering candy. One way or another, the victim falls under the stalker's power.

And the killing starts. The murders take as many forms as there are fantasies, but they always involve a ritual reenactment of the killer's most deeply held secret, the vision that drove him through the walls of reality—torture chambers, hangings, shootings, slashings, beatings, poisonous injections.

But the killing cycle doesn't end with death. To relive their crimes in private, many serial killers keep souvenirs—anything from underwear (as with William Heirens) to the body parts stowed by Jeffrey Dahmer. This is known as the totem phase. Yet totems never equal the real thing. And like a junkie coming off a high, the murderer sinks into a profound depression—and the need to kill begins again.

•

For all the insight of criminologists, their analyses tend to leave one fundamental question unanswered: Why does the U.S., of all countries, breed sexually violent murderers like mice in a laboratory?

In search of an answer, I went to the pros. My first stop was the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit. The BSU, which specializes in the psychopathology of violence, entered the popular imagination when Hannibal Lecter began terrifying moviegoers. Its fame and earned respect, however, predate *The Silence of the Lambs*. Almost two decades ago, FBI agents decided that their best hope in stopping the killer onslaught lay in compiling every piece of data about these netherworld lives—profiling, in forensic argot. *(continued on page 147)*

MOST SADISTS WHO KILL REPEATEDLY WERE VICTIMS OF CHILDHOOD ABUSE

ARTICLE BY DAVID HEILBRONER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE AIRPLANE

i watched over her tenderly, listening to the climate of her breathing, inhaling the delicate scent of her loveliness

fiction by GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL and lithe, with soft skin the color of bread and eyes like green almonds. She had straight black hair that reached to her shoulders and an aura of antiquity that could just as well have been Indonesian as Andean. She was dressed with subtle taste: a lynx jacket, a raw-silk blouse with very delicate flowers, natural-linen trousers and shoes with a thin stripe the color of bougainvillea. This is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, I thought when I saw her pass by with the stealthy stride of a lioness as I waited in the check-in line for the plane to New York at the Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris. Like a supernatural apparition, she existed only for a moment before disappearing into the crowd in the terminal.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. It had been snowing all night, and traffic was heavier than usual in the city streets and even slower on the highway where trailer trucks were lined up on the shoulder and automobiles steamed in the snow. Inside the airport terminal, however, it was already spring.

I stood in line behind an old Dutch woman who spent almost an hour arguing about the weight of her 11 suitcases. I was beginning to feel bored when I saw the momentary apparition who left me breathless, and so I never knew how the dispute ended. The ticket clerk brought me down from the clouds with a reproach for my distraction. By way of an excuse, I asked her if she believed in love at first sight. "Of course," she said. "The other kinds are impossible." She kept her eyes fixed on the computer screen and asked me if I preferred a seat in smoking or nonsmoking.

"It doesn't matter," I said with intentional malice, "as long as I'm not beside the eleven suitcases."

She expressed her appreciation with a commercial smile but did not glance away from the glowing screen.

"Choose a number," she told me, "three, four or seven."

"Four."

Her smile flashed in triumph.

"In the fifteen years I've worked here," she said, "you're the first person who hasn't chosen seven."

She wrote the seat number on my boarding pass and returned it with the rest of my papers, looking at me for the first time with grape-colored eyes, a consolation until I could see Beauty again. Only then did she inform me that the airport had been closed and all flights delayed.

"For how long?"

"That's up to God," she said with her smile. "The radio said this morning it would be the biggest snowstorm of the year."

She was wrong: It was the biggest of the century. But in the first-class waiting room, spring was so real that there were live roses in the vases and even the canned music seemed sublime and as tranquilizing as its creators had intended. All at once it occurred to me that this was a suitable shelter for Beauty, and I looked around for her, staggered by my own boldness. But most of the first-class travelers were businessmen reading newspapers in English while their wives thought about someone else as they gazed through the panoramic windows at the planes dead in the snow, the glacial factories, the vast fields of Roissy devastated by fierce lions. By noon there was no place to sit, and the heat had become so unbearable that I escaped for a breath of air.

Outside I saw an overwhelming sight. All kinds of people had crowded into the other waiting rooms and were camped in the stifling corridors and even on the stairways, stretched out on the floor with their animals, their children and their travel gear. Communication with the city had also been interrupted and the palace of transparent plastic seemed like an immense space capsule stranded *(continued on page 140)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

Primeval Black

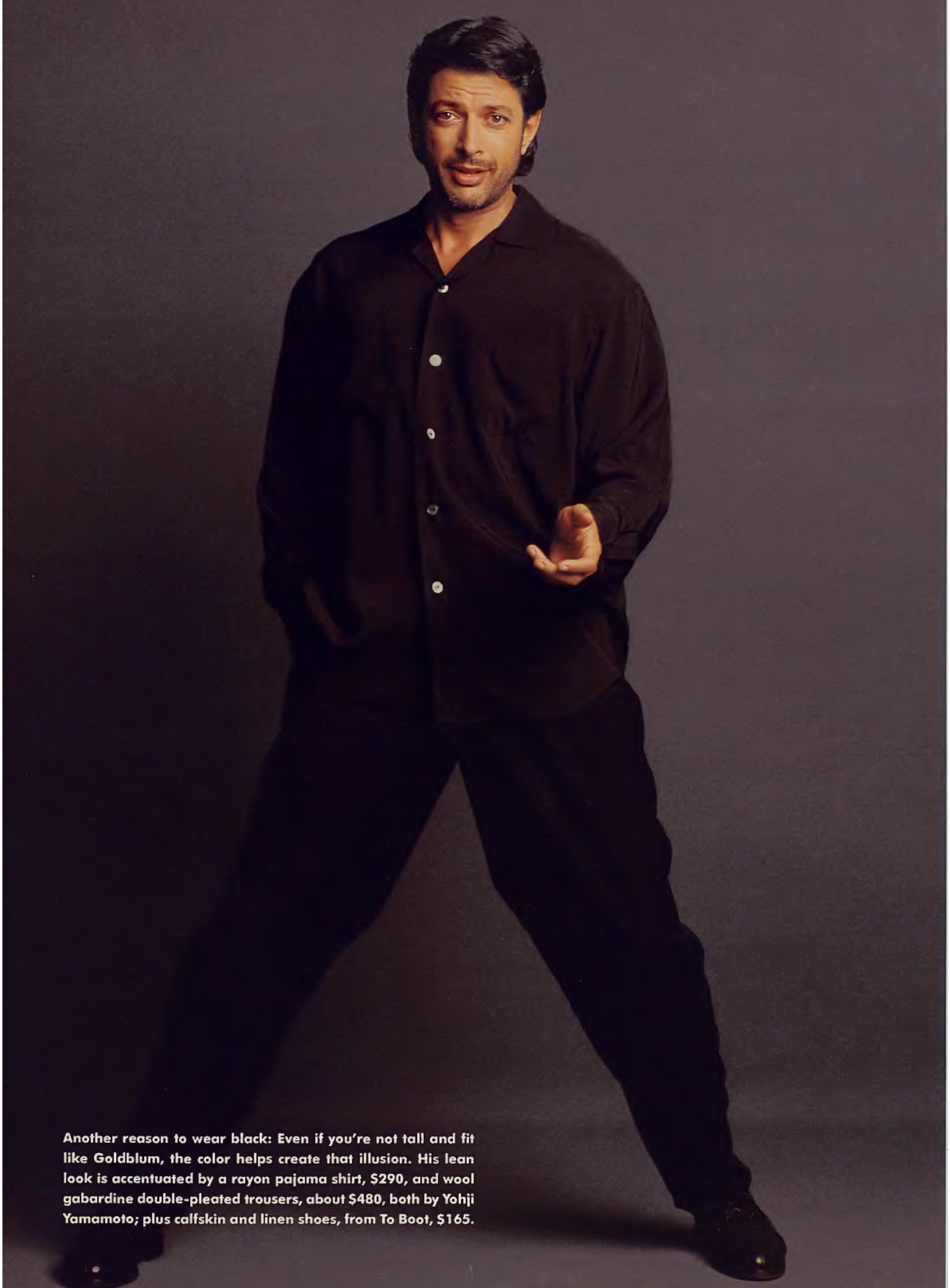
styles are looking dark this summer for *jurassic park* star jeff goldblum

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

FORGET EVERYTHING you've heard about not wearing black in summer. It's a great color for heat. At least that's what Jeff Goldblum thinks, and he should know. As one of the stars of Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park*, Goldblum spent two weeks on a tropical island battling dinosaurs while dressed all in black—jeans, shirt, leather jacket, socks, boots and wrap-around sunglasses. In the book by Michael Crichton, Goldblum's character, mathematician Ian Malcolm, calls it "efficient radiation." "Besides, Malcolm doesn't want to think about what he's going to wear," says Goldblum. Off camera, the 6′4″ actor takes a similar approach to fashion, preferring simple, comfortable suits in shades of black or gray. "I tend to lean toward classic styles," he says, adding that his favorite shops are Fred Segal and Maxfield on Los Angeles' Melrose Avenue. As for offering fashion advice to other tall guys, Goldblum recommends following your own instincts: "I don't believe there's good taste—only personal taste. The minute you start trying to do what's right, you usually end up looking wrong." Goldblum definitely looks right in the outfits we've chosen for this feature. So right, that "I kept the suit," he says. What's next for the actor? A starring role in *Lush Life* and a Showtime original co-starring Forest Whitaker and Kathy Baker. "I play a Greenwich Village jazz musician," says Goldblum, "so I'll probably be wearing some black."

Jeff Goldblum has a point to make: Black is a cool color to wear—even in the heat of the summer—as long as the fabrics are lightweight. His outfit includes a linen open-weave mesh turtleneck, by Calvin Klein Collection, about $240; and cotton denim five-pocket jeans, from Emporio Armani, about $80.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR



Another reason to wear black: Even if you're not tall and fit like Goldblum, the color helps create that illusion. His lean look is accentuated by a rayon pajama shirt, $290, and wool gabardine double-pleated trousers, about $480, both by Yohji Yamamoto; plus calfskin and linen shoes, from To Boot, $165.

GROOMING BY LISA STOREY/VISAGES
STYLING BY LEE W. MOORE FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A.

Here's the suit Goldblum couldn't bear to give up. It's a one-button single-breasted style with notched lapels and double-pleated trousers, by Donna Karan, about $1350; coupled with a linen straight-point-collar sport shirt, by Paul Smith, about $200; and a leather belt, by Giorgio Armani, about $130.

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

HOLLY TOMOLLY

how our favorite anarchist raised his daughter. and how she raised him

article by PAUL KRASSNER

HOLLY'S FIRST word was more. Her second word was titty. After my marriage to Jeanne broke up, I continued to be haunted by the memory of her nursing Holly with one breast while I suckled the other. It was one of the sweetest feelings of my life, and my heart would flash on that memory every time I witnessed Holly's childhood innocence fading away.

The first time it happened we were having lunch in Greenwich Village at a sidewalk café across the street from the Women's House of Detention. From behind the barred windows of an upper floor, inmates were shouting curses at their fate and tourists alike. Holly asked, "Daddy, were there supposed to be jails?"

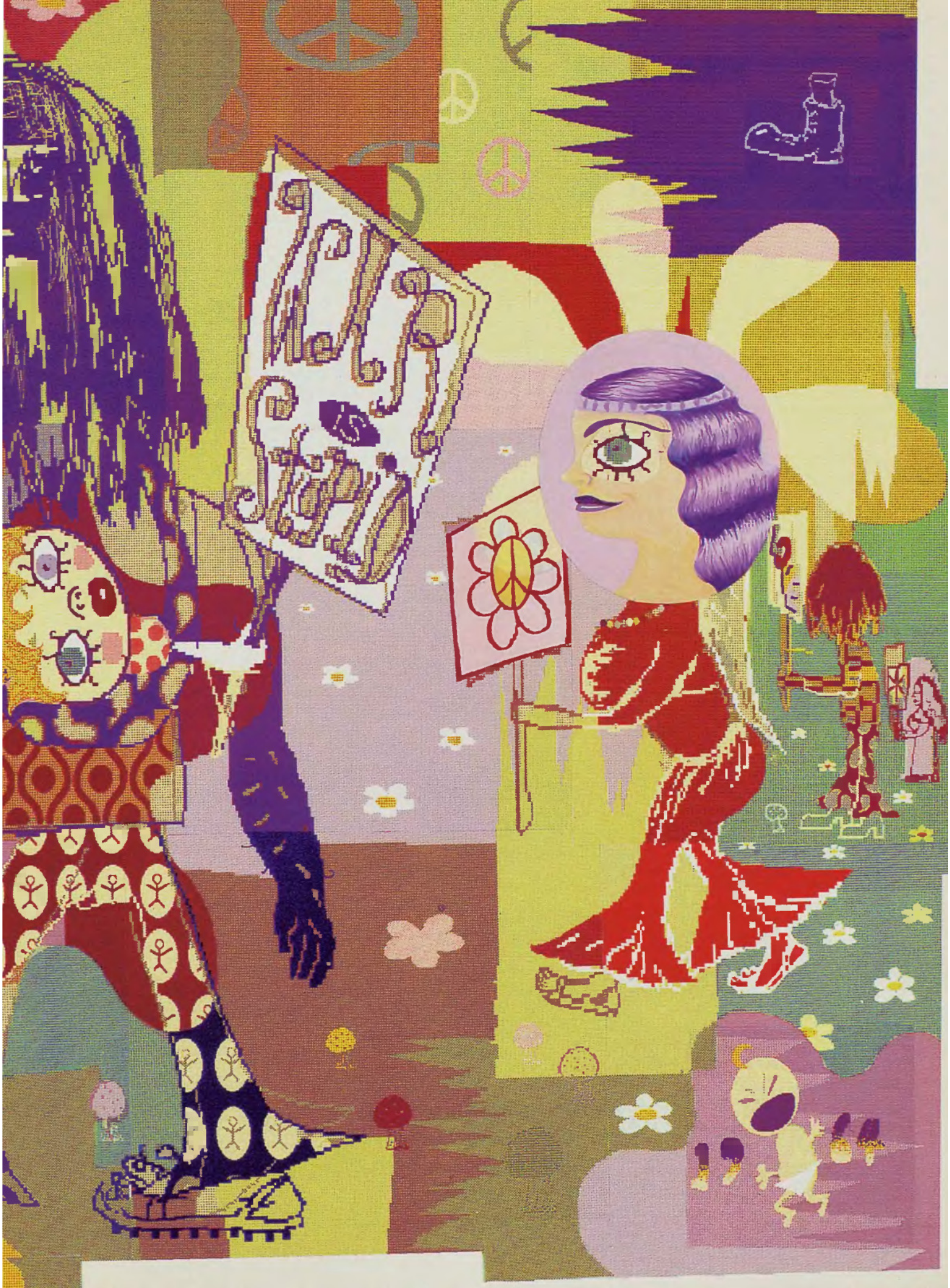
It happened again at a peace rally. "Isn't war stupid?" she asked. I was carrying Holly and a placard with a large illustration of *The Realist*'s worried-looking, birdlike symbol. She observed a group of young people with tambourines singing "Hare Krishna" over and over. "It sounds like they're saying my name," she said, and then we started singing "Holly Krassner, Holly Krassner. . . ."

•

Valerie Solanis served as an angry harbinger of the feminist revolution. She wore a man's outfit and her hair was stuffed under a Bob Dylan cap. When she walked into Andy Warhol's office to persuade him to make a film of a rather raunchy play she'd written, he accused her of being a cop. "And here's my badge," Valerie replied, unzipping her fly to expose her vulva. Previously, she had telephoned him, and he invited her up to his famous loft because he thought the title of her play, *Up from the Slime*, was so wonderful.

Originally, she had sent her manuscript to *The Realist*. I rejected it, but we met at the Chelsea Hotel and had lunch. Valerie hated men. She told me of her organization called SCUM—the Society for Cutting Up Men—and her plan to herd all the men in the world and keep them caged up for the purpose of stud farming. She had written *The SCUM Manifesto*,

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE DEEN



a document of heavy-handed proselytization. Sympathizing with the anguish of a pamphleteer, I lent her $50. That was on Friday, May 31, 1968.

On Monday, June 3, I went to Jeanne's apartment to pick up Holly for lunch. She was four years old. First we stopped at Woolworth's on 14th Street. Holly had seen a propeller beanie advertised on *Romper Room* and I promised to buy her one. There was only one beanie left, but one of its two propellers was broken off. I told Holly, "We can wait and get one that's not broken another time, or we can fix the broken one now, if you don't mind."

"I mind," she said, meaning she didn't mind.

We headed east—Holly wearing her new broken beanie and carrying the other propeller in her hand—turned left on Union Square and happened upon Valerie Solanis at 16th Street, just a block from Andy Warhol's place. She seemed less tomboyish than usual. Her Dylan cap was gone, her hair had been cut and styled in a feminine fashion. She seemed calm, friendly, in good spirits. We talked for a little while about nothing special, then said goodbye, and I took Holly to Brownie's, a vegetarian restaurant. Valerie headed west. Five minutes later Holly and I were seated at a table and Valerie walked in.

"Do you mind if I join you?" she asked.

"Well, yeah, I do mind, actually, but only because I don't get a chance to see my daughter that much."

"OK, I understand," she said, and left.

Holly was confused by the use of the word mind. "That lady wanted to join us," she observed.

"I know. But I want to be alone with you."

Holly smiled. "And I want to be alone with you."

That was at 11:30 in the morning. Three hours later Valerie went looking for Andy Warhol, but he wasn't at his place. Two hours after that she found him and shot him.

For all I knew she had bought the gun with the money I'd lent her. If I had known when Valerie wanted to join us that her intention was to shoot Warhol, who knows, I might have been able to talk her out of it. Could my quasi rejection of Valerie have been the final straw? Maybe Andy Warhol was just a victim of her displaced hostility.

Then again, she could have shot me—and Holly—right there in the restaurant. "Whaddya mean I can't join you for lunch?" Bang! Bang! That easy. That absurd.

•

One day Holly unintentionally inflicted a severe emotional wound on me. She simply said—referring to the guy Jeanne was living with—"I have two daddies now." A terrible sense of loss went searing through my psyche.

After I moved to California, whenever we talked on the phone we would always end with a big "wowee" hug. She would write to me about how she went to Central Park and climbed on the rocks like a monkey, and how she dressed as a witch on Halloween. She signed all her letters Holly Tomolly.

One afternoon during the first summer she came to stay with me, when she was seven, she said, "Daddy, let's kiss the way they do in the movies and on TV."

"Well, what do you mean?" I asked, trying to hide my nervousness.

"Like this," she answered, putting her arms around me, her little lips directly on mine, moving her head around just like they do in the movies and on TV. Then we both giggled, and that was all there was to it, but somehow I felt grateful that nobody had walked in on us. "Listen, this was her idea," I would've had to say. "She was the aggressive one."

When Holly was eight, a man exposed himself to her. The police asked her to describe him. She said that he was cross-eyed. The cops wanted to know if she remembered anything else special about him. "It was big and hairy," she said.

By the time Holly was nine, she was a true anarchist. She wouldn't even accept the rules of games. She liked to play checkers with each participant's checkers half red and half black. She also insisted on playing ticktacktoe blindfolded. But her supreme moment came when she wanted to play hide-and-seek while riding in a taxicab.

She would also ask me great questions such as, "Is laziness a form of hypochondria?" When Holly was ten, on one of my visits to New York, I took her and Jeanne out for dinner. "Mommy told me all about sex," Holly announced in the restaurant.

"Oh, really? What did you learn?"

"Oh, she told me about orgasms and blow jobs." They laughed. I blushed.

In 1975, when Holly was 11, she decided to stay with me in San Francisco for an entire year. This was a courageous move for her—a new city, new school and new friends. Her best new friend was Pia Hinckle, whose father, Warren, was editing *City* magazine, published by Francis Coppola. It was the film director's foray into print journalism. The girls used the office color-copying machine at *City* to reproduce dollar bills.

Our apartment was halfway up a long, steep hill, and in the back was what Holly called "our magic garden." States Street was just off the intersection of Castro and Market—the heart of the gay ghetto—and there was a Chinese laundry at the foot of the hill called the Gay Launderette. Even though it had changed owners several times, it had always kept that name out of goodwill.

Holly took classes in computer math, trampoline, chemistry and gymnastics, played clarinet in the orchestra and took pantomime lessons, and on Saturdays fed the animals at the Junior Museum. Once, an iguana bit her on the hand, and I worried that Jeanne would think I wasn't taking proper care of her. Holly and I enjoyed walking around and exploring the charms of San Francisco. She would read aloud the signs in store windows: YES, WE'RE OPEN. SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED. But she would cover her eyes to avoid memorizing the phone number on the side of a delivery truck—something I had done as a kid, though she was imitating her mother. Another time we crossed a street and she made the same philosophical observation that sages across the ages have made: "No matter where I go, I'm always there." If I would spit in the gutter, she would not only imitate me, she would spit backward over her shoulder. We would walk along harmonizing the Grateful Dead song *Ripple*—not the lyrics, just "Wa, wa, wa, wa. . . ."

Holly was thinking about getting a kitten, but she didn't want to have it spayed.

"If you'd had Mommy spayed," she explained, "I wouldn't even be here today."

When I was Holly's age, I didn't even know where babies came from. But she had learned the basic facts of human reproduction when she was three, and now we were discussing the implications of abortion. Holly was a very physical girl. She loved to have her back scratched, and we would always hold hands when we walked. Of course, men in the gay ghetto felt free to be equally affectionate.

"How come it feels strange to see two men holding hands?" she asked.

"I guess because they don't do it in your old New York neighborhood."

"That's true," she said.

"When I moved here, it seemed strange, and then I just got used to it."

"I guess I will, too."

Eventually, Holly and Pia planned

(continued on page 133)

"We can't tell you how much we appreciate this."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

HOOK, LINE and SINKER

miss august leaves us reeling

IF JENNIFER LAVOIE'S looks weren't quite so unforgettable, she could be an undercover cop. "I could do stings, drug busts, anything," she says. "I wouldn't be scared. I may be little, but I'm also a little crazy." Working in a clothing store, Jennifer has developed a mental radar for shoplifters. She has nabbed about 50 of them. "I'm always running down the aisles after somebody," she says with a laugh. An occasional fisherwoman, she's also landed her share of trout. "I just catch them," she says, wrinkling her nose. "I don't take them off the hook—that's a man's job."

Otherwise, Jennifer is pretty tough. "I don't know where I get that," she puzzles. "My parents are so sweet." As a Playmate from New England, she may draw it from the region's unyielding ways. Life isn't easy in Hudson, New Hampshire, and it hasn't been easy for Jennifer. Her parents divorced when she was eight, and she was raised partly by her father,

a mechanic who was injured by a fall when Jennifer was barely a teenager. College for her was out of the question, but Jennifer was never very high on school anyway. "The only subject I liked was psychology," she says. "I loved trying to figure out people." After graduation, she went to work at the clothing store 5–7–9 and quickly made manager, in charge of people more than twice her age.

Her mother got her started in modeling, and once she developed her voluptuous figure—which happened almost overnight at the age of 18—she aced that, too. "In thirty days my bra size went from a

"It's a lot of fun being naked in the woods. Nobody can see you. You're free, so you think, Let's try this, or this! It's OK. Nobody is looking."

B to a D," she says, still amazed. "And I lost four inches off my waist. I don't know what happened. It's not like I suddenly started eating right. All I could think was, Thank you, God." She entered local beauty pageants and bathing-suit competitions and she routinely cleaned up. It got so that when the other girls learned Jennifer Lavoie was in, they were out. Of 20 competitions, Jennifer won 17 and was runner-up in two more. Did she cry when she lost? "God no," she says. "I hate that." A New York City photographer named Mishka saw a picture of

Jennifer and offered to put together a portfolio for her free of charge. "I'd never posed nude before," says Jennifer. "When my boyfriend suggested I take off my top while sunbathing in Cancún, I said, 'No way!'" When Mishka first mentioned nudity, she told him the same thing. But she saw some of his nudes and thought they were "kind of arty," so she finally agreed. "It was fun. My mother went with me and sat through the entire session reading magazines. Mishka suggested I send the shots to PLAYBOY, and I guess the rest is history."

Jennifer is thrilled that it worked out, of course, but she has kept a good grip on things. "People have told me that I should move to California to try for a part in a soap opera or a movie. But I'm happy doing what I'm doing." Unattached now, she's grateful to PLAYBOY in another way. "Doing this pictorial made me realize I don't need a man in my life. I can be my own person." All the same, she wouldn't mind if a good man came along. What type would she prefer? "Somebody who is sincere, confident and sensitive," she says. "I'm a Pisces, I'm into emotion." Looking at you, Jen, so are we. —JOHN SEDGWICK

"For me, great sex is a spiritual thing. I'm not into one-night stands. I like a man who takes his time. Someone who, if I'm wearing sexy lingerie, can just lie there looking at my body for hours and hours."

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jennifer J. Lavoie

BUST: 32 D WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 100 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 2.25.71 BIRTHPLACE: Nashua, New Hampshire

AMBITIONS: To make enough money to get the things my family deserves.

TURN-ONS: The smell of shaving cream, a warm fire, massages and a man you can kiss for hours.

TURN-OFFS: Insecurity and men who think $ can buy anything. They can't buy me!

FAVORITE APPLIANCES: My molecular curler, my juicer and my back massager.

WHAT MEN DO BETTER THAN WOMEN: Quote batting averages back to 1957.

WORST PLACES SAND GETS: Between my toes, in my belly button and in my bathing suit, of course.

PERSONAL PHOBIA: Water with fish in it.

FAVORITE VIDEO: Pretty Woman. That's my fantasy. I have every line memorized.

Budding gymnast at age 6.

Beauty is only skin deep.

Me & Mom hit the slopes.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After successfully defending his client in a lawsuit, the attorney handed him his bill. "You can pay me a thousand now," the lawyer said, "then eight hundred twelve a month for the next thirty-six months."

"That sounds like buying a car."

The lawyer nodded. "I am."

How is visiting a prostitute like bungee jumping? They both cost about the same, they both take just a few seconds and, in both cases, if the rubber breaks, you're dead.

President and Mrs. Clinton had just finished a joint appearance in Illinois when their limousine stopped for gas at a suburban Chicago service station. The attendant looked inside, saw Hillary and said, "Remember me? We dated in high school."

"Yes, I remember," Hillary replied pleasantly. "Nice to see you again, Don."

The limo drove off. Bill smiled at his wife and said, "I'll bet you're glad you married me and not him."

"Why do you say that?"

"Why?" the president asked incredulously. "Because he's a gas jockey and I'm the president of the United States."

"Sure," Hillary shot back, "but if I'd married him, then he'd be president."

What do you call a guy taking a GM pickup through a Jack in the Box drive-through while talking on a cellular phone? A daredevil.

Three Gulf war vets met for drinks. "Man," one remembered, "I was flying over the zone, missiles coming at me, bullets going over me, going around me. One hit me and I had to carry on by foot."

"Shit, man," the second said, "I was driving my jeep through the battlefield and mines were exploding, bullets were going over me, around me and one hit me. I had to carry on by foot."

"That's nothin', guys," the third said. "Bullets went through the window, over me, around me and took the nurse under me. Hell, I had to carry on by hand."

Mr. Glass was terribly overweight so his doctor put him on a diet. "I want you to eat normally for two days, then skip a day," the physician said. "Repeat this procedure for two weeks. The next time I see you, you should be down five pounds."

When Mr. Glass returned, the doctor was delighted with his rapid weight loss. "You look great. Did you do this just by following my instructions?"

Glass nodded. "I'll tell you, though, I thought I was going to drop dead on the third day."

"From hunger, eh?"

"No," Glass replied. "From skipping."

What do you get when you cross Rush Limbaugh with a beautiful and intelligent Frenchwoman? RU-486.

After the boss finished reading the hundreds of notes dropped into the suggestion box by his factory employees, he complained out loud, "I wish these people would take the time to be more specific. I mean, what kind of kite? Which lake?"

What's the difference between a pair of Levi's jeans and Saddam Hussein's mustache? Levi's have only one fly.

The Wilders and Hansons met for a bridge game every Friday night. On one occasion, Bert turned to Harry and said, "My memory was getting so bad, I finally enrolled in a memory course. It helped a lot."

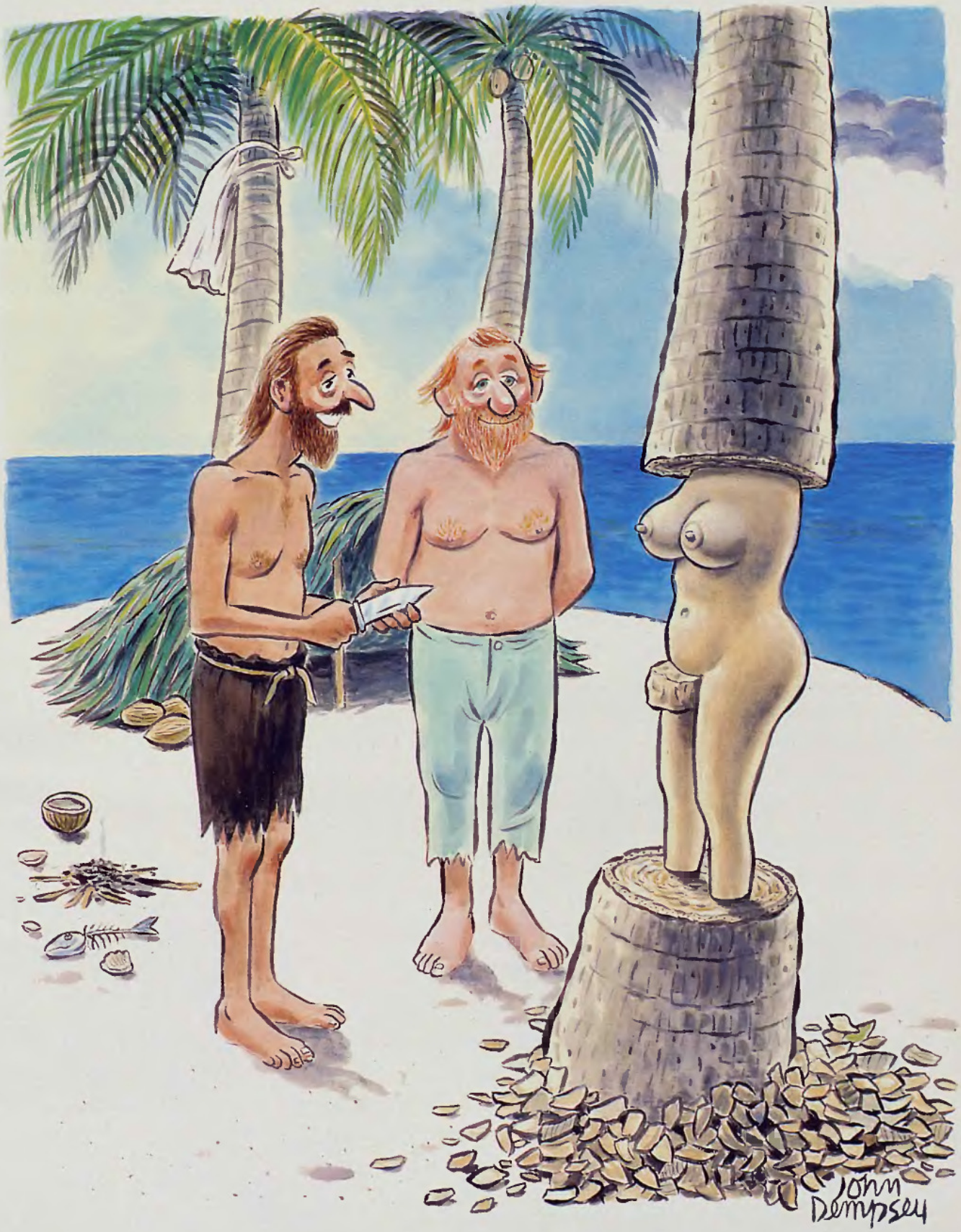
"That's a great idea," Harry remarked. "Mine could use some improvement, too. What's the name of the course you took?"

"It's called . . . er . . . it's . . . ah, ah . . ." Bert began. "Oh, hell, what do you call that long-stemmed flower that has thorns?"

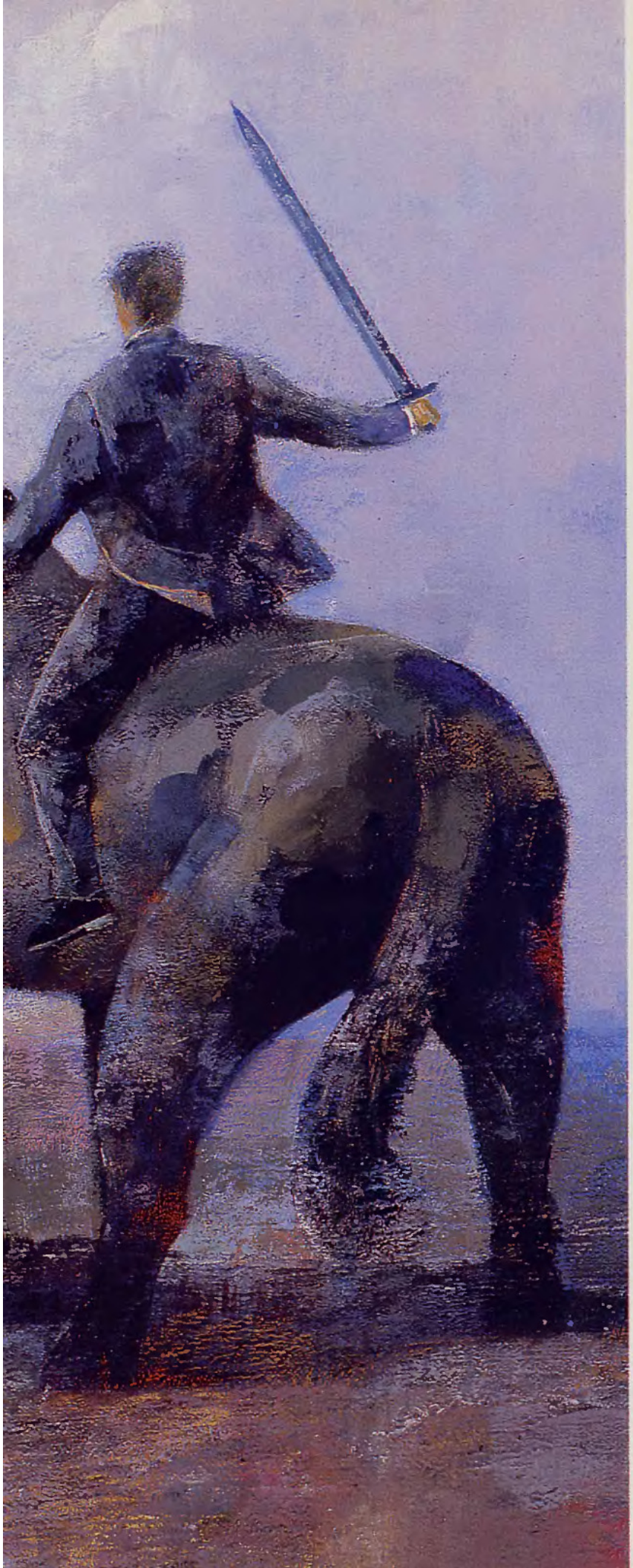
"A rose?"

"Yeah, that's it," Bert said, turning his head. "Rose, what was the name of the course I took?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Well, today is the day."



THE SECOND IN A TWO-PART SERIES

HOW MEN LIBERATED WOMEN BUT FAILED TO FREE THEMSELVES

THE MYTH OF MALE POWER

ARTICLE BY WARREN FARRELL

SEXISM, WE HAVE been told, made men powerful and women powerless. The reality is somewhat different. For centuries, neither sex had power. Both sexes had roles: She raised the children, he raised the money. Neither sex had options, both sexes had obligations. If both sexes had traditional obligations, it is more accurate to call it sex roles than sexism.

Men's roles didn't serve their interests any more than women's roles served women's interests. Instead, both sex roles served the interests of survival. Her role was to create a family. His role was to protect a family. Her role was to gather the food. His role was to hunt the food. For thousands of years most marriages remained focused on survival in just that way. But after World War Two, marriages began to focus on self-fulfillment.

The transition between survival and self-fulfillment created a change in the psychology of how couples relate. In the survival phase, most couples were role mates. In the self-fulfillment phase, couples increasingly desired to be soul mates. This led to a redefinition of love.

When survival was the focus, a woman called it love if she found a man who was a good provider and protector. He called it love if she was beautiful and could take care of a home and children. Love meant a division of labor, which led to a division of female and male interests. Now that self-fulfillment is preeminent, love means common interests and common values. This is a new definition of love. *(continued on page 108)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WIKTOR SADOWSKI

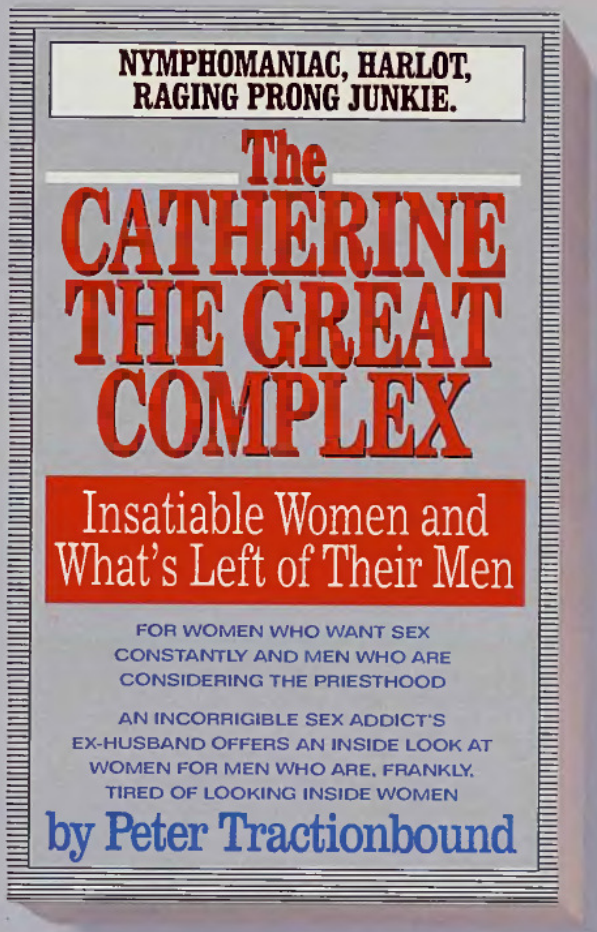
OUR BODIES, OUR SHELVES

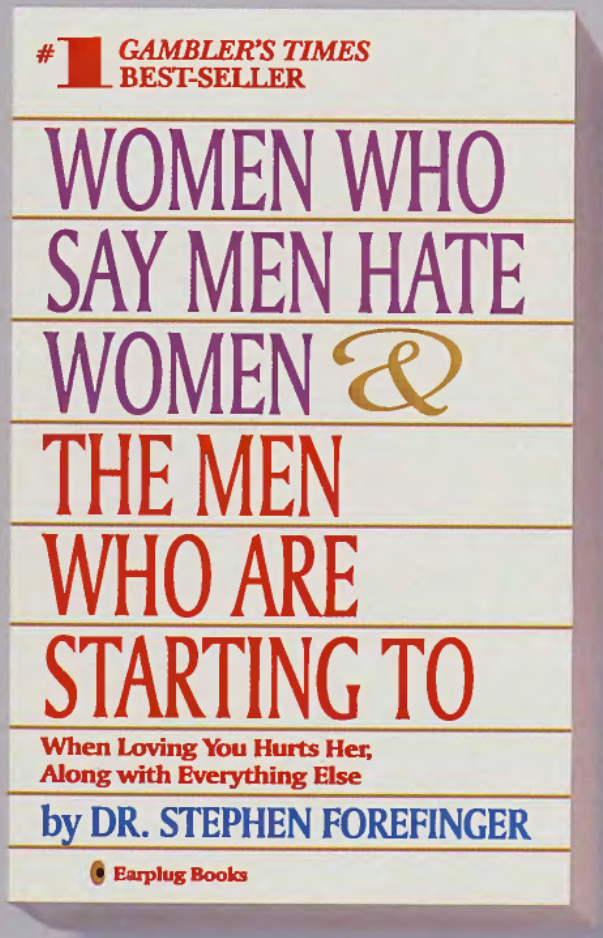
THE POSTMODERN LIBRARY FOR MEN

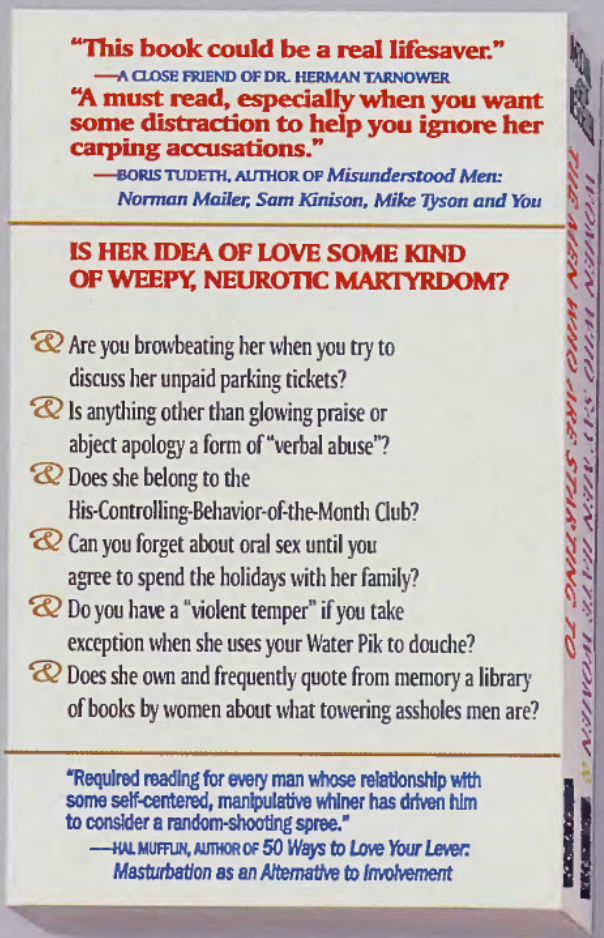
♦

after all those books for women about men, the publishing industry turns the table of contents

humor by **Robert S. Wieder**


NYMPHOMANIAC, HARLOT, RAGING PRONG JUNKIE.
The
CATHERINE THE GREAT COMPLEX
Insatiable Women and What's Left of Their Men
FOR WOMEN WHO WANT SEX CONSTANTLY AND MEN WHO ARE CONSIDERING THE PRIESTHOOD
AN INCORRIGIBLE SEX ADDICT'S EX-HUSBAND OFFERS AN INSIDE LOOK AT WOMEN FOR MEN WHO ARE, FRANKLY, TIRED OF LOOKING INSIDE WOMEN
by Peter Tractionbound


#1 GAMBLER'S TIMES BEST-SELLER
WOMEN WHO SAY MEN HATE WOMEN & THE MEN WHO ARE STARTING TO
When Loving You Hurts Her, Along with Everything Else
by DR. STEPHEN FOREFINGER
Earplug Books


"This book could be a real lifesaver."
—A CLOSE FRIEND OF DR. HERMAN TARNOWER
"A must read, especially when you want some distraction to help you ignore her carping accusations."
—BORIS TUDETH, AUTHOR OF Misunderstood Men: Norman Mailer, Sam Kinison, Mike Tyson and You
IS HER IDEA OF LOVE SOME KIND OF WEEPY, NEUROTIC MARTYRDOM?
Are you browbeating her when you try to discuss her unpaid parking tickets?
Is anything other than glowing praise or abject apology a form of "verbal abuse"?
Does she belong to the His-Controlling-Behavior-of-the-Month Club?
Can you forget about oral sex until you agree to spend the holidays with her family?
Do you have a "violent temper" if you take exception when she uses your Water Pik to douche?
Does she own and frequently quote from memory a library of books by women about what towering assholes men are?
"Required reading for every man whose relationship with some self-centered, manipulative whiner has driven him to consider a random-shooting spree."
—HAL MUFFLIN, AUTHOR OF 50 Ways to Love Your Lever: Masturbation as an Alternative to Involvement
THE MEN WHO ARE STARTING TO

The Chain-Breaking
New York Daily News Best-seller

WOMEN WHO WON'T LEAVE

How to Recognize a WHO (As condemned in Cosmopolitan) Commitment-Obsessed Woman and Drive Her Away Before She Breaks Your Balls

By Steven Cutter and Julia Sockdrawer

As seen by millions in *Misery*, *Heartburn*, *Fatal Attraction*, *The Amy Fisher Story*

WOMEN WHO WON'T LEAVE

"One day we're having a drink together, the next day she's moving her shit into my place. What gives?" Millions of men across America are asking similar questions. What's this hang-up women have about commitment? Why can't they come on to you, spend the night and then hit the road? And how can we get rid of them? This handy new book offers simple, proven solutions based on interviews with so many men who've been there, you could cry.

Women Who Won't Leave shows you how to:

SCARE HER OFF by wearing a ski mask whenever you go out, by frequently wondering aloud how many Girl Scouts you could pack in a freezer and by watching *The Shining* over and over.

PISS HER OFF by binge-drinking, losing your job, making a move on her sister.

PUT HER OFF with repulsive personal hygiene—wearing Depends because "the bathroom's way down the hall" and demanding to know why you should bother washing dishes when you own a dog.

"Read it now, before you do something rash."
—C. VON BULOW

Women Who Won't Leave — Steven Cutter and Julia Sockdrawer

More than 2 million copies borrowed, shoplifted or checked out of libraries!

BLEDSOE WHITE
Author of *WHY DOES SHE THINK I AM NOTHING WITHOUT MY WALLET?*

WOMEN WHO WANT TOO MUCH

When You Keep Hoping She'll Leave You Some Change

Look for Bledsoe White's *If Money Makes the Man, Go Marry Richard Simmons*—Available from Pickpocket Books

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Figuring Out Just What It Is That You Did Wrong This Time . . .

WHEN BEING UNAWARE OF YOUR CRIME IS YOUR CRIME.

WHAT THE F... IS IT NOW?

by **HOLMES POIROT,**
best-selling author of
IF I'M SUCH AN ASSHOLE, WHY ARE YOU HERE?

Do you condemn yourself if you have to ask? Then don't ask!

Here is a brilliant compendium of ingenious alternatives: Inciting the blunt outburst, hypnotic drugs, tapping her phone calls, your mother as informant, and so on.

MYTH OF MALE POWER *(continued from page 105)*

"If he failed, he suffered humiliation. The more he saved his wife, the sooner he died compared with her."

In the past two decades, the people with the most freedom to redefine love have been women, not men. Not all women, but those married to successful men. These women had the financial safety net to go to therapists, watch Oprah, read *Women Who Love and the Men Who Hate Them* books—in brief, to up the ante on what they wanted in a relationship.

The problem? The men who provided the money that freed women were so caught up in providing an income for themselves, their wives and their families, they didn't have a chance to free themselves. They didn't ask questions such as "If I could do anything with my life, what would it be?" Or "Is earning money that someone else spends really power?"

In essence, the transition between the two phases of love has so far been the story of how successful men freed women but failed to free themselves. The resultant neglect of men helps explain the fact that men's life expectancy went from one year less than women's in 1920 to seven years less than women's today. Why? Let's look at the lives of Abigail and Cindy.

Abigail, a typical 1890s woman, had eight children. Twice, she nearly died in childbirth. She sewed for her whole family, shopped by horse and buggy, pulled meals out of her garden, cooked everything from scratch and washed clothes and dishes by hand. By the time her last child left the house, she was near death.

Cindy, a typical 1990s woman, was single until she was 25. After she married, she bore two children in a modern hospital. With her husband's help, she buys discount clothing at Wal-Mart, pulls precooked meals out of the microwave and leaves cleanup to her dishwasher, vacuum cleaner, clothes washer and drier. When her last child leaves the house, Cindy will have a quarter of a century to live.

Does Cindy face pressures that Abigail never had? Absolutely. To play chauffeur and to help pay for a college education, for instance. But those new pressures are not additions, they are substitutes for old burdens. Had they been additions, a woman's life span would not have increased by almost 50 percent since 1920.

Why, then, did men's life expectancy go from one year less than women's in 1920 to seven years less today? Because men's work—inventing, manufacturing, selling and distributing—saved women, but no one saved men from the pressure to perform. A woman went from being a baby machine, cooking machine and cleaning machine to having time for love. A man went from being a performing machine near the home to being a performing machine away from the home. And having less time for love.

The location of a man's work disconnected him from the people he loved. And if he succeeded at work, he became a male machine. If he failed, he suffered humiliation. Either way, the more he saved his wife, the sooner he died compared with her. The money he made for her and his children was left for them to spend.

The men who created the industrial revolution did a better job of creating better homes and gardens for their wives than they did of creating safer coal mines and construction sites for themselves. We live in better houses because men are injured in three dangerous professions required to build them: construction, logging and trucking. Few people cared that thousands of men died to lay tracks for trains that allowed the rest of civilization to be served in a dining car.

•

Today, when the successful single woman meets the successful single man, they appear to be equals. But should they marry and contemplate having children, she almost invariably considers three career options:

Option 1: Work full time
Option 2: Mother full time
Option 3: Some combination of working and mothering

He considers three options as well:

Option 1: Work full time
Option 2: Work full time
Option 3: Work full time

In fact, his option to work full time is really an obligation, and usually is an obligation to work overtime or work two jobs. (Enter the era of the multi-option woman and the no-option man.) The money he earns will, in effect, pay for her time to be with their children. Mothers are still 43 times more likely than fathers to leave the workplace for six months or longer for family reasons. But the more time he spends making the money so she can love, the less time he has for his family. In effect, he pays for her time to love, and for the children to be loved. No one pays men to love.

Ironically, it is the husband's success as a provider that makes his wife more than equal to him, that gives her three options while he has none. Of course, a woman's choice to mother may hurt her career, but she can choose maternal opportunity or career continuity. Men who chose to be pioneer house-husbands soon learned that many reporters wanted them for interviews but few women wanted them for marriage.

Women did more than speak up for new options. They articulated the problems the new options created. So we heard about their juggling acts. Men did not articulate the pressure to intensify their commitment to the workplace, so we never heard about their intensifying acts. Nor did men discuss how hurt they felt about being left out of their families.

Clearly, those with the most freedom to recast their lives were women who married the most successful men. These were the have-it-all women who had a financial safety net and, thus, equal access to all three female options as defined above. Virtually no men were in the same position.

These women began asking questions such as "Why should I be married to a man who can show me his wallet but not his love?" "Why am I called Mrs. John Doe—who am I?" "Why am I always serving him, deferring to his opinions?" "When the children are grown, will my life have meaning?" The woman feared that her husband didn't really respect her, then she chastised herself for being so preoccupied with what he thought, anyway. She expressed her concerns aloud, and they were institutionalized in the women's liberation movement.

The political genius of the feminist movement was its sense that it could appeal to all women only by emphasizing expansion of rights and avoiding expansion of responsibilities. Had the National Organization for Women fought to register 18-year-old girls for the draft, it might have lost members. Had feminism emphasized women's responsibilities for taking sexual initiatives, or paying for men's dinners, or choosing careers they like less to support adult men more, its impact would have been more egalitarian but less politically successful.

Meanwhile, the man who was paying for this bout of introspection and political development kept his thoughts to himself. He repressed his hurt that his

(continued on page 151)

"Just saying good night, Dad."

OUTLAW HEAD & TAIL

bouncing at the treehouse is dangerous—but it's safer than losing your wife's sonogram

NORMALLY I couldn't have made the tape that Saturday. Right there during the job interview a few weeks before, Frank, my soon-to-be boss, had said, "Rickey, is there anything about this job that you have a problem with?"

I didn't say, "I can't work for a man who ends sentences with prepositions." I couldn't. It was a job bouncing, or at least talking. I was going to be something called a pre-bouncer. If some guy came into the Treehouse and looked like he meant trouble, I was supposed to go up to him and start a little conversation, let him know this wasn't the kind of place to throw a punch without inelegant and indubitable consequences.

I have a way with words. I'm synonymous with rapport.

I said to Frank, "Well, I'd rather not work Saturday days because my wife has to go to temple and I have to drive her over there. I don't go to temple. Hell, I don't even go to church," I said. "I don't mind working Sundays, but I'd really like it if you could get someone to work afternoons on Saturdays for me. Night—Saturday night—I'll be here. The only thing I ask of you is that I don't work Saturday afternoons, say, until six o'clock."

Frank said, "You know, you talked me into it. Man, what a way with words. It's a deal. You're a godsend, Rick. I lucked out getting you as a pre-bouncer."

Frank had opened the Treehouse just outside Darlington, South *(continued on page 120)*

fiction by
GEORGE SINGLETON

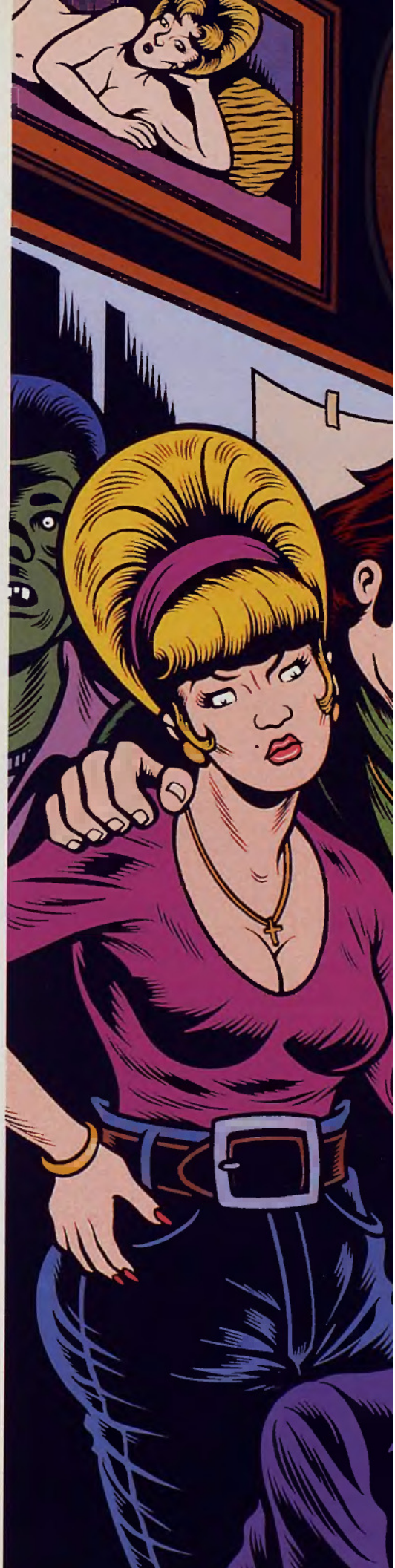


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BURNS

20 QUESTIONS

SCOTT TUROW

america's foremost lawyer-novelist indicts high legal fees, pleads nolo contendere to frequent sexual fantasies and argues for legalizing drugs

We may not like lawyers, but we certainly enjoy reading about them. That became clear beyond a reasonable doubt in 1987 with the publication of Scott Turow's critically acclaimed first novel, "Presumed Innocent," the main character of which, like its author, was a big-city prosecutor. The blockbuster movie version of the book opened around the time Turow's second novel, "Burden of Proof," took its place at the top of best-seller lists.

In addition to garnering praise from critics, Turow earned high ratings from his legal colleagues. During eight years as an assistant U.S. attorney in Chicago, he made his mark prosecuting crooked judges in the Operation Greylord probe. After that he went into private criminal practice with the firm of Sonnenschein, Nath & Rosenthal, representing a mostly white-collar clientele and doing pro bono litigation. Turow is now a half-time partner at the firm, practicing law in the afternoon after writing in the morning.

Although writing came as a second career for Turow, it has always been his first ambition. He wrote two unpublished novels while an undergraduate at Amherst and a grad student–instructor at Stanford. He then sidestepped literary life for Harvard Law School. But even there Turow kept writing. "One L," a journal of his first year, was published in 1977 and sold 300,000 copies.

His new novel, "Pleading Guilty," out this month, will delight readers who savor Turow's penchant for irony. It features Mack Malloy, an ex-cop turned lawyer who loses his edge—and his wife—after he stops drinking.

Articles Editor John Rezek and mystery novelist Paul Engleman deposed Turow at his office near the top of Chicago's Sears Tower. He attempted to prejudice their judgment by proffering Girl Scout cookies. Citing journalistic ethics, they declined. Their report: "Turow is an astonishingly organized thinker. He answers questions in fully formed sentences, without pauses or equivocation. We couldn't find a single 'uh' in the entire transcript. He appeared to be absolutely candid at all times, though we couldn't swear to that."

1.

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose the misappropriated line from *Henry VI*—"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers"—is so popular?

TUROW: In some part of every American's heart, there's a hatred of attorneys. But it's fused with a shadowy awe of them. The law has taken on an extraordinary preeminence, and the reason is relatively clear. Society is less regionalized than it was when I was growing up. The media have given us a sort of national state of mind. As our centers of influence—regional practices, ethnic customs, church, the gravitational force of schooling—break down, what's left? The law. It intervenes powerfully in everybody's lives. And lawyers, as the manipulators of that system—and they unquestionably manipulate the system—are viewed with awe and suspicion. People in a big law firm constantly rationalize the compromises that they make. People perceive that about lawyers and the law, and they don't like it. They don't like our comfort with what makes them uncomfortable.

2.

PLAYBOY: You have a close-up view of white-collar crime. What is it like to see grown-up, well-heeled men cry?

TUROW: You see a lot of crying, usually in anticipation of being caught. The worst moment is sentencing. The criminal justice system depends on a form of state-imposed brutality. We take people, put them in chains and lock them up. And through all of the niceties of the law you avoid confronting that right up until the moment sentence is pronounced, when, all of a sudden, reality descends. As a prosecutor it was always a terrible moment, because you say to yourself, "My job is to get a conviction. The judge does the sentencing." Then you stand up and say, "Lock the door and throw away the key," and the judge does it. As a defense attorney I've found that most clients are extremely well prepared, because they know what's coming when they get to the courtroom. With white-collar defendants the worst part of the process is the anxiety. It's the investigation, as it wears on, that's really incredibly destructive. The few clients I've had who have been incarcerated generally report that the experience, at least in the federal system, is psychologically far easier than waiting for it to happen, waiting for their lives to fall apart. So the sentencing is sometimes anticlimactic. In many ways, it finally brings some certainty to their lives.

3.

PLAYBOY: What's the most common motivation for white-collar crime?

TUROW: Greed. Now what's the psychological significance of it? It differs from case to case. Money is a strange thing. That was one of the things I played with in *Pleading Guilty*. It always represents something. Everybody wants money, but it's ultimately a symbol to every individual.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is the specter of homosexual rape the greatest deterrent to white-collar crime?

TUROW: From what I've been told it does not appear to be, at least in the federal prison system. In the state prisons, on the other hand, it was reported to me as commonplace during the years I was a prosecutor. The effect was that a lot of state court judges wouldn't send well-to-do defendants to prison. They'd grant bail to a wealthy white defendant rather than put him in Cook County Jail. And that's still the case. I recently had a discussion with Norville Morris, who is one of the country's greatest penologists. He claims that gangs, which now run most federal prisons and certainly most state prisons, have had a really salubrious effect on this problem. There's discipline within gangs. Rape isn't acceptable conduct. Gang members protect one another from it and it's much less prevalent.

5.

PLAYBOY: In your writing you are a scholar of your characters' motivations, using a skill that borders on the psychiatric. Where did you acquire this ability and what is it that you notice about people?

TUROW: I actually come from a family of psychiatrists. My father was the only practicing physician in the family who wasn't a shrink. My wife's uncle was an

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC HAUSER

analyst. He was married to another analyst. My father's brother is a psychiatrist. His son is a psychiatrist. When I was in college, before I conceived this ambition to be a novelist and in my weak moments, I thought I might be a shrink. I used to pride myself on my perceptiveness. I doubt that I'm that much more perceptive than most people. But the thing you learn in writing is how to get it on the page.

6.

PLAYBOY: Is there a surefire indication that a person is lying?

TUROW: I don't believe in the sweaty palms or the shifty eyes, though you see a lot of that. There are people who are stone liars who are great at it. One of the things that drove me crazy about interrogating police officers—there are lots of honest cops, but there are also cops who aren't honest—was that they are so goddamned good at lying that it's frightening. Put them in the witness chair and they're limp. They're so relaxed they could fall asleep. They never raise their voice. They've testified so much that they're phenomenally good at it. It drives me crazy doing police brutality cases where police officers, for understandable reasons, are protective of one another. And you put them before the grand jury and hear what the citizen witnesses say. The victim has such horrible physical marks that they can't have been made up. And yet every cop there says it didn't happen and they look great saying it. The grand jurors believe them, and you're saying, "Hey, look at the photographs!" I don't think there are any sure signs of when someone's lying. Some people do it better than others. My wife seems always to know when I'm lying, though. I must not do it very well.

7.

PLAYBOY: Are there more corrupt cops, judges or lawyers?

TUROW: Those groups are held up to enormously high expectations, and we're constantly disappointed in them, because they're no better or worse than anybody else. One thing that disappoints people about the law is that they expect it to be fairer than any other aspect of life. It frequently isn't. Lots of people occasionally stray from the ideal. That seems to be a characteristic of human behavior. People get disappointed with lawyers, judges and cops because they're never supposed to stray from the ideal.

8.

PLAYBOY: Families, especially fathers and sons, figure prominently in your work, with the sense that there's a kind of genetic determinism. What things do we inherit from our fathers and what is the possibility of our being able to exorcise them?

TUROW: As a parent I'm always amazed at how much seems to be flat inheritance, because those of us who survived the Sixties implicitly believed that, in the nature–nurture debate, nurture was far more important. But raising children changed a lot of minds. I still think that role modeling matters a lot. It becomes impossible to differentiate between genetics and learned behavior, because little kids so deeply absorb the patterns of behavior they observe.

9.

PLAYBOY: In *Pleading Guilty* you write that children have learned the basics of criminal behavior—violence, bribery and fraud—by the age of three. By what age have they learned the lawyerly skills to defend themselves against accusations?

TUROW: They know how to misbehave by three. They know how to rationalize their behavior by three and a half. I'm always amazed by the sort of lawyerly skills inherent in the minds of three-and-a-half-year-olds. My kids are a bit older than that, but when they start arguing with me, they will negotiate as well as the best $400-an-hour partner.

10.

PLAYBOY: What is left out of most discussions about sexual harassment?

TUROW: There's a line in *Burden of Proof* where Sandy Stern's daughter says to him, "It's always there, isn't it?" Stern says, "What?" And she says, "Sex." He concludes rather sadly, since his life has become quite complicated in that area, "Yeah, it is always there." Many discussions of sexual harassment leave that out. We pretend as if there ought to be no preconscious awareness of sexual difference. I have no quarrel with the proposition that gender difference should have no influence whatsoever on the distribution of any social benefit, but sometimes we want to create an image of sterility that I don't think exists in most minds, or hearts, or boys.

11.

PLAYBOY: You admit to having sexual fantasies all the time. At what moments of the day are they most and least welcome, and which have been appropriated by characters in your books?

TUROW: I'm really not uncomfortable with this and I don't think it ever gets out of control. I'm not unable to concentrate when I should be concentrating. I once had a witness in a fraud case who was, I thought, clearly high on cocaine while testifying, which didn't make me happy. One juror was a grand-looking human being of the female persuasion, and I couldn't get the son-of-a-bitch witness to look at me as I asked the questions. He was leaning over the witness box leering at her. I don't lose myself to that extent. I just accept my sexuality. Whether it's odder than anybody else's or more driven, I don't know, but I don't think it keeps me from functioning. I think virtually all of my fantasies have been appropriated by my characters.

12.

PLAYBOY: Is there something that you should never tell your attorney and, conversely, someone with whom you can be completely candid?

TUROW: *Pleading Guilty* repeatedly asks, With whom can you be completely candid, and repeatedly answers, Not even yourself. And that's probably my view. I'm pretty stalwart about following ethical mandates. If a client comes in and tells me X or Y, I let him know that I won't allow him to testify not X or not Y. And to the extent I emphasize that, some of them are smart enough not to tell me X or Y in the first place. That's one of those things that drive people crazy about lawyers: If I don't know, then it's OK, and if I discourage someone from telling me the truth, then he can get up there and lie and I won't have any ethical problem. I know how that sounds, but you have to play the game by the rules of the profession.

13.

PLAYBOY: Which is the most reliable indicator of a lawyer's skill—suit, shoes or attaché?

TUROW: I admit I look at the suit, but I don't think that's a profound or reliable judgment.

14.

PLAYBOY: Success breeds success. It can also breed resentment. Do you encounter more resentment from other lawyers or other writers?

TUROW: Actually, the most resentful group is judges. It's not because they envy the financial success or the prominence. They're afraid they will lose control of their courtroom when a "celebrity" walks in. So occasionally I have to deal with some judge thinking that he or she has to pound me into my place the minute I open my mouth. But that's not a common experience for me.

15.

PLAYBOY: What is the lamest alibi for a defense attorney to work with?

(concluded on page 132)

"I keep telling them to use sun block."

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

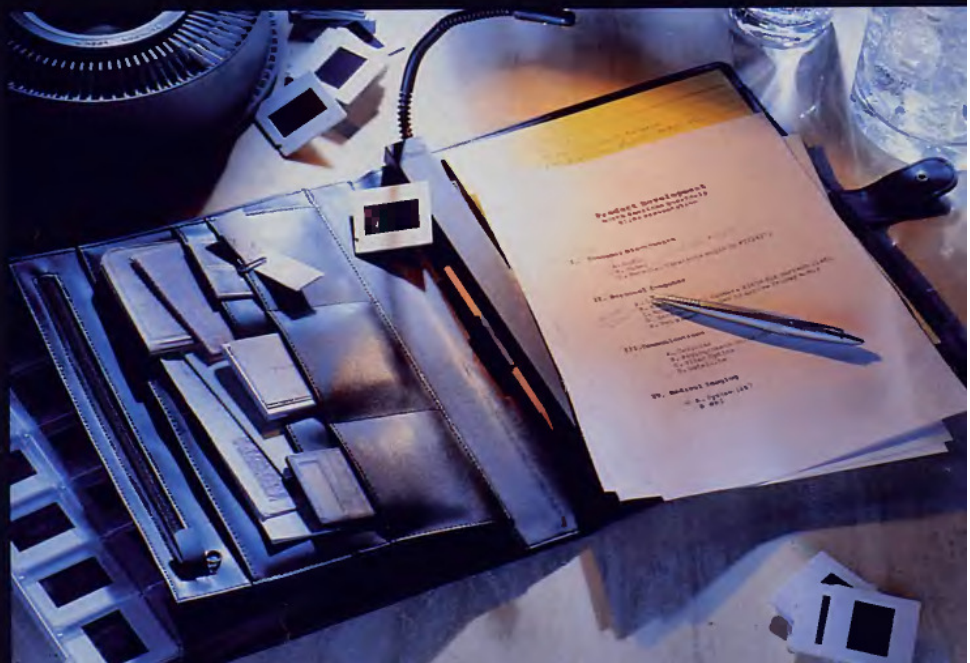
Talk about a package deal. Casio's portable CD-TV 100 combines a compact disc player, an auto-reverse cassette deck, an AM/FM radio, a 2.2" color liquid-crystal-display TV and two built-in video games—a slot machine and one called Music Battler—that you play on the screen, $500.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

This all-black water-resistant Swiss Army Brand's Renegade model watch features a Swiss quartz movement, regular and military time, date and luminous numerals, $75.

Kentshire Galleries' 24-kt.-gold-plated cuff links were military buttons worn by British officers in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Shown here: the Irish Guard insignia, $175.

The 11"x12" battery-powered Periscope Lighted Portfolio features a letter-sized pad, storage compartments and a light that turns on as you extend the arm, by Pacemark, $50.



Among the world's smallest 35mm autofocus cameras, the Yashica T4 features a Carl Zeiss Tessar T* f/3.5 multilayer-coated lens for improved sharpness and contrast, $170.

Pro Kennex' unique Asymmetric tennis racket, which is made of graphite-and-fiberglass aerospace materials, is designed especially for the accomplished player, about $250.

From Fisher comes a programmable Studio 24 CD changer that lets you categorize and play back up to 24 compact discs according to title, music type, mood and more, $500.

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

Louis Vuitton's limited-edition leather whiskey case includes sterling silver covered dish, ice bucket, tongs, tumblers and opener, and a crystal-and-sterling decanter, $7900.

OUTLAW *(continued from page 110)*

"I pointed at Sparky. Without his thumbs, it looks like he could use his fists as skewers."

Carolina a year earlier but didn't hire a bouncer or pre-bouncer right away. About the same time his insurance agent told him his payments would soon double, though, he hired me and a guy named Sparky Voyles to keep things down. During the first year Frank had put in claims for a whole new set of glasses, from shot and snifter to the special two-foot beer glasses he ordered, plus 12 tables, 16 chairs and another tree stump to replace the one that caught on fire, causing smoke damage to the ceiling and 42 stitches to his own head one night after a fearful brawl erupted over whether Chevys or Fords would dominate the circuit in the upcoming season.

Frank bought the Treehouse because of insurance, ironically. He'd worked in the pulpwood trade and a load of logs had slipped off a truck he was standing behind, came rolling right off like a giant wave and clipped him on the knees so hard they said he could run as fast backward as forward for a few days.

Of course, he couldn't run at all and had to get fake knees installed. His lawyer also got him another quarter million dollars or so because of a lifetime's worth of pain and consequent nightmares. Frank took most of that money and made the Treehouse, a regular small warehouse building he furnished with tree trunks from floor to ceiling. If you blindfolded someone and took him inside the bar, then took off the mask and showed him around, he'd have the feeling that the entire building was set above the ground, built into the forest.

During the first year there were fights and insurance claims, but the second year started right with me and Sparky to quiet things down. Frank didn't want us to be too heavy-handed, though. He didn't want the Treehouse to end up so quiet it looked like a flock of mute birds had built their nests there. He asked only for stability.

Sparky had gone the same route as Frank—he worked at the railroad before becoming a bouncer, getting paid under the table because he took in disability checks after his thumbs got cut off between two boxcars that had clanged together. They weren't supposed to collide and he thought he could prevent it from happening. He couldn't. Sparky had been a brakeman originally, out of Lexington.

Anyway, I worked hard pre-bouncing and kept up with what I had to know, which was mainly words. This is how I get back to the tape and that Saturday. What I'm saying is, because I'm so conscientious about my job, it could've killed my marriage.

•

Last Thursday, Jessie went into her doctor's office to finally have him go ahead and do that sonogram thing. She couldn't wait to know what our first baby was going to be, building her argument around the fact that we didn't make all that much money, so if it were a boy we needed to pinch even harder to save up for his circumcision.

Jessie works as a free-lance interior decorator. She got her degree in art history and felt like it gave her the right to design living rooms.

I had to take Jessie to the doctor's office. But she couldn't get an appointment before four o'clock in the afternoon. I got clearance from Frank to get off work on Thursday, but that meant I had to come in Saturday morning at 11, because the guy who normally worked Saturdays needed to go to a wedding. It was a simple and clean swap. There didn't seem to be that much of a problem.

So I took my wife to the doctor and she did what she had to do, but the doctor still couldn't even take a stab at the baby's sex, because the baby kept its back to us the whole time. I was hoping it'd be a girl. I have never seen myself as being the father of a shy son.

•

Two days later I drove Jessie to the synagogue. I drove back home in time to throw in a tape and set the VCR so I wouldn't miss *Bonanza*, which showed in syndication every Saturday on one of the cable channels. I set the station and time to record, then left for the bar.

I watch *Bonanza* every week. That's where I get my ways. That's where I get my ability to talk people out of starting fights. One time this burly truck-driver type seemed upset that a white guy came into the Treehouse with an African-American woman. There'd been a similar episode on *Bonanza* one time when Hoss piped up to a stranger, "Well, would you rather be blind and not have to see the ways of the world?" He said it to a redneck, of course. Words of wisdom, I thought right then and there. I've thought "words of wisdom" on more than one occasion while watching Ben Cartwright bringing up his boys the best he could. I remember watching *Bonanza* when I was a boy, too, and how I admired the way Little Joe and Hoss and even Adam handled themselves in town. My father, though, used to throw beer cans at the television set and say, "What them boys need to use a little more often is their trigger fingers, not their tongues."

It's that kind of thinking that makes it almost amazing that I became a pre-bouncer. If I had taken my father seriously back in the Sixties, I'd have ended up being something more secluded and self-centered, like a bookkeeper or a jockey.

I said to the burly guy, "Hey, there's two things that can happen here: Either you can learn to understand that love is blind, or I can get Sparky to come over here with his eight remaining fingers and blind you himself so you don't have to live with seeing interracial dating in your midst. *Comprende, amigo?*"

I pointed at Sparky. Without his thumbs, it looks like he could use his fists as skewers. The truck driver looked over at Sparky, back to me, then to the white guy and the black woman. He said, "Well, OK then," just like that. I stood my ground and tried not to shake. The little voice in my head kept thanking the Cartwrights over and over.

•

So I put the tape in the VCR, set the station and time and drove off to the Treehouse. The bar doesn't open until noon, but I got there at 11 to help Frank clean up from the night before and set out our specials in the plastic stand-up signs on each table. Frank said, "How goes it, Rickey?"

I said, "Good."

He said, "Uh-huh. You know, we didn't really get to talk yesterday. I mean, I heard you say that you still didn't know if you'll have a little boy or a girl, but what else did the doctor say?"

I wiped off a table. Friday night had been pretty slow at the Treehouse. Down the road there had been a yearly festival with a battle of the bands and a tractor pull. I said, "He didn't say much. He asked if she'd been taking care of herself, whether she'd quit drinking and smoking. She said she had, which is true, and goddamn, it ain't fun around the house, by the way. Then he said he thought her delivery date might need to be changed to

(continued on page 154)

"I hope it doesn't make you nervous if I watch."

LADY LIFE GUARDS
admire the
saving graces of
those women in the big white chairs

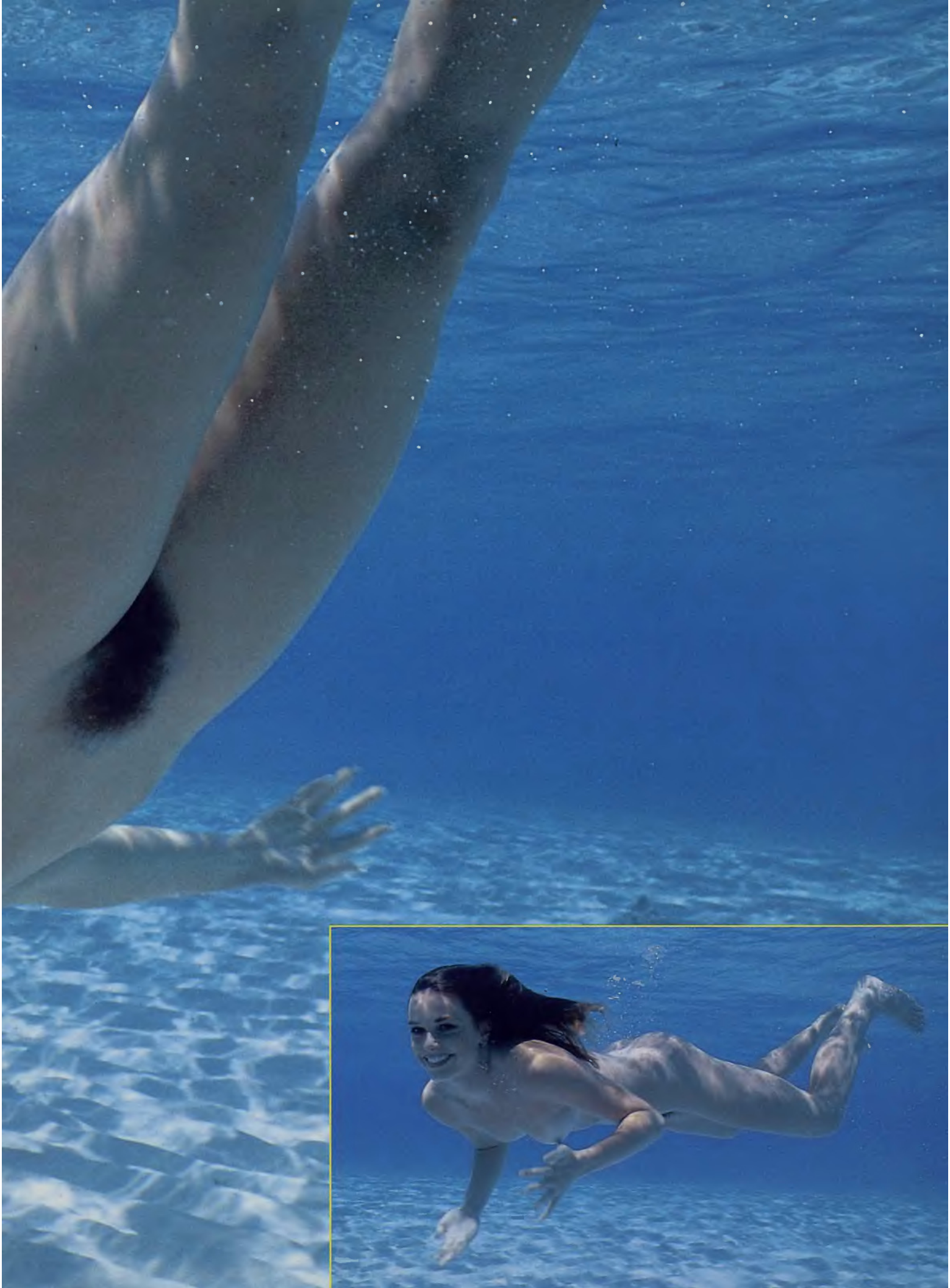
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Since a lazy afternoon can fast become a crisis, Jacqueline Artecona's pillow (below) is a rescue buoy. Jacqueline's pal, Catherine Berge (right), seems content to entice swimmers to safety.

You will be tempted to defy riptides, wear cement flippers and swim less than 30 minutes after eating. But there's a better way to meet a hot lifeguard this summer. Six of the best are right here—women who can make you dizzy one minute and pull you out of a whirlpool the next. Molly Carter, for instance, guards a beach in California. "We have big beach breaks and a lot of rip currents," she says. "In the summer we average forty saves a day." Last year she saved a reluctant member of Germany's national water-polo team. "The guy was caught in a rip current and argued about it. He didn't want to be saved, especially by a woman." There was no shortage of willing rescuees in Bimini or at Zuma Beach and Malibu in California, where we met Molly and colleagues. In fact, every male swimmer we saw was splashing and waving frantically.

Jacqueline (left and above) went from the lifeguard's chair at a Florida pool to the title of Miss Spring Break 1992 before joining our pack of lifesavers in Bimini. Melissa Leyking (top right), a phys ed major at California State University–Long Beach, loves sun, surf and lifesaving. And so does Texan Sasha Rudin (right), who once guarded a group of delighted schoolboys in a high school natatorium.

Molly Carter and Hali Morgan dip into the crystal blue waters off Bimini. (That's Molly over Hali above, Hali in the center of the page and Molly in the far corner.) "I had done some snorkeling," says Hali, who has been a lifeguard in Missouri, "but that was in a pool. Gosh, Bimini was beautiful—Molly and I cried the day that we left."



Karate expert Catherine (left) once chopped waves at Huntington Beach, California, where she was a junior lifeguard at the age of 13. Last year she joined Jacqueline (below) and Molly on TV. The three rescuers played bit parts on *Baywatch* and kept watch over the show's swimming actors. At Zuma Beach (above), our sunbathing beauties recalled one of their Bimini memories: "PLAYBOY rented a boat for us, and the owner couldn't stop freaking out. He kept saying, 'This is my fantasy, this is my fantasy, six naked girls on my boat.'"

The question is: Which water to go under? The surf where Sasha (right) keeps watch, the Missouri pool that Hali (opposite page) guards, or the shining seas, where you can be rescued by Molly, Jacqueline, Catherine ar Melissa? We suggest yau practice holding yaur breath: You'll probably have competition.

SCOTT TUROW *(continued from page 114)*

"In my view, there isn't a human being on earth whose time is really worth $350 an hour."

TUROW: "I was at home with my mother." The problem is that sometimes it's true. It doesn't matter. You cannot put Mom on the witness stand and hope that she'll be believed.

16.

PLAYBOY: Which two-word phrase should strike more fear into a defendant's heart: "found guilty" or "attorney's fees"?

TUROW: Taking that as a serious question, we are entering a period of moderation in lawyers' fees that, in my view, is long overdue. I came here from government service, where I felt really well compensated. I was working hard and, God knows, I thought the taxpayers were getting their money's worth. But I never felt on the verge of poverty. We were about to have our third child when I started private practice. Looking down the road, I felt that I needed more money than I was making as a government lawyer. But I was shocked to find out how much money lawyers in private practice make. In my view, there isn't a human being on earth whose time is really worth $250 or $300 or $350 an hour. I don't care what kind of advice they're giving. That's just overvalued compared with what other people earn on an hourly basis. As a doctor's son, I feel this acutely right now, because we are getting ready to limit the amount of money doctors can make. Why? Because the service they render is so important that if we let them bargain for it they'd have all the money in the world. What lawyers do isn't really important. We're so busy in this country congratulating ourselves for the demise of communism that we tend to forget that this market system is hardly perfect.

17.

PLAYBOY: If you could make one improvement in the legal system, what would it be?

TUROW: There are a number of things, ranging from the insignificant to the all-encompassing. In terms of civil litigation, there's a good argument that the so-called American rule, in which people pay their own legal fees, ought to be abandoned. If you sue somebody you'd better be prepared to pay his fees if your suit is baseless. We are awash in litigation. Legal fees are so high that you can squeeze a settlement out of a defendant for a fraction of what the suit would cost. Of course, lawyers are the unwitting accomplices in that act of extortion. On the criminal side, the most serious and controversial answer goes beyond the legal system. As a society, as we become better adjusted to the notion that our resources are not infinite, we'll have to look seriously at drug legalization. I've never seen the point of incarcerating people for engaging in conduct where the victims are not unwilling. I'm realistic about what I'm saying. I know it means addiction rates will rise. I know it's a cruel thing to do to many people, and I wish there were some alternative. But I am not convinced that the social investment in apprehension and interdiction is really worth it. I'd much rather spend the money educating people.

18.

PLAYBOY: Mack Malloy, *Pleading Guilty*'s main character, would never be an alcoholism recovery poster-boy. But he is an interesting recovery character. Have you met many people for whom recovery is not much of a blessing?

TUROW: I've met a lot of alcoholics over the years, and it's just an observation that sometimes lawyers can try the hell out of a case when they're drunk. When they sober up, they're lost, they can't go near a courtroom. Supposedly they're better off, but they can't function. It's always struck me as a painful irony. It's one of those ironies I adore.

19.

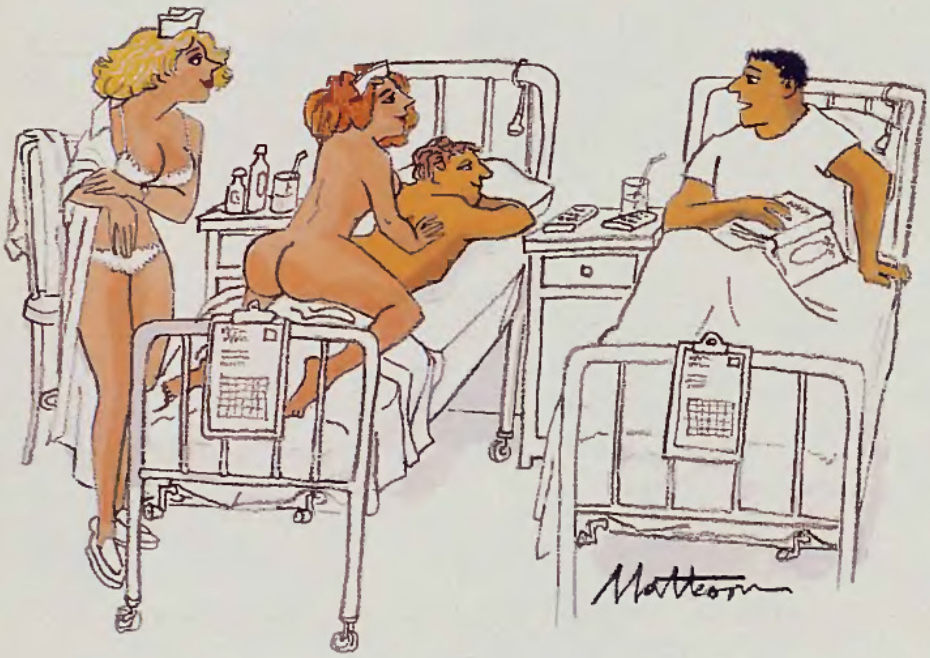
PLAYBOY: Most authors who had their books made into movies came away from Hollywood shaking their heads in disbelief or contempt. But you seem to have emerged from the experience unscathed. Were you accorded different treatment or are you just reasonable?

TUROW: I understand what shocks other writers about seeing their work filmed. I saw a trailer for *Presumed Innocent* that had a scene that was in every way the realization of what I had in my mind in terms of color, the way the characters interacted, the way Harrison Ford was behaving on the screen. It was perfect except that the camera was on the wrong side of the room. I always saw it from the other side of the room. I think there's a tendency among writers to say it's all wrong because it's from the wrong side of the room. A lot of writers are not good at accepting compromise. Fortunately for me, that's not a part of my character, as stubborn as I probably was twenty years ago. Also, Brian Dennehy told me something that had never crossed my mind and gave me some perspective: A movie of a novel is an abridgment. He said *Presumed Innocent* would be as good as the best *Reader's Digest* abridgment of a novel could be.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite lawyer joke?

TUROW: How do you tell the difference between a dead lawyer and a dead skunk in the road? There are skid marks in front of the skunk.



"What's your health plan? With mine, the nurses won't even take my temperature."

"I asked, 'Do you know who Hitler was?' 'Didn't he lead the Jews out of Germany?' 'Well, not exactly.'"

to visit a glory hole. These were establishments where a man would stick his dick through a hole in the wall and an unseen man on the other side would suck him off. The girls planned to disguise themselves as boys, with rolled-up socks in their crotches.

•

On my wall there was Paul Avery's photo of a Vietnamese child and his mother, both severely burned by napalm, staring out at you with a look of disbelief and horror.

"Daddy, how come you keep that picture there?" Holly asked.

"Well, because whenever I have a problem, I try to explain it to that little kid, and he gives me perspective."

"What's perspective?"

"It means by comparing my problem with his, I just can't feel sorry for myself."

Holly observed my eccentricities, which, in my hermitlike lifestyle, I had come to take for granted. For example, I didn't have any liquid dish soap. She found it very odd that I would wash dishes using only hot water and my fingernails. She also noticed that I didn't have a vacuum cleaner. She wasn't completely satisfied with my explanation that I would just wait for enough dust to gather so I could sort of wrap it around my hand and roll it away like a tumbleweed. And yet I would request that she throw her banana peel into the kitchen garbage can instead of my office wastebasket.

Naturally, there were certain eccentricities that even Holly wasn't aware of. Occasionally I would pick up the phone and say "I love you" to the dial tone. And often I would be a model of efficiency by simultaneously using one hand to brush my teeth and the other hand to urinate. But I would always put the toilet seat back down out of respect for Holly. It was a simple exercise in consciousness.

I had my limits, though. Holly was a skateboard enthusiast, to the point of evangelism. She loved skateboarding down the hill, and even though she showed me how she could stop before she came to the corner, I couldn't stop worrying. She urged me to try her skateboard. "No, thanks. I'm too old to start scraping my knees."

"Oh, come on, Daddy, if you want to have fun, you gotta get bruised."

For fun Holly and Pia skipped down the street arm in arm singing, "We're off to see the Wizard, the wonderful Wizard of Oz. . . ." For fun they dressed up as prostitutes on Halloween and went door to door, saying "Trick or treat?" For fun they pretended that Holly was having her period by leaving ketchup-stained tissues floating in our toilet. One afternoon they were going to see the film *Carrie*, in which Sissy Spacek is surprised by her first menstrual period. Holly had read the book and was curious to see how it translated to the screen. As she was leaving to meet Pia, I said, "Hey, Holly, wouldn't it be funny if you had your first period right in the middle of the movie?"

"Very funny, Dad." And she went on downstairs. Then she came back up the stairs, smiling, "You're right, it would be funny."

•

Our favorite neighborhood restaurant was named Island, after Aldous Huxley's Utopian novel. Holly would sit there quietly reading *Lolita*, Vladimir Nabokov's novel about a pedophile, and if I felt at all embarrassed, well, that was my problem.

We often went to the movies together. Her favorite was *Paper Moon*, with Ryan O'Neal and his daughter, Tatum, playing a father-daughter con-artist team. Holly saw that movie nine times. She relished the scene in which they're sitting in a restaurant and Tatum tells her father very loudly, "I want my two hundred dollars! I want my two hundred dollars!" So it didn't come as a total surprise when Holly and I were sitting in a restaurant that she started shouting, "I want my two hundred dollars! I want my two hundred dollars!" Holly resembled Tatum O'Neal. Her friend Diane—daughter of conspiracy researcher Mae Brussell—resembled Linda Blair, who played the young girl possessed by Satan in *The Exorcist*. So there they were, Holly and Diane, sitting poolside in Carmel and pretending to be young actresses, graciously signing autographs—TATUM O'NEAL and LINDA BLAIR. Diane was chewing bubble gum, wearing platform shoes and talking about Neil Diamond.

"He's good, sure," she said, "after they've knocked off thirty other singers."

While Holly was at school I covered the Patty Hearst trial for the *Berkeley Barb*. Patty had been kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army, led by Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze. Patty was kept in a closet. Then she joined the SLA, changed her name to Tania, adopted radical rhetoric and robbed a bank with them. The philosophical question that had plagued the history of human consciousness—Is there is or is there ain't free will?—was finally going to be decided by a jury. While the jurists were deliberating, I took Holly to the empty courtroom and she sat in Patty's chair. Mae Brussell called, worrying that our daughters might be kidnapped. I passed her warning on to Holly and offered to accompany her to school.

"Oh, Daddy," she said, "that's not necessary. Mae's just paranoid." Then Holly bought a gift for me—a plastic clothespinlike paper holder labeled THREATS.

On the one hand, there was Mae Brussell, busily documenting the rise of fascism in America. On the other hand, there was Holly, standing on Pia Hinckle's front porch yelling "Hitler! Hitler!" That was Pia's cat, so named because of a square black patch under its nose, just like Adolf Hitler's mustache.

I asked Holly, "Do you know who Hitler was?"

"Didn't he lead the Jews out of Germany?"

"Well, not exactly."

I had become involved with Bread and Roses, an organization founded by folksinger Mimi Fariña to provide free entertainment at institutions ranging from juvenile centers to retirement homes. I was scheduled to perform at a drug rehabilitation center in Marin County, and Holly came with me. I had been developing a routine about the Deaf Mute Liberation Front. Until Henry Kissinger's image as a harmless womanizer had been established, President Nixon's chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, would not allow the audio portion of Kissinger's statements to be broadcast—and the electronic media complied. It was my contention that lipreading viewers, who could tell that Kissinger had a German accent, were passing the word that Henry Kissinger was a Nazi. So I became a fake ventriloquist, and Holly sat on my lap, playing a hearing-impaired dummy simultaneously translating into sign language whatever I was supposedly making her say.

"Well, Holly, how are you today?"

"Just fine, thank you. Would you like to hear a riddle?"

"OK, sure. How does it go?"

"All right. Why is Anita Bryant like a Polish lesbian?"

"I give up. Why is Anita Bryant like a Polish lesbian?"

"Because she fucks men." Then Holly switched from her facsimile of official sign language to that universal gesture, making a circle with the thumb and fingers of one hand while pushing the index finger of her other hand in and out of that hole.

We may not have been politically correct, but we were a team.

Holly and I spent Thanksgiving with the Hinckles, and Christmas with Ken Kesey and his family at their farm in

Oregon. The entire family lived in a huge, sectioned-out barn, with a metal fireplace that hung from the living-room ceiling. Outside, there were cows and peacocks and a dog that dropped stones on your foot because he wanted to fetch them. There was a swarm of bees to provide honey, and there was a beautiful colt that we tried to catch, but its mother kept running along and blocking us like a football player. Chuck Kesey, Ken's brother, ran a creamery, and he brought over homemade ice cream with liquor in it. I ate so much—the coldness and the sweetness covered up the taste of alcohol—that for the first time in my life I got drunk, unintentionally, on ice cream. I threw up and passed out.

"I'm not used to taking legal drugs," I explained.

•

In April 1976, on the same day that the Pope announced he was not gay, I received a registered letter from the FBI informing me that I was on a hit list of the Emiliano Zapata Unit of the New World Liberation Front, but that "no action will be taken, since all of those who could carry it out are in custody." But I was more logically a target of the government than the NWLF—unless, of course, they happened to be the same. Was the right wing of the FBI warning me about the left wing of the FBI? A communiqué from the NWLF charged that "the pigs led and organized" the Zapata Unit. Jacques Rogiers, aboveground courier for the underground NWLF, told me that I was on the hit list because I had written that Patty Hearst's kidnapper, Donald DeFreeze, was a police informer.

"But that's true," I said. "And it's a matter of record. Doesn't that make any difference?"

Not to him, it didn't. "If the NWLF asked me to kill you," he admitted, "I would."

"Jacques," I replied, "I think this puts a slight damper on our relationship."

I kept the FBI letter in that plastic THREATS holder Holly had given me. She was in Oregon, spending her Easter vacation at the farm with the Kesey kids.

At the drug rehabilitation center where we performed our ventriloquist act, I had met a musician, Doreen, who later told me that she was so inspired by our visit that she gave up dope. After she was released she contacted me, we began to date and she turned me on to snorting heroin. I got high on the irony but sick from the smack, neglecting to feed Holly's goldfish in the process. They died, their bloated bodies floating in the tank, and I had to flush them down the toilet. Perhaps because I knew them as individuals with names—Jaws and Lily (after Lily Tomlin)—I never even considered replacing them with substitute goldfish.

When Ken Kesey flew back with Holly, I met them at the airport. "Listen," I told her, "I have some bad news and some good news. Which do you want to hear first?"

She cringed. "Which is worse?"

"Well, the good news is that I was on a list of people to be killed, but the FBI captured the group that was planning to do it. The bad news is that I got very sick and neglected to feed Jaws and Lily, and they died. Holly, I'm really sorry." She started hitting me mock-hard with her little purse, a poignant mixture of frustration and affection.

When a drug rehabilitation counselor gave a guest lecture at Holly's school, he informed the students that they couldn't fool their parents about smoking marijuana because it was obvious from their dilated pupils, slurry speech and short-term memory loss. Holly couldn't resist asking, "What about if somebody's parents have those symptoms?" The counselor had to admit that was sometimes a problem.

The drug counselor's visit had one other side effect. Holly asked me if I had ever tried heroin, and I finally gave her the details of what happened with Jaws and Lily.

She said petulantly, "That drug rehab guy told us that people would kill for heroin, but he didn't say that it would be my goldfish!"

•

Her year with me was coming to an end. "When I go back to live with Mommy," Holly said, "I'm going to call you more often."

"Oh, yeah?" I teased. "How come?"

"Because I know you now."

"Well, who did you think that I was before?"

"Fred Astaire."

She had intuitively understood the symbolism of Fred Astaire as a romantic figure in tuxedo and top hat who danced across tabletops and walls—as opposed to me, this funky daddy who did not have a vacuum cleaner and who accidentally killed her goldfish.

When Holly left, I started leaving the toilet seat up again.

•

When Holly was 14 she went to Mexico to learn Spanish at a school where no English was spoken. The next year, in the summer of 1979, she served as my translator on a three-week expedition to Ecuador that focused on shamans and healers. She was the only adolescent among a dozen adults, so the experience would have elements of an archetypal rite of passage for her.

In the jungle I had an affair with one of the women on the trek. Holly was observing us very carefully. On July 23 she wrote in her journal:

> Today's my half birthday. I'm exactly 15½ years old. Oh, yeah, I haven't written anything about the only romance on the trip—Daddy and Florence. They are sharing a room, and Daddy says that if he and Mommy had treated each other as good as he and Florence are treating each other, they'd still be together. I know that's bullshit, but it's a sweet thing to say and it's nice to know things are working so well for them. Daddy seems like a kid again, holding hands in the taxi, and when we're eating, little kisses on the cheek, and he's so happy. Florence is 29, really pretty and intelligent. Daddy says she reminds him of Mommy. She lives with her boyfriend. She and Daddy really make each other laugh. I'm so happy for Daddy! For my "birthday" they gave me a rhinoceros beetle's shell that they found.

Because Florence and I both knew—and had agreed in advance—that we would go our separate ways when the expedition ended, our affair had that much more intensity.

The journey would climax with some of the group ingesting ayahuasca—a hallucinogenic vine similar to *yage*—which is used by shamans throughout the Amazon basin to have visions of and communicate with jungle spirits during their healing ceremonies. Holly hoped to participate. Wanting to be a responsible parent, I gave her some literature to read, including an article by Dr. Andrew Weil, author of *The Natural Mind*. "Vomiting is the first stage of the effect of *yage*," he wrote. "It is not fun, and I say that as someone who likes to vomit in certain circumstances." He suggested fasting after breakfast, but our group ate lunch, anyway, rationalizing that so long as we were all going to vomit that night, we might as well put something into our stomachs now to throw up later.

Ayahuasca means "vine of the dead." It is innocent-looking enough, an inch or two thick, curving into and beyond a complete circle. Who can imagine how its psychedelic use was discovered? First it is chopped vertically, then horizontally and then boiled. In *Wizard of the Upper Amazon*, Bruce Lamb wrote: "Drinking a carelessly prepared extract would only cause violent vomiting, acute intestinal cramps and diarrhea. Ayahuasca must be handled with care and reverence, simmered slowly in a special earthenware pot over a low fire under constant, proper attention." However, ours was being boiled in an aluminum pot by a young Canelo Indian couple in the

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midst of a lovers' quarrel. But we couldn't very well tell them that they were preparing it the wrong way. A leaf, datura (which has an effect similar to belladonna), was added to the potion, an unappetizing, rust-colored, muddy liquid that tastes so putrid, a bottle of rum must be held in your other hand for an instant chaser.

Eventually, the sounds of our violent retching would echo through the jungle. One by one we would vomit, as though we were wet towels being wrung out by invisible demons. They should have used a clay pot. An old Peruvian healer had said that if the ayahuasca was boiled in aluminum rather than earthenware, it would make you more sick than visionary. I passed around the butter-rum Life Savers I had brought especially for this occasion. When Holly's insides declared that it was her turn to throw up, I accompanied her outside. It was a minivolcanic retching that temporarily took over her body. I hope I'm doing the right thing, I thought. When she finished, I began. The power of peristalsis possessed me so thoroughly that I vomited and farted simultaneously. Holly's tears turned to laughter at my involuntary duet, which in turn made me laugh. There I was in the middle of the jungle with my daughter—vomiting, farting and laughing.

"I think this is known as quality time," I managed to say.

As we were walking back to the shack with our arms around each other and feeling weak, Holly said, "It's nice to be near someone you love when you're in misery."

Under the influence of ayahuasca, the local people traditionally have visions of jaguars and anacondas. But instead, our group saw elephants and mice, spiderwebs of memory and a woman in an 1890s gown and large hat, eating a loaf of French bread. The corrugated metal ceiling was moving like ocean waves for me. During the healing ceremony, two shamans kept sucking the poisons out of a patient's head. Then, though they didn't actually vomit, they did make these awful sounds of regurgitation to get rid of the poisons. All through the night we were forced to divert our psychic energy away from exquisite visionary flights in order not to throw up again. A flash of paranoia convinced me for a moment that some kind of sorcerer's trick was being played on us. The shamans laughed at us whenever anyone succumbed to vomiting.

Before we left, one of the shamans asked our medical doctor for Lomotil, to be used for diarrhea, and the cultural exchange was completed. Our return hike through the rain forest was accompanied by a tremendous rainstorm. While getting thoroughly soaked, Holly and I harmonized *Singin' in the Rain* over and over as loud as we could.

•

Holly and Jeanne had moved to Los Angeles, so our visits were much more frequent than when they were living in New York. They both came to a show I did in L.A., and just before I went onstage to perform, Jeanne said, "Paul, I have to tell you something. Holly's not yours." It was Jeanne's way of saying, "Break a leg."

Holly was attending Fairfax High School and working at a Baskin-Robbins just off Sunset Boulevard. She had come to know her hooker customers by their favorite flavors, and she pointed them out to me as we walked along. "That's Rocky Road. That's Pralines and Cream. That's Strawberry Shortcake."

Holly was taking on an almost scary sophistication. In a book report for her English composition class, she wrote: "The most important and interesting news that I found from reading *The Victims* was the statistics. They show that nine out of ten rape victims are emotionally unable to have sexual relations with men for at least one year after the assault. The time between the assault and when the women may want to participate in sexual activities is known as the *Seul* period, meaning 'alone' in French. The length of time of the *Seul* period may vary depending on the intensity of the attack and the previous mental stability of the victim." But not only was there no such book as *The Victims*, Holly had also invented the *Seul* period. I was really quite proud of her.

One evening, when Holly was 16, she called me. "Hold on a second," she said, then held the telephone receiver to the speaker of her stereo. And I heard Carly Simon singing, "Daddy, I'm no virgin, and I've already waited too long." Then Holly hung up quickly. I began to laugh and cry simultaneously. I was laughing at the creative way she had chosen to tell me this news—my generation had avoided communicating with parents about sex—and I was crying because I never got any when I was 16. The sexual revolution had still been just a horny dream back then. I was delighted to see its legacy in action now, but I also felt a certain vestigial resentment. "Why, these young kids today just don't appreciate the joy of yearning." I had to be careful not to let the memory of my own blue balls turn into sour grapes. When Holly visited me that Thanksgiving, I teased her, "Did you bring your diaphragm?"

"Oh, Daddy, even if I fall in love with someone, it doesn't mean we have to go to bed right away." She had found her place on the spectrum between abstinence and promiscuity. Still, she got into trouble during a gymnastics competition for having a hickey on her neck. When Holly graduated from high school, she was designated Class Flirt in the yearbook, exactly the title that Jeanne had earned when she graduated from high school. It gave one a sense of continuity.

•

My friend Scoop Nisker managed to maintain his balance between current events and the infinite void. He was the news director of KSAN, and his slogan was, "If you don't like the news, go out and make some of your own." He was also a practicing Buddhist, and another slogan was, "Stay high, but keep your priorities straight." In 1981 Scoop persuaded me to attend a ten-day meditation retreat where I would have to do without any of my usual media distractions. I was afraid at first and decided to go only in order to confront my fear. But then Holly called. She was now 17. She wanted to go to college in San Francisco and live with me again. So—keeping my priorities straight—I immediately canceled out of the Buddhist retreat.

I liked the way she challenged me. Once, I was smoking a joint early in the day, and she said, "Dad, how come you have to escape reality first thing in the morning?" When I was a kid, my parents would refer to "a colored guy" and I would tell them that "Negro" was correct. When I would refer to somebody as "Oriental," Holly would tell me that "Asian" was correct. She didn't like small talk. "Oh, Dad, that's trivial bullshit," she would say. The old-fashioned parent in me wanted to chastise her: "Hey, you can't talk to me that way. I'm your father." But the New Age parent in me knew that Holly had made an accurate observation. What I had said was trivial bullshit. I took a deep breath. "I'll tell you something, Holly. I'm glad you feel free enough to tell me that what I'm saying is trivial bullshit, but I hope you're glad I'm free enough to recognize my own trivial bullshit when it's pointed out."

Nobody I knew had ever said "trivial bullshit" to his parents. Certainly I never said it to mine, even though they specialized in it. I had learned to pretend that my parents were a Buddhist monk and nun whose sole purpose on earth was to test my patience with trivia. So when they showed me how many electrical outlets were in the kitchen, I eagerly examined them. "Oh, look, here's a three-pronger." That way there was no friction between us. They felt good, I felt good and what a commendable goal that was. So when my mother opened up the bread of a sandwich—while I was eating it—and put more food inside, I could only smile with gratitude for this whole new form of generosity. And when my father gave me his old parka—and showed me how to put on the hood—I didn't remind him that I was no longer

five years old and accuse him of freezing in his parental role. I just said, "Let me practice that a few times."

Holly, on the other hand, gave me a pair of red cotton long johns for Christmas, and she didn't show me how to put them on. I wore them for the first time when I was performing on a cold night in Sebastopol, and at one point in my monolog, I decided to show them to the audience. But when I turned my back and pulled down my jeans, the long johns stuck to the jeans and I found myself accidentally displaying my bare buttocks, in a spotlight, to a large group of strangers. This was a very dreamlike moment, but I couldn't very well flap my arms as a reality check—not without resembling a human bellows. I was merely a victim of static cling. I had heard that phrase before in fabric-softener commercials, but I had never actually experienced it. Recovering my composure I said, "You see, I really came here to join the Moonies, and this is my initiation." After that, I began to moon audiences deliberately, but only once in each city, because I didn't want it to become a comedy gimmick. When I mooned the audience in San Francisco, Holly reminded her friends, "That's my dad."

•

One afternoon Holly and I were waiting at a bus stop, on our way to a movie, and there was a luscious teenage girl also waiting for the bus.

"Oooh, yummy," I whispered.

"Daddy, she's my age!"

Her words echoed in my cranial cavity. Lust for teenagers permeates the culture. I had slept with four 17-year-olds, but now found myself caught between the lines of dialogue in *Stripes*, when Bill Murray mentions getting "wildly fucked by teenage girls," and *Tempest*, when John Cassavetes says, "If you touch my daughter, I'll kill you."

When Holly got involved with a new boyfriend, they cooked spaghetti in my kitchen. They threw a few strands at the ceiling, where the spaghetti stuck, thereby passing the gourmet-chef test. She spent a lot of time at his place, and my moment of truth arrived in the form of a question from Holly. She wanted to know if her boyfriend could spend the night at our house. I pretended to be nonchalant. I prided myself on being a permissive parent. Holly and I had agreed that I wouldn't tell her what to do unless it involved health, safety or the rights of others. And now she was calling my bluff.

"OK, sure," I said, "but tell him that he can't smoke cigarettes in the house."

At least I felt justified in exerting some parental authority. When I was Holly's age, I used to lie in bed wondering if my parents did it. Now I lay in bed knowing that my daughter was doing it. She was no longer my little girl saying, "Daddy, would you scratch my back?" She was no longer that innocent youngster standing on a porch calling out for a cat, "Hitler! Hitler!" Since then, she had read *The Diary of Anne Frank* and seen *Holocaust* on TV. Now she was going to audition for a New Wave band called The Vktms. The lyrics to one of their songs went, "Hey, you know I ain't no martyr, but I ain't no Nazi." She also wanted to change her name to Holly Hard-On, but she had the flu that week, so her audition and name change became moot. Ah, yes, she would have been following in my footsteps. Introducing Rumpleforeskin and his daughter, Holly Hard-On. How proud could a father get? And whenever I found myself looking lustfully at a teenager, I would automatically hear Holly's voice saying, "Daddy, she's my age!"

•

I continued to perform occasionally. When I was booked in Minneapolis, I spent the afternoon hanging around an indoor mall, soaking up atmosphere and gathering last-minute material. One of the men's rooms had a long one-way mirror in front of the urinals, so that while I stood there peeing, I could watch people casually walking by. It was surrealistic to be shaking out those last few drops of urine while a woman who couldn't see me appeared to be looking right at me as she applied her lipstick.

When I returned to my motel, there was a message that Holly had phoned. I called her back. She was about to be taken to the hospital by a neighbor. She had been bitten by a spider and her arm was painfully swollen. I called again later, right before my show, and she was crying because a doctor had told her that if the infection reached the bone, her arm could be paralyzed. Somehow I went onstage and did a surprisingly good show, perhaps because I had to concentrate so hard in order to keep my emotions on hold.

The next morning in my motel room, I got a call from Jeanne. "I've raised that girl for seventeen years, and now you're killing her." I could see my jaw drop in the mirror. I was speechless. "Paul"—I heard Jeanne's voice—"you're not laughing."

Jeanne had zeroed in on the core of my vulnerability, but the relief that she was only joking was worth the tension of that brief moment when I thought she was serious.

•

There was a line I sometimes used onstage: "Pope John Paul has issued a

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pronunciamento that, under extreme circumstances, a one-night stand may be considered a form of monogamy." And sometimes that's exactly what happened when I performed in another city—instant intimacy. A few months after one such encounter with a young woman named Bernadette, I got a call from her. She was planning to visit San Francisco and wanted to stay with me. She confessed to having fantasies of being spanked by me.

When I was a kid my father bought a cat-o'-nine-tails, which he used to punish my brother, my sister and me. I was lucky enough to understand on some gut level that he was a victim of his own conditioning. When he finally realized he couldn't break us, he broke the cat-o'-nine-tails and threw it away. After Holly was born I began researching child abuse for *The Realist* and learned that parents who abuse their offspring were consistently abused by their parents. That practice is passed on from one generation to another, as if it is in the genes rather than imitative behavior. But I never had the slightest doubt that I would break that pattern.

When I was a guest on the *Mike Douglas Show* in Philadelphia, I mentioned that I didn't spank my daughter, and the matronly audience started booing me. During a commercial break, another guest, Minnie Pearl of Grand Ole Opry fame, said to me, "I'm a-scared of nonconformity."

I was surprised. "Are you kidding?" I said. "You're wearing a bonnet with the price tag still hanging from it."

So now here was Bernadette on the phone saying, "I've been having fantasies of being spanked by you. Would you do it?"

"But," I protested, "I'm nonviolent."

"So am I," she said.

"Were you spanked as a child? I have this theory that when kids get spanked, but then the parent feels guilty and hugs them, the kids begin to associate pain with warmth."

"I wasn't spanked as a child," she said.

"Well, there goes that theory." Women were asserting themselves and saying out loud what pleased them sexually. And men were expected to do those things that women were now free to tell them they wanted. "All right," I said, "when you visit, I promise I'll spank you. But when you say stop, I promise I'll stop."

"No, no—don't say that. It's the vulnerability that turns me on."

"Yeah, but it's fake vulnerability, because you trust me. I mean, you didn't call Melvin the Mauler."

She never did visit, but I fantasized about it. I imagined that in my room I would be spanking a 27-year-old woman, while in another room slept my 17-year-old daughter, whom I had gotten booed by the audience on the *Mike Douglas Show* for not spanking.

•

Economic security had always been very important in my family. My father moonlighted as a short-order cook, and he used to put three piles of change from his tips on the floor, for my brother, my sister and me. When my parents came back from a vacation in Las Vegas, my father gave each of us a silver dollar, with the admonition, "You are never to spend this. It's a reminder that you can always come to your mother and me if you ever need money." So I passed on my silver dollar to Holly with that same admonition, thereby carrying on my father's tradition.

The year 1982 became a turning point for both Holly and me. She was celebrating her 18th birthday and I was mourning my 50th. On January 23rd I presented her with one of those novelty newspaper front pages bearing the headline HOLLY KRASSNER BECOMES LEGAL! On April 9th she presented me with a foot massager, a gift certificate for ice cream and several pads so I could write down all her telephone messages. I had been somewhat melancholy as I approached the half-century mark, brooding over projects that had long remained undone and regretting relationships that had never been properly nurtured. I was rationalizing my current period of celibacy when Holly gave me some advice.

"Dad, have fun while you're young. Not having fun is what makes you older."

So I started going out again. One afternoon Holly came home with her new boyfriend, only to find me in bed with my new girlfriend, who felt slightly awkward.

"It's all right," Holly reassured her. "I'm a liberal daughter."

"I'm glad you guys are here," I said. "My cock is about to fall off."

"I'm glad that we're here," Holly's boyfriend replied. "My cock is about to fall off."

We all laughed heartily, but I felt some kind of archetypal discomfort at this reference to his sexual prowess with my daughter, as though some unspoken primordial taboo had just been shattered.

•

Holly began to remind me more and more of her mother. The way she walked, the way she said certain words—such as "*won*derful"—even the way she prepared food, biting the ends off string beans, then spitting the ends into the sink. One day I noticed that the wedding photo of Jeanne and me was missing from the wall behind Holly's bed. At first I thought it might be a symbolic gesture of independence, but she explained that a friend had brought over some cocaine and they had chopped it up with a razor blade on the glass in the frame. "But you can't write about that," she quickly added. We had an agreement that Holly would have to approve anything I wrote about her, because, after all, you can't tell your own daughter, "Nyah, nyah, you forgot to say that was off the record."

"Too bad," I said. "It would show how you don't have any false sentimentality, and that we communicate with such honesty."

"I just don't want people to think I'm a dopehead."

"What difference does it make what other people think? You know, there was a time when John Lennon and Yoko Ono were getting a lot of bad publicity, and they were really upset about it. So I gave them this little strip of paper from a Chinese fortune cookie that I'd been carrying around. It said, 'If you are standing straight, it doesn't matter if your shadow is crooked.' But, of course I'll respect our agreement."

However, Holly had a heavy date that evening and she couldn't find her car keys. She was starting to panic. "Dad," she said, "if you can find my car keys, you can tell the coke story, OK?"

I found her car keys, but I told her that she didn't have to keep her part of the bargain.

Holly was 19 when she decided to leave San Francisco and go to school in London. I could finally remove the spaghetti from my kitchen ceiling. It had been stuck up there for two years. Ken Kesey came over and removed from the wall my photo of the napalmed child and his mother. It had been there for 12 years.

Before Holly left I did a show at the Roxie Theater. She checked the sound system, made sure there was a stool and that I had a glass of orange juice. "Dad," she said, just as I was about to go onstage, "I have to tell you something. I'm not yours."

•

I was going through some sort of mid-life crisis. I missed Holly, I missed publishing *The Realist*, I missed having a girlfriend. Then I met Rachel Hickerson. She was a writer who used the pseudonym Pheno Barbidol. We were both scheduled to be in New York at the same time and we arranged to spend a few days together there. When I returned to San Francisco, I called and asked her to marry me, and she said yes. Alex Bennett agreed to perform the wedding ceremony on his morning radio show, and Herb Caen announced it in his column. This all sounded like great fun in the media, but in reality it was a terrible romantic illusion. We hardly knew each other. I kept asking myself, "What have I done?" I had apparently lost my sense of cause and effect. Rachel stayed at my apartment for six schizophrenic weeks,

with me serving as the source of both her pain and her comfort.

Right after Christmas 1983, Arnie Passman booked me as the opening act for Professor Irwin Corey, the 72-year-old "world's foremost authority," in a four-day run at the Julia Morgan Theater in Berkeley. Backstage, Corey told me how he used to read Nazi hate literature to get himself in the mood to perform. Rachel came to the theater with me a couple of times, but not on closing night, when I met Orli Peter, a graduate student in psychology. Although we talked only briefly, there was a spark between us. We were supposed to get together, but Rachel was still living at my apartment, so I kept postponing my first date with Orli. Finally, on the day before Rachel was going to leave, Orli called, insisting we meet either that evening or the next. Naturally I chose the next evening. Rachel left at 4 P.M. the next day, and Orli arrived at 8 o'clock.

I was amazed at my own resilience.

Orli and I ended up living together. Our relationship was confrontational but fun. One time we were having an argument and I flashed my middle finger at her and said, "Up yours!" She made a circle with her fingers and thumb and said, "In this!" There was an age difference—I was 52 and she was 28—which was not really a problem, but she wanted to have children someday and I was extremely ambivalent about starting a family at this stage in my life. Jeanne gave me her blessing. "Good luck," she said. "You'll just be an old fart with a young kid." I sent a letter to Holly in London, and this was her response:

Dear Dad,

I received your "father-to-daughter-turning-21" birthday letter. Thank you, it made me laugh and cry. Only moments before the mailman slipped the letter through the door, I was telling my friend what wonderful parents I have and how much I miss them—what timing. I think it's wonderful that you and Orli have been together a whole year now. She must be an incredible lady. I love you very, very much, not only because you are my father but because you are also a wonderful friend. What a surprise to find out you are actually considering raising a family. I know that I've always wanted to be your only child—but that's pure daughter selfishness. I've always been my daddy's little girl, in all the years I didn't live with you, in the few years I did, and even now, living so far away, I am and will always be your little girl. I guess I'm now at an age that I can take care of myself and I guess you are, too. As you said, your kids could play with mine—what a funny idea. Just make sure that's what you really want before you do it. I suppose this is my daughter-to-father lecture. Regardless of the fact that I grew up with my parents separated and slightly crazy, I can't imagine anyone loving her father and mother more than I love mine, nor can I imagine having grown up differently.

So if I'm about to have brothers or sisters, I want them to have the same happiness and the same strength (without needing it so much) that I have had. They couldn't ask for a better father, though I can hardly picture you changing diapers and playing baseball in the park. I'm sure Orli would be a wonderful mother, though I haven't met her yet. I know what you're like, so I can only guess what a woman living with you would be like. I also know that out of all the girlfriends you have had, you couldn't have picked anyone better to be my mother. I just don't want you to do anything rash. I do remember a wedding announcement a little over a year ago that has long since been forgotten. You must realize by now that us kids, well, we're a lifelong commitment. You're right, it is a hard but enjoyable process to know what you really want (sometimes). I have complete faith in you and I'm sure you'll make the right choice. Don't worry about my daughter selfishness; my support is

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CLICK!
THEY'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.. HERE ON GILLIGAN'S ISLE...
YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS?
CLICK!
TODAY, ON WALL STREET, STOCKS WERE SLIGHTLY HIGHER...
YOU CAN'T COMMIT TO ANYTHING!
CLICK!
NEXT ON THE MTV COUNTDOWN... NUMBER SIX...
YOU CAN'T COMMIT TO A TV SHOW... OR TO A RELATIONSHIP!
CLICK!
I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN KANSAS ANY MORE, TOTO...
ADMIT IT! YOU CAN'T COMMIT TO ANY...AWK!
CLICK!
A DOUBLE PLEASURE IS WAITING FOR YOU...
HEL-LO! I'M ELSA...WANT TO PARTY?

with you whatever you do. I think I had to write all this down because your letter was such a shock to me, not a bad shock, more of a surprise. The idea had just never come into my head that the idea of raising a family would ever come into your head. So you can see, having never thought about it, it was a true surprise. No matter what happens I love you lots and it will be a real trip for both of us to see what I do with my life. . . .

Holly's letter forced me to admit that I really didn't want to be a new daddy. *Us kids are a lifelong commitment.* I realized that I simply didn't want to make that commitment. Orli and I loved each other, but we had different goals in life. Despite the bond between us, we would have to go our separate ways.

That summer I worked at Winnarainbow, a camp for the performing arts run by Jahanarah and Wavy Gravy. I was the comedy counselor. At the end of the season I made love with another counselor on the outdoor trampoline. The next morning I noticed a stain on the trampoline from my semen. I found a piece of chalk and drew an outline around the stain. It was, after all, the corpse of Holly's sibling.

Holly had gone to visit a Greek island and stayed there, working as a dishwasher and cleaning squid for a dollar an hour, eight hours a day, seven days a week. To take a bath she had to climb into her kitchen sink. But now she was back in London and planning to return to America. She sent a photo taken in one of those booths where she held up a handwritten card with each of the four poses, so that you could read this vertical message in front of her smiling faces: DEAR DAD SEND MONEY!

Six years later Holly was the manager of community and government relations at KQED, the PBS and NPR affiliates in San Francisco. I was performing in town and staying at her apartment. One day, because it was raining hard and she traveled by motor scooter, I was tempted to call her at work and tell her that if the ground was too slippery to drive on, I'd be glad to pay for a cab. But Holly was now 27 (old enough to spank), and I realized that if I were in Venice and it were raining in San Francisco, I wouldn't phone her. So now, even if she were to die because her motor scooter slid in the rain and I would have to live with that horror for the rest of my life, I still had to let go of my paternalism and trust her judgment. I decided not to call. When Holly came home, I told her how I had resolved my dilemma.

"Oh," she said casually, "if it had been raining too hard, I would have taken a bus home."

Over dinner we were talking about the way you realize how dependent you are on appliances only when the electricity goes off.

"Speaking of appliances," she said, "do you ever use that microwave oven Mom and I gave you last Christmas?"

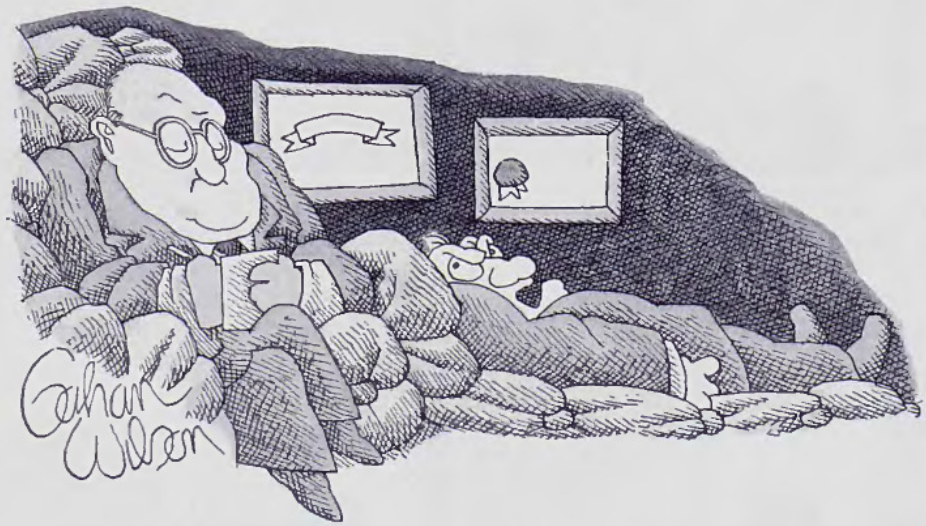
"Yeah, once in a while, to heat up soup and things. You know what, though, I left the little door open and I found a few mouse turds on the tray inside. If I ever actually caught a mouse inside the microwave, I'd try to shut the door before it could escape."

"Dad, I can't believe you'd nuke a mouse."

"No, I'd never do that. I would just unplug the microwave and carry it outside, and let the mouse go free."

"And then you'd race it to see who could get back to the house first."

"And the mouse would win."



"You're not even slowing me down."

SLEEPING BEAUTY

(continued from page 80)

in the storm. It came to me that Beauty, too, must be somewhere in the middle of those tamed hordes, and that fantasy gave me new strength to wait.

By lunchtime we knew we were shipwrecked. The lines were interminable outside the seven restaurants, the cafeterias, the packed bars, and in less than three hours they all had to be closed because there was nothing left to eat or drink. The children, who at that moment seemed to be all the children in the world, started to cry at the same time, and a herd smell began to rise from the crowd. It was a time for instinct. In all that scrambling, the only things I could find to eat were the last two cups of vanilla ice cream in a children's shop. While the waiter put the chairs on the tables as the patrons left, I ate very slowly at the counter, seeing myself in the mirror with the last little cardboard cup and the last little cardboard spoon, thinking about Beauty.

The flight to New York, scheduled for 11 in the morning, left that night. By the time I managed to board, the other first-class passengers were already in their seats and a flight attendant led me to mine. My heart stopped. In the seat next to mine, beside the window, Beauty was taking possession of her space with the mastery of an expert traveler. If I ever wrote this, nobody would believe me, I thought. And I stammered an indecisive greeting that she did not hear.

She settled in as if she were going to live there for many years, putting each thing in its proper place and order until her seat was arranged like the ideal home where everything was within reach. In the meantime, the steward brought us the welcoming champagne. I took a glass to offer to her but thought better of it just in time. She wanted only a glass of water, and she asked the steward, first in incomprehensible French and then in an English only somewhat more fluent, not to wake her for any reason during the flight. Her warm, serious voice was tinged with Oriental sadness.

When the steward brought her the water, she placed a toiletries case with copper corners, like a grandmother's trunk, on her lap and took two golden pills from a box that contained others of various colors. She did everything in a methodical, solemn way, as if nothing unforeseen had happened to her since her birth. At last she pulled down the shade on the window, lowered the back of her seat as far as it would go, covered herself to the waist with a blanket without taking off her shoes, put on a sleeping mask, turned her back to me and slept without a single pause, without a sigh, without the slightest change in position, for the eight eternal hours and 12

extra minutes of the flight to New York.

It was an ardent journey. I have always believed that there is nothing more beautiful in nature than a beautiful woman, and it was impossible for me to escape even for a moment from the spell of the storybook creature who slept at my side. The steward disappeared as soon as we took off and was replaced by a Cartesian flight attendant who tried to awaken Beauty to hand her a toiletries case and a set of earphones for listening to music. I repeated the instructions she had given the steward, but the attendant insisted on hearing from Beauty's own lips that she did not want supper, either. The steward had to confirm the instructions and even then the attendant reproached me because Beauty had not hung the little cardboard DO NOT DISTURB sign around her neck.

I ate a solitary supper, telling myself in silence everything I would have told her if she had been awake. Her sleep was so steady that at one point I had the distressing thought that the pills she had taken were not for sleeping but for dying. With each drink I raised my glass and toasted her: To your health, Beauty.

When supper was over they dimmed the lights to show a movie to no one, and the two of us were alone in the darkness of the world. The biggest storm of the century had ended, and the Atlantic night was immense and limpid and the plane seemed motionless among the stars. Then I contemplated her, inch by inch, for several hours, and the only signs of life I could detect were the shadows of the dreams that passed along her forehead like clouds over water. Around her neck she wore a chain so fine it was almost invisible against her golden skin, her perfect ears were unpierced, her nails were rosy with good health and on her left hand was a plain band. Since she looked no older than 20, I consoled myself with the idea that this was not a wedding ring but the sign of an ephemeral engagement. *To know you are sleeping, certain, secure, faithful channel of renunciation, pure line, so close to my manacled arms*, I thought on the foaming crest of champagne, repeating Gerardo Diego's masterful sonnet. Then I lowered the back of my seat to the level of hers and we lay together, closer than if we had been in a marriage bed. The climate of her breathing was the same as that of her voice, and her skin exhaled a delicate breath that could only be the scent of her beauty. It seemed incredible: During the previous spring I had read a beautiful novel by Yasunari Kawabata about the ancient merchants of Kyoto who paid enormous sums to spend the night watching the most beautiful girls in the city, naked and drugged, while they agonized with love in the same bed. They could not wake them, or touch them, and did not even try, because the essence of pleasure was to see them sleeping. That night, as I watched over Beauty's sleep, I not only understood that senile refinement but also lived it to the full.

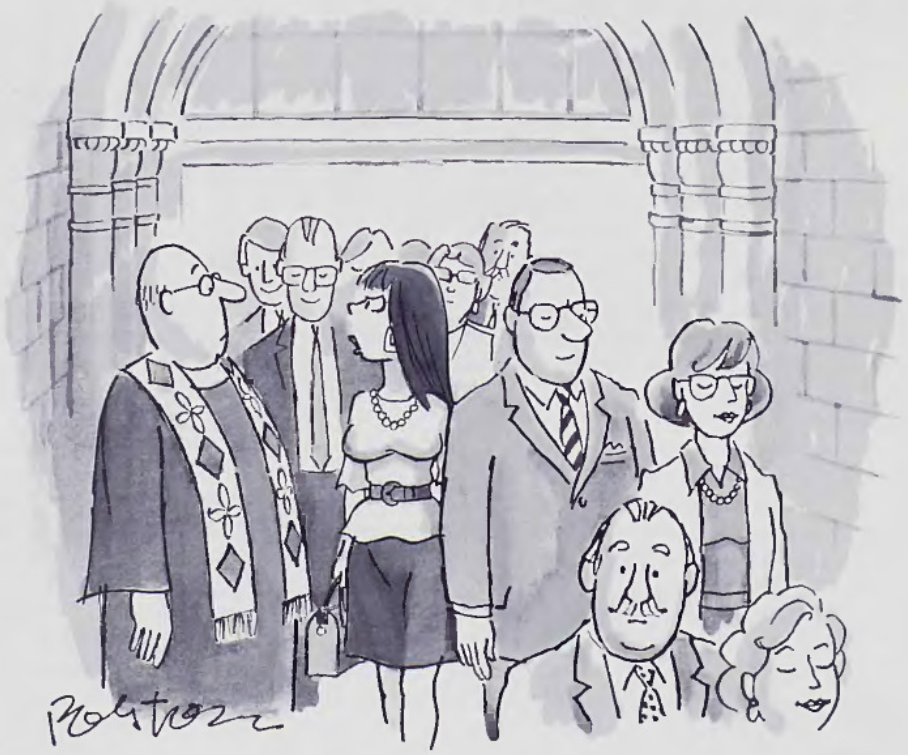
"Who would have thought," I said to myself, my self-love exacerbated by champagne, "that I'd become an ancient Japanese at this late date?"

I think I slept a few hours, conquered by champagne and the mute explosions of the movie, and when I awoke, my head was splitting. I went to the bathroom. Two places behind mine the old woman with the 11 suitcases lay in her seat in an awkward sprawl, like a forgotten corpse on a battlefield. Her reading glasses on a chain of colored beads were on the floor in the middle of the aisle, and for a moment, I enjoyed the malicious pleasure of not picking them up.

After I got rid of the excesses of champagne, I caught sight of myself, contemptible and ugly, in the mirror and was amazed that the devastation of love could be so terrible. Without warning, the plane lost altitude, managed to straighten out and continued full speed ahead. The RETURN TO YOUR SEAT sign went on. I hurried out in the hope that God's turbulence would awaken Beauty and she would have to take refuge in my arms to escape her terror. In my haste I almost stepped on the Dutch woman's glasses, and I would have been happy if I had. But I retraced my steps, picked them up and put them on her lap in sudden gratitude for her not having chosen seat number four before I did.

Beauty's sleep was invincible. When the plane stabilized, I had to resist the temptation to shake her on some pretext, because all I wanted in the last hour of the flight was to see her awake, even if she were furious, so that I could recover my freedom and perhaps my youth. But I couldn't. "Damn it," I said to myself with great scorn. "Why wasn't I born a Taurus!" She awoke by herself at the moment the landing lights went on and she was as beautiful and as refreshed as if she had slept in a rose garden. That was when I realized that, like old married couples, people who sit next to each other on airplanes do not say good morning to each other when they wake up. Nor did she. She took off the mask, opened her radiant eyes, straightened the back of the seat, moved the blanket aside, shook her hair that fell into place of its own weight, put the box back on her knees and applied rapid, unnecessary makeup, which took just enough time so that she did not look at me until the door opened. Then she put on her lynx jacket, almost stepped over me with a conventional excuse in pure Latin-American Spanish, left without even saying goodbye or at least thanking me for all I had done to make our night together a happy one, and disappeared into the new day's sun shining in the Amazon jungle of New York.

—Translated from the Spanish by Edith Grossman



"If sex is dirty and disgusting, why should I save it for someone I love?"

 (continued from page 68)

"More money is spent each year promoting the sale of drugs than on research and development combined."

normal. Often a doctor will order Simpson to assist in a $5000 catheterization to study a condition, rather than prescribe any number of inexpensive, uncomplicated stress tests. Simpson and his colleagues have their own interpretation for this phenomenon: "We say the doctor needs to make a car payment. A lot of their decisions are suspect."

Nothing is more suspect than doctors who prescribe expensive surgical procedures for dying patients. Yet the practice is common. One in every seven American health care dollars is spent in the final six months of a patient's life.

Simpson remembers a surgeon at his hospital who ordered a gallstone operation for a comatose patient with terminal cancer who had only six weeks to live. The doctor on duty refused to participate in the operation. "He said it was a crime to perform the surgery and that we should let the poor woman die," Simpson recalls. "So the doctor operated himself and forced a surgical resident who couldn't refuse to assist him."

Cardiovascular surgeons are rewarded with incomes averaging more than $500,000 a year—five times as much as general practitioners earn. Heart disease generates $75 billion a year in business for hospitals and nursing homes. A cardiac catheterization returns a 70 percent profit for most hospitals, compared with only 4 percent for general operations. Bypass surgery, at $30,000 a procedure, is the next largest profit generator, netting a 40 percent margin—ten times the average.

With such money to be made, it's no wonder that the number of catheterization and other heart procedures performed in America nearly tripled between 1980 and 1988. We now have twice as many bypass operations as Canada, and five times as many as France. Still, Americans are 20 percent more likely to die of heart disease than Canadians.

Are all these expensive procedures necessary? In a compelling case study by Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston, researchers persuaded 60 out of 88 patients whose specialist doctors had recommended bypass surgery not to have the operation. During a two-year follow-up period, there was no difference in the number of heart attacks among those who had the surgery and those who did not.

Sometimes unnecessary surgery results in fatal consequences. In 1985—in the spirit of Reagan-era deregulation—the state of Arizona withdrew its authority to limit the introduction of open-heart surgery programs. In response, seven Phoenix hospitals quickly opened such departments, joining four established hospitals with existing programs. The principle was that the resulting competition would increase quality and decrease prices. Instead, the average cost of heart surgery rose 50 percent in one year, while the local death rate from the surgeries grew 35 percent.

Surgeons aren't the only players cashing in. The head of Sloan-Kettering, the famous "nonprofit" cancer hospital in New York, makes more than $1 million a year in total compensation. The president of New York Hospital earned nearly $900,000 in 1990—as well as a generous apartment allowance. In 1990 the chief executive officer of Maryland Blue Cross and Blue Shield, which was nearly insolvent, netted $600,000. The company was also charged $75,000 for a skybox at Baltimore Orioles games, as well as for tickets to the Barcelona Olympics.

Pharmaceutical companies also add unnecessary billions to the nation's health care bill. Since 1980, drug prices have risen at nearly six times the rate of producer prices for other goods. The most profitable industry in America justifies its outrageous prices with the claim that billions are needed to research new drugs. Yet more money is spent each year promoting the sale of drugs than on research and development combined. Meanwhile, the government's cost for a standard set of child vaccines rose from $7 in 1982 to $129 in 1992. And American-manufactured drugs are 50 percent cheaper in Europe than they are in the U.S.

In 1991 American hospital profits increased 23 percent to more than $10 billion. That figure outranks the combined profits of every publicly traded movie studio, record label and broadcasting, cable, advertising and publishing company in the nation.

Because the insurers and government agencies generally pay for care, hospitals do not compete to keep costs down. One national study found that costs per admission for hospitals with nine or more competitors within a 15-mile radius were 26 percent higher than those without such competition. Instead, hospitals use newer, more expensive technology to woo patients. The patients, in turn, don't check prices because someone else pays their bills.

As a result, even if common sense suggests that a community requires only a single cardiac-care center or magnetic-resonance-imaging machine, every hospital hungry for high-priced business will attempt to offer the services. It is as if a technological arms race is thriving among hospitals. Expensive diagnostic-imaging equipment, not surprisingly, tends to create its own demand: A University of Arizona study of 65,000 patients found that doctors who had such equipment in their offices ordered four times as many imaging exams as doctors who referred patients elsewhere for the tests. In spite of last year's recession, hospitals increased spending on new equipment by 15 percent. Small wonder that profits in the $23 billion-a-year medical-equipment industry rose an estimated 25 percent in 1992.

When patients are in the hospital, every clipboard-toting specialist who glances at their charts earns $100 or more per bedside pilgrimage. This is one reason the average physician's real income rose 44 percent between 1983 and 1991—more than any other profession in the country. A supervising doctor has the power to assign as many "consulting" urologists, neurologists, cardiologists or other specialists as he or she likes. "It's a one-hand-washes-the-other sort of thing," nurse Frank Simpson says. "Five specialists are called in to consult on something that I can easily identify and that any internist can certainly understand."

Sandra Green (not her real name), an employee of a hospital in Philadelphia, says her institution works hard to cash in on its new physical-rehabilitation ward. Insurers and Medicare will cover only a designated number of hospital days for any illness. But because many policies will also pay for related physical therapy, Green says that orthopedists scour the wards looking for patients whose insurance will pay for physical rehabilitation. "In seventy-five percent of the cases," says Green, "the ward is getting patients who could otherwise go home."

In Florida, where more than 40 percent of doctors own interests in laboratories or treatment facilities, a study found that the doctors' labs performed twice as many tests per patient as independent labs. The enormous profits in lab testing were revealed last December when California's National Health Laboratories Inc. agreed to refund to the federal government the money it had pocketed through a fraudulent claims scheme. The amount of the settlement was $111 million.

GUIDELINES FOR THE DEBATE ABOUT REFORM

Under the direction of Hillary Rodham Clinton, the health care task force has worked on a plan for reform that has sparked intense debate. The Clinton administration's plan for change is based on managed competition, a system that has never been tested on a broad scale. The competition in question would take

place among the same giant insurance companies that now dominate the industry. Allowing insurance companies greater economic management of each individual's health care will, according to the theory, reduce health care costs.

Employers and individuals would no longer buy coverage directly from insurance companies. They would instead be organized into large health plan purchasing cooperatives (called health alliances), each representing more than a million consumers in a particular region. Meanwhile, the providers of health care—labs, clinics, hospitals and doctors—would also be organized into partnerships. The health alliances would then negotiate with the provider partnerships. Each partnership would compete for the alliances' business by offering a variety of prepriced care packages offered through insurance companies.

A national health board would set minimum basic standards for all insurance plans. For example, it would become illegal to exclude people with preexisting conditions or to cancel policies for those who develop expensive illnesses.

The provider partnerships would offer several health insurance plans on a flat-fee basis. The lowest-cost plans would provide only basic medical services, such as hospitalization and visits to health clinics. (Through a variety of taxes, those currently uninsured would be given federal vouchers to purchase such basic minimum plans.) Higher-priced plans would offer more benefits, such as dental care, mental health care, private hospital rooms and higher-paid doctors.

Federal malpractice reform legislation will probably be attached to any health care bill. This is likely to cut unnecessary tests and procedures ordered by doctors who are afraid of being sued.

The provider partnerships would, in theory, take the lead role in keeping down costs in order to compete with one another to offer the lowest-priced plans. They would do this by managing each patient's care, much in the manner of today's health maintenance organizations. By putting doctors on salary (not a popular notion among higher-paid specialists) and by closely examining all expensive care, the partnerships would save money by reducing what they deemed to be unnecessary tests and operations.

These partnerships would essentially be run by insurance companies that could dictate which operations and tests a patient would receive. Patients would probably have to pay extra if they chose to visit a doctor or hospital that did not belong to their provider partnership.

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The Clinton plan is under attack from two opposing schools of thought. The first advocates a system of national health insurance. Supporters of a Canadian-style "single payer" system, including Congressman Henry Waxman and Senator Paul Wellstone, believe that the government should eliminate insurance companies altogether. They note that private insurance has been around for a hundred years, and where has it gotten us? If it isn't competitive now, it will never be.

Single-payer advocates want the government to provide national health insurance to all citizens. Like Social Security, the system would be financed through a mandatory payroll tax paid by employers and employees. The government would not run hospitals and doctors' offices, which would amount to socialized medicine. Instead, citizens would be free to choose from a marketplace of doctors and hospitals that would be paid by the single-payer health insurer—the federal government.

Backers of a single-payer plan are unhappy that Clinton's plan deliberately encourages various levels of health care, reserving access to higher-quality care for those who can pay more. They prefer national health insurance, which would provide the same quality of basic health care to all citizens. It would redistribute privilege from our current system—in which care is rationed on the basis of ability to pay—to one in which care is rationed on a patient's health needs. Perpetuation of our current multitiered system, these critics say, will inevitably result in private insurers' providing substandard service to the poor.

Single-payer advocates further believe that Americans would rather entrust their health insurance to the government than to private insurers. "[Clinton's plan] is the ultimate expression of corporate health care," warns Tim Takaro, an internist who practices at primary care clinics in Portland, Oregon. "The insurance company's interest is in making money—not in controlling health costs or providing the best care."

A member of Hillary Rodham Clinton's reform team disagrees. "Americans have more of a natural distrust of the government than Canadians do," she maintains, adding that the public is unlikely to tolerate the transfer of more than $500 billion in private-sector resources (the amount now spent on health care by private insurance and out-of-pocket payments) into a public-sector national health insurance program. "We just don't have that kind of faith," she says.

Clinton's plan may not be able to control costs. In the past decade, in which managed care has expanded to cover nearly half of all Americans, the nation experienced its largest increase in health care costs. Part of the reason for this is the enormous administrative expense of both managed care and private insurance bureaucracies. American hospitals are crammed with administrative nurses

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arguing on the phone with thousands of insurance company administrators, whose job it is to dispute many of the 4 billion health claims processed annually. Hundreds of thousands more health workers speak to these insurance administrators on behalf of doctors defending their bills.

This intense scrutiny of medical procedures comes from an attempt to restrain the excesses of for-profit medicine. But the cure has become as bad as the problem. The number of health care administrators in this country increased almost sixfold between 1970 and 1989, while the number of physicians and clinical personnel merely doubled.

Supporters of a single-payer system note that Clinton's plan will sustain such bureaucratic excesses and even create new administrative boondoggles among the large health alliances.

Some critics are fearful that a single-payer system would underfund hospitals and result in waiting periods for elective surgery. But national health insurance can be administratively efficient. A 300-bed hospital in Bellingham, Washington employs 42 billing clerks, while a same-size hospital a few miles north in Vancouver, British Columbia requires just one billing clerk. Even more compelling: Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Massachusetts employs more administrators for its 2.5 million policyholders than does the Canadian government, which provides health insurance for 26 million citizens.

From the opposite end of the spectrum, conservative critics such as Dr. Merrill Matthews, Jr.—health policy director at the National Center for Policy Analysis—believe that Clinton's plan will only make matters worse. Matthews suggests that any attempt to impose a mandated care package for all Americans would cost countless billions, which would be borne by younger, healthier consumers. If the government provided insurance to everyone who lacked it, says Matthews, there would be no incentive for small-business owners and the self-employed to purchase their own insurance. Instead, they would voluntarily become uninsured so as to be eligible for government handouts.

Conservatives believe that consumers allow themselves to be ripped off because third parties generally pay for health care. "Ultimately we're going to hold costs down by giving consumers control over their own money and allowing them to make the choices," says Matthews. His group endorses a medical savings account system that provides incentives each year to policyholders who spend less than a specified amount on health care. That result is achieved by patients' becoming shrewder consumers, staying healthier and simply seeing their doctors less often—an approach that discourages preventive checkups.

This "survival of the healthiest" approach stands little chance of appeasing the public's outcry for real reform. It operates on the premise that people who are well should not have to pool their insurance premiums with those who are old, sick or disabled. The economic fear of becoming sick is already driving the public demand for change—without additional free-market penalties. Studies show that as many as 75 percent of Americans are willing to pay higher taxes to incorporate the uninsured in a universal health care plan.

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The most important objective of public officials—in the White House and in Congress—should be to correct the current system. Yet all too often the debate in Washington smacks of tinkering, of working around the edges. The change that must be made should be as pervasive as the illogic and inequity that poison the current system. If the problem is ever to be solved, it must be discussed in its full political context.

The Clinton plan is an earnest attempt to improve the state of health care in America, but it doesn't go far enough. With $940 billion and thousands of jobs at stake, there may be no way it can do all it needs to in the timetable of the Clinton administration. As the debate roars on, more concessions will be made to appease the noisiest interests: lobbyists for insurance companies, doctors, hospitals, medical equipment firms, pharmaceutical manufacturers and other health industry groups. To the extent that he yields to these demands, the costs of Clinton's plan will mount.

So, in turn, might the profitability of those groups. In 1991 the five largest publicly traded managed-care companies saw annual profits rise 87 percent. The Clinton plan intends eventually to provide currently uninsured citizens with as much as $50 billion worth of new private insurance policies annually. The power to manage care may carry with it the power to dictate profits.

In the transition of health care reform, the public should have the most to gain from changing the status quo. Unfortunately, as better-represented interests strive to find new ways to cash in on health care, they sabotage reform. And they will succeed unless the nation—that is, each of us—refuses to let them.

"A single-payer system benefits the individual, which is why most major consumer groups support it."

why the system has been dubbed single payer.

A single-payer system benefits the individual, which is why most major economically disinterested consumer groups in the nation support it—including Citizen Action, the Consumer's Union and the Consumer Federation of America.

Where will the money come from? The best way to begin to answer that question is to examine where the money comes from now. Under the current system, employers, employees and private citizens pay health insurance premiums, out-of-pocket payments and federal Medicaid and Medicare taxes. Under the new system, those outlays would be discontinued and replaced with a payroll tax. Just as they do with Social Security, both employers and employees would pay the new tax. With proper management the single-payer system should not cost more than what is currently paid out for health care.

The new system may sound like an expanded Medicaid-Medicare system—with all its incumbent problems—but those problems stem from Medicaid-Medicare's role as the insurer of last resort. Our current system forces federally funded programs to take on only the oldest, poorest and unhealthiest citizens.

There must be other innovations as well. The new authority might greatly expand investment in medical school loans and scholarships. The recipients would pay off the loans by working for a specified time in areas—such as urban ghettos—where the current system has tolerated widespread health problems. Even now, many leading physicians want drastic reforms in medical training and realize that the entire medical profession must take part in the changes affecting all other parts of American life in the Nineties. Now, medical school costs so much that most graduates, whatever their motives for entering medicine may have been, are virtually compelled to choose high-paying specialties.

Like other proposed solutions to the health care mess, our plan has its problems. For example, it necessitates potentially controversial changes in the way health care is delivered and paid for. A single-payer system can be cost-effective only by fixing hospital budgets, capping doctors' rates and controlling patients' access to elaborate medical care and certain elective surgeries. Although our plan would ensure coverage for all citizens, there would inevitably be waits for some kinds of nonemergency care. For Americans who are fully insured under our current system and have virtually unlimited access to care, there will be adjustments. Still, our plan is a rational way to distribute health care to all citizens while keeping costs down.

One way or another, the medical-industrial complex must be reorganized. A recent report by the General Accounting Office, which has acknowledged the enormity of this task, points out that a single-payer system would replace the huge administrative bureaucracies that now must examine claims submitted by millions of Americans who have insurance. Now, employers, employees and private citizens pay for all that red tape. The GAO estimates that nearly $70 billion could be saved every year by using the single-payer system.

The Clinton administration deserves credit for putting the health care crisis at the forefront of the national agenda. The Clinton plan will probably extend health insurance to millions who do not have it. But no matter how the debate shapes and changes the plan's details in the months ahead, it will never be the answer because it gives large insurance companies even more power over health care. If the major insurance companies continue to dominate the health field, the crucial decisions about health care will inevitably be made by administrators whose first responsibility is to help their employers make more money. It will also guarantee differences in quality of care, depending on how much money a person or employer pays for an insurance package. Underfunded, inhumane care for the poor will continue and our urban emergency rooms will remain the atrocious messes they are today. Inevitably, only by restructuring the system to serve the public need will we be able to solve the health care crisis.

"I must admit—this job would embarrass me to tears if I were a real cowpoke."

DEDUCTIBLE *(continued from page 70)*

"It costs a lot to feed bureaucracies, which are to American society what ticks are to dogs."

which posits that new government bureaucracies can untangle the existing health bureaucracy. The authors call, instead, for a world in which patients, empowered for the first time in decades to make choices, take control of their own health care.

To pack their argument into a nutshell—where it doesn't belong—Goodman and Musgrave believe that the marketplace for medical services should operate the way other marketplaces do: The self-interest of buyers causes providers to offer the highest quality for the lowest cost. (In the main part of this PLAYBOY package on health care reform, the plan is disparagingly called "survival of the healthiest." Hey, I'm for survival. You can't fight evolution, baby.) To achieve this, they would transfer the power in the system—currently hogged by the insurers and the government—to the patients in the form of their health care payments.

In any transaction, sellers respond to the needs of the buyer. If the buyer is the government, the government's needs are met. If the buyer is an insurance company, the insurance company's needs are met. If the buyer is the patient, the patient's needs are met. By putting the transaction back in the hands of the patient, and by providing tax and other incentives to make sure people save for future health care purchases, the authors believe that the system will reform itself, lobbyists be damned.

If you are worried that patient power will come out of your paycheck and wallet, think again. There are incredible amounts of dough flying through this system, but you see hardly any of it. That's by design, of course. It costs a lot to feed bureaucracies, which are to American society what ticks are to dogs. The system now operates to fatten these parasites on cash, and it's cash that doesn't do a damn thing to make you feel healthier. Make the system more efficient—i.e., squish the ticks and put the money back in your pocket for you to use as you see fit—and the funding is there to make you healthier and wealthier.

The argument presented in *Patient Power* (get the book from the Cato Institute in Washington, D.C.; I really can't do it justice here) is so persuasive that it made my imagination wander a bit. Imagine the doctors' death grip on simple diagnosis and prescription being broken, with these responsibilities taken on by plentiful, inexpensive diagnostic nurses and doctors' aides. Imagine insurance companies returning to their original and useful role: spreading risk for truly catastrophic health emergencies. Imagine the dinosaurs of inefficient medicine—including that MRI team and the doctor who sent me to it—being replaced by fast-on-their-feet practitioners who concentrate on personal service and reasonable cost, not out of the goodness of their hearts but because they must do so to keep my business. In place of the legions of specialists whose piecework mentality rings up outrageous medical fees, imagine a prosperous tribe of general practitioners who pride themselves on treating the whole patient.

This is the part I like best: Doctors who live by machines should also die by them. Those who live by caring for and healing people—and that includes talking them out of horrific tests and pointless therapies—should be rewarded.

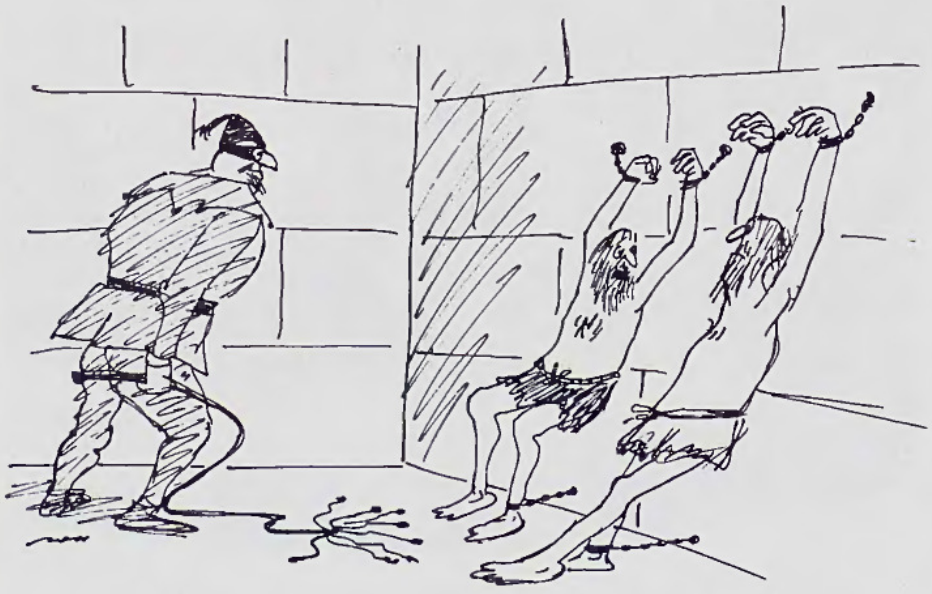
Maybe you are thinking, "Patient power is fine for him, he has money to pay for it. What about the poor?" A good question. There's a solution here, but first we'll have to deal with another problem I've helped cause: rich people hogging all the health dollars. The fact is, I'm overinsured. You probably are, too. Goodman and Musgrave point out that a huge number of Americans—one estimate puts the number at about 100 million—carry policies that are, in effect, prepayment for an unlimited list of outré health therapies that few people really need or want.

This sort of prepayment is the equivalent of going prix fixe to a five-star restaurant that has a 1000-page menu. By curtailing the choices, the cost can be contained as well. When you rein in the outlandish number of choices, and then rein in prepayments for those who can afford but don't need them, you might liberate a pile of cash for those uninsured who never got to see the menu in the first place.

Specific policy suggestions aside, one of the most appealing things about the Goodman–Musgrave school of health care reform is that it acknowledges a profound truth about current history: We, the people who share this planet, are moving away from collective forms of organizing societies—i.e., socialism—and toward individualist, democratic forms. Remember, if government is the buyer, government will be served. How ironic it would be if, at the very moment when individual freedom of choice is sweeping the world, the republic that started it all tried to solve its biggest problem by embracing what could become the world's biggest bureaucracy.

What about Canada? you hear people ask. Promoters of Big Health often cite our neighbors to the north and the excellence of their single-payer system, whereby the government pays all health bills and reduces costs and rations health care efficiently. To them I say: Canada, shmanada. The entire country—26 million souls—could fit on the pinkie toenail of the U.S. health giant.

And a giant it is. As the Lilliputians learned, to subdue something very large, you simply wait till it sleeps, then swarm over the inert body and restrain it. Each of us, acting to ensure our best interests, can conquer Gulliver. But first we have to knock him out. Bring on the anesthesiologist. It's time for major surgery.



"This isn't at all like my horoscope for today."

 (continued from page 78)

"'Some of the worst killers are pillars of the community. One was a churchman, another was an ex-cop.'"

The BSU agents interviewed hundreds of killers, their families and surviving victims. They read police files, collated and computerized the gore and analyzed every killer with an eye for common personality traits. The BSU can now take a few crime-scene details—the way a victim was tortured, or how the killer cleaned up after himself—and roughly predict a perpetrator's race, age, income and sexual history, even the condition of his car and how fast he drives.

Special Agent Roy Hazelwood has been studying serial rapists and killers at the FBI since well before the BSU came into existence. A clean-shaven, spry Texan who keeps a Bible standing on his desk, Hazelwood probably ranks as the world's leading authority on a deviant group of killers known as sexual sadists—22 of whom, he told me, killed 187 people, more than "your big names like Bundy and Gacy."

Hazelwood and I met in the claustrophobic privacy of his underground office at the BSU, 50 feet below the rural grounds of the FBI's Quantico, Virginia compound. As muffled gunshots from an indoor range thudded in the background, Hazelwood laid out some of the horrors he contemplates for a living.

To illustrate his tales, he opened stacks of file drawers crammed with photos, drawings and journals, revealing a burn-scarred woman in tears, a dismembered torso, details about the effects of injecting caustic substances into human beings, drawings of bound and naked women covered with bleeding wounds. A shelf of suspiciously unmarked videotapes filled a wall behind him.

One of Hazelwood's subjects tortured a prostitute for 43 days before allowing his victim to die. Another killer calmly explained to his victims: "First I'm going to torture you in the most horrible and painful manner I can think of. Then I'm going to abuse you sexually in the most degrading way I possibly can think of. Then I'll kill you in the slowest and most painful way I can conceive." After a pause, the killer asked, "Do you have any questions?"

Before going to the BSU, I had considered brutal murder familiar turf. During the Eighties I worked as an assistant D.A. in Manhattan. I spent one year prosecuting cases against the dangerously mentally ill. We put away hackers and even killers who ate body parts. I had just published *Death Benefit*, a book delving into the life and crimes of a female killer whose last victim was pushed off a cliff at Big Sur. But Hazelwood's criminals were in a league of their own—in comparison, shy Chicago boy William Heirens seems a rank beginner.

Hazelwood moved excitedly around the room, pulling out arcane pieces of evidence: "Read this. It's a slave contract. The woman's been brainwashed into selling herself to a sadist for one dollar. This here's a collection of detective magazines—see how the guy has a fascination with hanging. And this drawing? The woman's tied up and she's thinking, Am I going to die?" He then added pensively, "These people are the crème de la crème, the ultimate challenge to society and law enforcement."

Hazelwood knew each perpetrator intimately, thanks largely to the fact that most sexual sadists are recorders. The macabre library of videos, Polaroids, drawings, letters, scripts and diaries, he explained, wasn't a collection of on-site police reports and photos. These were the murderers' souvenirs, their totems.

After an hour or so, I went to the heart of the matter and asked what forces might mold someone into a sexually vicious killer. Hazelwood's sudden loss of humor made me feel as if I had uttered a law-enforcement faux pas.

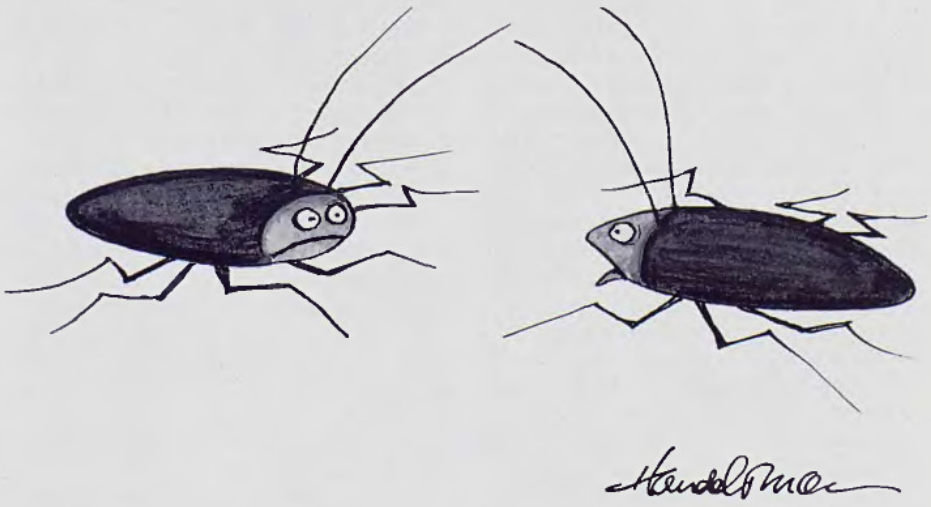
"We're not interested in causes, and we're not interested in cures," he answered. "We're interested in identification, apprehension, incarceration and prosecution. I'm interested in what I can learn from them or from their wives or girlfriends that can help me more quickly identify them. Let somebody else figure out why."

In all, the BSU experts left me less than satisfied. Hazelwood's cases remained burned into my memory, but the FBI agenda—"identification, apprehension, incarceration and prosecution"—gave him and his colleagues little incentive to look into my central question: why the proliferation of American serial killers?

For the next few weeks I plowed through books and articles. I called more experts, people I had known while prosecuting cases in New York. Gradually, some answers emerged. In the killers' profiles I began to see the outlines of a social portrait—one that could account for why America has fostered a greater number of sexually homicidal citizens than any other nation in the world.

Most killers come from an entirely different milieu than the young, black and Hispanic burglars, robbers and dope dealers who populate criminal courts around the country. The vast majority of serial killers are middle- to lower-class white males. (If a suspect is black, one FBI veteran told me, he or she probably was raised in a white environment.) They range in age from their mid-20s to mid-30s. The great majority have low self-esteem. In fact, many multiple murderers end up committing suicide well before they are tracked down.

Serial killing also turns out to be an immensely sexual process. This seemed obvious enough in retrospect, yet I had never heard the connection made explicitly. To a one, these men nurture a sexually charged, homicidal fantasy for years before emerging with their first killing. The fantasy usually ends with a victim's death, but it takes years before a killer can overcome his inhibitions and fully enact his private horror. Killers thus begin with petty crimes, only



"You mean we never change into butterflies? We have to remain cockroaches?"

flirting with their deepest sexual impulses. Eventually, however, the fantasy becomes so compelling that it overtakes all inhibition. Yet, when they're not murdering in a hallucinatory daze, these murderers appear as anything but raving lunatics. Most hold down a steady job, own a car and keep up a surface appearance of normalcy—the very traits that lure unsuspecting victims. A large number of killers are even married, leading the darkest of double lives. They seem to bear out Hannah Arendt's immortal observation about the banality of evil. "Some of the worst killers are pillars of the community," Hazelwood had told me. "One was a churchman, another worked as a high-level executive for a Midwest chain. One guy was an ex-cop."

In psychiatric parlance, most serial killers are sociopaths, individuals devoid of empathy for their victims. The bodies they leave behind—maimed, beaten, destroyed—are just a means to enact their fantasies, inspiring no more sympathy in their minds than a Kewpie doll.

But why do these sexually violent fantasies arise? One telling clue—the why rather than the who—seems to be childhood abuse, often sexual abuse. It ranges from Mrs. Heirens' admonition that "Sex is dirty" to brutal beatings. But like the obsessive fantasy life, it always turns up, hidden in killers' hearts like a scarlet "A" for abuse.

One serial killer, Joseph Kallinger, cut off the penis of a young victim. A psychiatrist discovered that Kallinger was mercilessly misused as a child by an adoptive mother. To punish the boy for stealing, she forced Joseph to hold his hand over an open flame without crying. When young Joseph returned from the hospital after a hernia operation, his adoptive mother told him, "The doctor fixed your little bird." Kallinger confessed that the moment he killed his own 14-year-old son—his last victim—he achieved orgasm.

William Heirens was a few years younger than the norm, but the rest of the profile fits him to a tee. His sexually repressive family life seemed in part responsible for Heirens' troubled sexuality. When he was in his teens, Heirens was making out with a girlfriend. Suddenly and inexplicably, he burst into tears. Then he vomited. It wasn't long before he was breaking into women's apartments and masturbating into their underwear. Meanwhile, his fantasy life grew increasingly bizarre: Heirens secretly cross-dressed and masturbated to a collection of Nazi photos. It seemed almost inevitable that Heirens would move on to killing.

The connection between sexual identity distorted in youth and serial murder turns up again and again. Charles Manson, Ottis E. Toole and Henry Lee Lucas all were forced to attend their first days of school dressed as little girls. Gerard Schaefer was an ex-police officer who kidnapped, raped and dismembered a series of young women. He was described by psychologist Joel Norris as "a man who was abused by and afraid of women, a hyperreligious individual who belonged to a cultlike Christian sect in which a strict, literal adherence to the Bible was the major precept."

Torn between deep-seated fears and simultaneous resentments of their own sexuality, it is hardly surprising that these killers can gratify their sexual needs only in "safe" circumstances. Norris is convinced that because serial killers "themselves are afraid of the sex they want to engage in, they have sex with their victims only after they are bound, unconscious or dead. Most lust killers can't confront the act of sex with a live, functioning person." A dead body, obviously, poses no threats. Even Ted Bundy—a handsome, intelligent one-time law student who carried on liaisons with women and wrote a rape crisis manual—committed necrophilia.

Sexual repression—itself just one more form of childhood abuse—seems also to contribute to the immense anger that boils inside many serial murderers. Robert Ressler, one of the BSU's founders, studied the psyches of so-called organized killers, those who carefully plan and enact their murders. He found that "most if not all of the organized killers have tremendous anger toward women, often expressed in the belief that a certain female is not 'woman enough' to 'turn him on.'"

Hazelwood's sadists also killed out of anger—but with a deviously peculiar logic. According to Hazelwood, sadists believe that all women are "sluts and bitches" who deserve torture. They kidnap ostensibly nice women, then force them to perform all manner of unspeakable acts. Once the sadist sees these women comply with his deviant demands, he recognizes that this "nice" girl is no less a whore than all other women. Thus she, too, deserves to die.

But with the sadist—as opposed to other types of serial killers—power becomes paramount. One of Hazelwood's sadists wrote the telling lines: "The wish to inflict pain on others is not the essence of sadism. One essential impulse: to have complete mastery over another person, to make him/her a helpless object of our will, to become the absolute ruler over her, to become her God. The most important radical aim is to make her suffer since there is no greater power over another person than that of inflicting pain on her." Having freed himself from thralldom to the women or men he despises, the killer achieves what is for him the ultimate turn-on.

Whether sadistic, organized or disorganized, serial killing comes down to sex and power. Male heterosexual killers attack females; male homosexual killers—like John Wayne Gacy, Jr.—attack males. One of the few documented female serial killers, the prostitute Aileen Wuornos, attacked her male clients. In every case, murder serves as the ultimate form of sexual revenge. And in every killer's mind, power, anger, repression, frustration, killing and sex are inextricably bound.

This bloody mixture lies at the heart of most serial killers' long-nurtured fantasies—and it mirrors something pervasive in American society. After all, in a sense, we *raised* these killers.

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It is practically axiomatic that the white American middle class nurses a double standard about sex. Sex is used to sell beer, cars and movies. But frank acceptance of active, healthy sexual relationships remains taboo. Parents continue to inculcate their children with notions of "nice" girls who don't pursue sex, and "sluts" who seek it out. Holding true to our puritan heritage, Americans learn that even healthy sexual fantasies are "dirty thoughts" best kept to themselves. Rather than permit the sale of condoms at high schools or their advertisement on television, parents tolerate almost 1 million pregnant teens every year. To this repressive sensibility, pregnancy serves as fitting punishment for illicit sex. While American men desire the tempting bodies on TV and billboards, society simultaneously condemns such urges as morally bad. Given such an irreconcilable double standard, it seems inevitable that many should come to resent (and in extreme cases, despise) the stimulating women or men who are blamed for their downfall. In subtler forms, this moral tension may express itself as sexual harassment; in the worst instances, it becomes a sexually sadistic need to seek revenge on "sluts and whores."

Yet, for reasons one can only speculate about, American criminologists and psychiatrists seem to ignore the connection between sexual repression and serial murder. The only direct reference to this nexus that I could find appeared in a British text on serial murder by Colin Wilson and Donald Seaman. Examining the causes of the "age of the sex crime" in America, the two scholars contend that one source is "the 19th century attitude to sex, the kind of prudery that made Victorian housewives conceal table legs with a tablecloth in case the mere thought of legs would cause young ladies to blush."

The connection between repression and murder has long been expressed in popular culture. Witness Norman Bates, the killer in Hitchcock's *Psycho*, who was modeled after serial murderer Ed Gein. (Gein also inspired Thomas Harris' Buffalo Bill character in *The Silence of the*

Terrors of the Twisted

Few of the men below made the same cult of celebrity as Jeffrey Dahmer, Ted Bundy and John Wayne Gacy. To a man, however, their killing sprees were triggered by childhood abuse.

KILLER	VITA	VICTIMS	METHOD	STRANGER THAN FICTION
William Heirens Three life sentences, Vienna, Ill.	Born in 1928 in an affluent Chicago suburb and attended University of Chicago briefly. At puberty his mother told him sex was dirty and warned him against touching anyone. Later collected weapons and pictures of Hitler, wore women's undergarments and sought sexual release through burglary.	Convicted of three murders committed between June 1945 and January 1946.	Heirens attacked, with a knife or gun, women who were at home during his fetish burglaries. He remained on the scene after the murders, playing with victims' undergarments and masturbating.	On the wall of one of his victims, Heirens wrote in lipstick, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE CATCH ME BEFORE I KILL MORE. I CANNOT CONTROL MYSELF. Once apprehended, he blamed his crimes on an alter ego, George Murman, short for Murder Man.
Ed Gein Died in a Wisconsin mental hospital, 1984	Born in 1906, Gein had a domineering mother who was devoutly religious and preached the evils of premarital sex. When she died in 1945, Gein began robbing graves. He mounted skulls on bedposts, made mobiles and belts from body parts and fashioned lamp shades, chairs and wastebaskets from skin.	Confessed to two murders committed between 1954 and 1957. Suspect in more. Robbed graves.	Known victims were women in their 50s, whom he shot and mutilated. One was found decapitated and disemboweled. Her head and organs were later discovered in Gein's house.	Gein is the only serial killer included here who was found innocent by reason of insanity. He was also the inspiration for the Norman Bates character in "Psycho" and Buffalo Bill in "Silence of the Lambs."
Henry Lee Lucas Death row, Huntsville, Tex.	Born in Virginia in 1936 to a prostitute mother who beat him, forced him to watch her with customers and made him wear a dress for his first day of school. Introduced to bestiality by one of his mother's lovers. Killed for the first time at 15 and, several years later, added his mother to the list.	Suspected of between 100 and 500 murders committed from 1951 to 1983. Convicted of nine.	With the exception of his mother and later his girlfriend (whom he stabbed to death for slapping him), Lucas killed at random, using a variety of weapons.	After being released from prison for his mother's murder, Lucas teamed with serial killer Ottis Toole (below), who introduced him to satanism. Lucas was a member of a religious cult and practiced necrophilia.
Ottis Toole Life imprisonment, Starke, Fla.	Born in 1947, Toole was raised by a Bible-quoting mother who dressed him in skirts and frilly undergarments because she had hoped for a daughter. His grandmother called him "the devil's child," a term of endearment as she was a satanist. Began killing when he turned 14.	Suspected of as many as 100 murders committed between 1961 and 1984. Convicted of three.	Traveling throughout the country, Toole chose his victims at random, using whatever weapon was at hand. Used some victims during satanic rituals and admitted to cannibalism.	Went into partnership with Lucas. Toole allegedly introduced Lucas to a satanic cult that cranked out snuff films. Also was a suspect in the murder of six-year-old Adam Walsh, whose father, John, hosts Fox's "America's Most Wanted."
Kenneth Bianchi Life imprisonment, Walla Walla, Wash.	Born in 1951 to a prostitute in Rochester, New York, Bianchi was given up for adoption as an infant. Liked macho posturing, including boasting to a girlfriend that he had murdered a man. Moved to Los Angeles to live with his cousin. Together, the two began killing.	Convicted of seven murders committed between 1970 and 1979. Suspect in more.	Dubbed the Hillside Strangler, he impersonated a policeman and stopped female motorists. Raped and tortured them before killing by suffocation. One prospective victim who managed to escape was the daughter of actor Peter Lorre.	While in prison for murder, Bianchi corresponded with Veronica Compton, a writer who shared his interest in the macabre. To get Bianchi off the hook, Compton agreed to strangle a woman and leave Bianchi's sperm at the scene, thus attempting to throw the police off track. The plot failed. Compton went to prison and later escaped and is still at large.
Joseph Kallinger 30 to 80 years, Cresson, Pa.	Born in Philadelphia in 1936, Kallinger was adopted by Austrian immigrants who flogged him with a cat-o'-nine-tails, beat him with a hammer and threatened to castrate him. At eight, he was sexually abused at knife point by older boys and later enjoyed masturbating while clenching a knife in his fist.	Convicted of one murder committed in 1975. Suspected of more.	Tortured, mutilated and murdered young boys—including one of his own sons—before turning to random killing.	Kallinger's killing spree was prompted by a hallucination in which God told him to murder. Even after he was incarcerated, Kallinger expressed a continuing desire to slaughter every person on earth.
Gerald Gallego, Jr. Death row, Ely, Nev.	Born in 1946, Gallego was the son of the first man to die in Mississippi's gas chamber. Like his father, Gallego was in and out of trouble with the law, including serving time when he was 13 for having sex with a six-year-old girl.	Convicted of four murders committed between 1978 and 1980.	Targeted females ranging in age from 13 to 34. They were abducted, molested, bound and beaten to death with blunt instruments. One was found to have been buried alive.	Gallego told his seventh and last wife, Charlene, that he wanted to build a secret hideaway where he would keep sex slaves. Charlene, who was an accomplice in at least one murder, ended up testifying against her husband in return for a reduced sentence.
Robert Joseph Long Death row, Raiford, Fla.	Born in 1953 with a genetic disorder that caused unnaturally large breasts, Long had a mother who exacerbated his gender confusion by sleeping with him until he was 13. At that point, he met the girl he would later marry and shared his bed with both women.	Raped 50 women, killing nine of them, from 1980 to 1984.	Found "respectable" rape victims by answering newspaper classified ads, then bound and sexually assaulted them at knife point. Murdered only prostitutes or other "tramps," strangling, stabbing or shooting them to death.	A motorcycle accident put him in the hospital. Developed blinding headaches, violent fits and an obsession with sex. While still in a cast, he masturbated five times daily and had intercourse with his wife twice a day, but declared he needed more and set off on the path to serial murder.

Lambs. The real Gein makes fictional depictions seem tepid. Gein made lampshades and wastebaskets from human skin, ate out of human skulls, wore a belt of human nipples and made mobiles out of noses, lips and labia). Hitchcock's Bates carried on an internal dialogue between himself and his dead mother, who castigated him for his lust. Periodically, Norman's sexual conflict exploded into stabbing murders of attractive women who wandered into the Bates Motel.

Norman Bates may simplify how the American sexual zeitgeist plays into the killer mentality. But this puritanical attitude has continued to characterize vast segments of white, conservative, middle-class culture—the very culture that produces the Jeffrey Dahmers and David Berkowitzes. Still, why the sudden explosion in the number of killers? Prudery has been around for centuries, and sex killings have a long and well-documented history. Gilles de Rais and Jack the Ripper, infamous sex murderers, came from societies where premarital sex was considered truly damning to the reputation of decent women. These criminals, however, made the history books primarily because they were so rare.

Even lesser-known villains of the day created reigns of terror. In April 1790, Renwick Williams took to sneaking up behind well-to-do young women in London and slashing at their clothes with a knife. The worst injuries amounted to stab wounds, yet he threw the city into a state of terror. Posters offering rewards for Williams' capture were splashed over the city walls. At Williams' trial, the prosecution referred to the crime spree as "a scene that is so new in the annals of humanity, a scene so inexplicable, so unnatural, that one might have regarded it, out of respect for human nature, as impossible."

Measured by today's standards, Jack the Ripper ranks as a garden-variety killer for having disemboweled seven prostitutes. Renwick Williams is merely a petty offender. Indeed, 20th century America's sex predators have grown so numerous that each new killing spree barely raises eyebrows beyond the community at risk. Who, for example, has heard of Gerald Gallego, Jr., a Sacramento man who kidnapped pairs of young women and kept them as sex slaves in a makeshift hideaway before murdering them? Or Lawrence Bittaker and Roy Norris, who abducted young women and recorded long torture sessions before dispatching them? Or Christopher Wilder, Robert Joseph Long, Carlton Gary, Gerald Stano or any of the other Americans who account for thousands upon thousands of slayings? These killers simply fade into the American crowd.

Even in other modern nations where repression lingers, serial killers remain comparatively rare. Latin America fostered history's most prolific murderer, Pedro Alonzo Lopez, who killed more than 300 people in Colombia, Ecuador and Peru during the Seventies and Eighties. But he was an aberration. Taken together, other countries come nowhere near to producing the number of killers found in the U.S.

One explanation for this disparity again turns on American values. Victorian England and modern Latin America may both be sexually repressive, but they do not operate under the uniquely American sexual double standard.

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Of course, the ultimate cause of serial homicide cannot be attributed solely to any one factor, including conflicting American sexual mores. Even sexual libertines know that civilized society depends on a modicum of repression just to keep the social contract intact.

But other reasons for the national bloodbath suggest themselves readily enough. And here the serial-killer phenomenon turns the criminal spotlight from the black ghetto to white suburbia. The American killers' breeding ground is a lonely landscape of malls, single-family houses and apartment dwellers who maintain an almost paranoid insistence on privacy. American suburbia has evolved into a place through which people ride in the isolation of their cars and return to sit, docile, in front of television sets. Day to day, we encounter strangers more often than neighbors. The communal life of the European extended family, or a Latin American town, ensures that abusive parents or troubled children will be noticed. But in America, children can be subjected to the worst physical and psychological abuse from disturbed parents—who are themselves products of repression and frustration—and remain hidden until it is far too late. By the time one of these tortured individuals emerges into the world, he or she is an explosion waiting to be triggered.

American mainstream society, which demands tremendous social conformity, allows killers a ready camouflage. European men sit around tables discussing their private angst and anomie; their American counterparts keep subversive thoughts to themselves and stick to the weather and the sports page. In a real sense, Americans teach their killers to wear a mask of normalcy. And as BSU agents will tell you, a serial killer's continuing success largely depends on an ability to look like an average Joe. Repressed personalities who spout party lines fit right in.

Meanwhile, serial killers revel in the power they exercise not only over victims but also over authority figures such as the police. Denis Woychuk, a New York attorney who specializes in representing the mentally ill, told me this is a game killers have learned from popular culture. He notes that a number of serial killers he had studied adopted Oliver North haircuts after North's public appearances: "They knew North was in the military, and that was cool," Woychuk said. "They knew he had broken the law, and that was cool. And they knew he had gotten away with it, and that was the coolest. By taunting the police, they show that they're smarter than everybody else. And North was getting the babes, the money and the glory."

Perhaps most important among social factors may be America's long-standing celebration of lawless violence. Witness television censorship standards. A ten-year-old can watch someone being shot through the head almost any hour of the day, but he can't see a naked woman or man, other than on pay TV. For our official norm of entertainment, we have chosen brute force over good sex.

In such a culture, who should be surprised to find sexually repressed conformists acting out pent-up violent fantasies? Small wonder, too, that most killers come from poor backgrounds, adding a financial sense of worthlessness to their anger. In all respects, they know they have failed to live up to the wealthy, macho American ideal.

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Unanswered questions, of course, haunt anyone who tries to understand the serial-killer phenomenon. Are nonwhite cultures less conformist and less sexually repressed, or are blacks and Hispanics more readily suspected and nabbed after their first crime? Can potential killers be identified and helped with early intervention? Is some genetic predisposition at work, waiting to be triggered by a confluence of social forces?

Psychiatrists have started looking for clues to the serial-killer personality in the physical configuration of the brain itself. Epileptic seizures, hormonal imbalances, head injuries and even diet may contribute. But with the shocking disproportion of serial killings in the U.S., it takes an act of will to deny the enormous role that culture plays in turning the American dream into a nightmare.

Science must advance another few great leaps before we can repair a malformed brain. But our sexual and social mores—hangovers from the Victorian age—can be more readily recast.

Until the next sexual revolution, then, Roy Hazelwood and his BSU colleagues will keep tracking killers from their underground lab, and middle America will surely keep churning out demonic souvenirs for their files.

 (continued from page 108)

"Unlike her, he failed to express his concerns. His concerns became ulcers, heart attacks and alcohol abuse."

wife seemed more interested in the children, in shopping and in herself than in him. He felt criticized—instead of appreciated—for working late. His wife seemed to define communication as her expressing her negative feelings, but not him expressing his.

Turned off and unappreciated, he wondered, What am I getting from this marriage? Restaurants offer better food and give me a menu to choose from. Housekeepers don't ask for half my income. My secretary is more attractive, has more respect for me and is more in tune with my work. And besides, selling product X is hardly what I call an identity. Unlike her, though, he failed to express his concerns. His concerns became ulcers, heart attacks, cancer and alcohol abuse.

When men did express their concerns, these were dismissed as their mid-life crises. Essentially, though, women's liberation and men's mid-life crises were the same search—for personal fulfillment, common values, mutual respect, love. But while women's liberation was thought of as promoting identity, men's mid-life crises were thought of as identity crises.

Similarly, women's liberation was called insight, self-discovery and self-improvement—akin to maturity. Men's mid-life crises were called irresponsibility, self-gratification and selfishness—akin to immaturity. Women's crises got sympathy, men's crises got a bad rap.

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It is tempting to think of modern love—that is, love based on the search for self-fulfillment—as unconditional love. In practice, it is more conditional. Couples now expect communication skills, joint parenting, shared housework, sexual fulfillment, joint decision-making, a spiritual connection, mutual attraction and mutual respect. They want both stability and change, both interdependence and a partner who is independent. They want time to grow and time to discover each other's growth.

In a survival-oriented relationship, these pursuits would have taken time away from raising the children, raising the crops and raising the money. Discovering each other was the traditional relationship's trivial pursuit. It threatened survival.

Couples who pursued self-fulfillment created a new set of problems: They were increasing expectations faster than they were able to fulfill them. They were discovering that the qualities that made perfect couples in survival-based marriages made them perfect for divorce in self-fulfillment-based marriages. The traditional wife was seen as preoccupied with the home and boring, while the traditional husband was seen as preoccupied with work and afraid of intimacy. When survival roles clash with self-fulfillment goals, the resultant setup for divorce becomes apparent.

Many marriages established in the traditional world were suddenly found wanting by modern standards. That was not only because the standards were higher but also because the standards were contradictory. This may account for the divorce epidemic of the past 30 years.

Divorces planted the seeds from which female anger grew. They threw millions of women out of the have-it-all class. But the women who got divorced—who were probably closer to 40 years old than 20 years old—were tossed into the

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marketplace of men more addicted to two 20s than one 40. Understandably, they became angry.

In the traditional society, reinforcing men's addiction to the 20-year-old woman worked for many women. The addiction made men agree to support their wives for a lifetime. The taboo on divorce made them stick to their agreements. When the taboo on divorce weakened and the woman was 40, the man's addiction to two 20s worked against her. She felt disposable.

Divorce altered the psychological relationship between men and women. For one thing, it damaged the ability of a woman to have her sexuality, youth and beauty combine to create a guarantee of a lifetime of economic support. The more beautiful the woman was when she was younger, the more she had been treated like a celebrity—what I call a genetic celebrity—and therefore the more she now felt like a has-been. As she became increasingly invisible, she felt increasingly disposable and increasingly angry.

Simultaneously, women who never made it into the have-it-all class also felt like failures. In different ways, both groups of women felt rejected by men and therefore became angry at men.

Divorce forced the middle-class woman to sacrifice her satisfying but low-paying job for a higher-paying job she liked less. When feminism explained that women were segregated into the lower-paying and meaningless jobs, women felt devalued. Feminism was so powerful that it blinded women to the men around them who were also segregated into lower-paying, meaningless jobs: the short-order cook and dishwasher in the local coffee shop, the migrant workers who picked the fruit for their tables, the custodians and car washers, the busboys and gas-station attendants.

Women's anger increased because they were hearing only one side of the story. A professional woman is more likely to know her secretary's name than her garbageman's name. She's therefore more likely to know how her secretary experiences men than how her garbageman experiences women. Because less powerful women tend to work in the office and less powerful men tend to work outside the office (e.g., in more hazardous jobs), professional women are more conscious of the problems of the less powerful women who work around them. The powerful woman doesn't feel the effect of the secretary's miniskirt power, cleavage power and flirtation power. Men do. The powerful woman tends to use these forms of power much more cautiously in the workplace because she has other forms of power.

Women interpreted men's tendency to earn more for different work as an outcome of male dominance rather than male subservience. They did not see it as an outcome of male obligation—obligation to go where the money was, not where fulfillment was. For men, following money was primary and fulfillment was secondary. For men, divorce also created a change: They still followed money to support a family economically, but they did so without a family to support them emotionally.

Simultaneously, feminists focused on the fact that women as a group earned less—without focusing on any of the reasons why women earned less (one reason is that full-time working men work nine hours per week more than full-time working women; men are more willing to relocate to undesirable locations, to work the less desirable hours and to work the more hazardous jobs). By being blinded to the whole picture—that when both sexes had minimal skills they commanded minimal wages in different types of meaningless jobs—women became increasingly angry. By calling the difference in pay discrimination and not explaining the reasons for the difference, feminists left women angry rather than empowered. Had women known the reasons for the difference, they could have made informed choices to boost their earnings.

When divorces occurred, women's greatest fear was of economic deprivation. Men's was of emotional deprivation. Modern divorce laws helped women to make a transition from economic dependence to economic independence. No modern laws helped men to make a transition from emotional dependence to emotional independence. (Which is why women rushed to the courts for economic support and men rushed to women for emotional support.)

When divorces meant that husbands no longer guaranteed wives economic security, the government became the substitute husband. It guaranteed women equality in pay and an advantage in hiring. It gave women Aid to Families with Dependent Children and provided other special programs like Women, Infants and Children. It gave women preference for keeping children and then garnisheed men's wages if child support was not paid. It gave special opportunities to women in college and in the armed services, to women artists and

women in small businesses. But it severed the husband from future services from his wife, and no substitute for that was provided.

Women used to have only one option for economic security and men only one option for emotional security. Now, as noted above, women have multiple options for economic security (income by means of career, husband or government), while men have less than one: income by means of career minus child support, minus alimony and minus higher taxes to pay for the government as substitute husband. All of this kept the husband a prisoner of money, barred from exploring his interests.

Why didn't women protest workplace discrimination prior to the Sixties? When more than 90 percent of women were getting married and when divorce was rare, discrimination in favor of men at work meant discrimination in favor of their wives at home.

During the years I was on the board of directors of NOW in New York City, I did corporate workshops on equality in the workplace. The most resistant audiences I faced were not male executives but the wives of male executives. So long as the wife's income came from her husband, she was not feeling generous when affirmative action let another woman have a head start at vying for her husband's (that is, her) income. To her, that seemed like sexism. And to most executive wives, it still does.

Why? Almost 70 percent of the wives of male executives (vice presidents and above) do not hold paid jobs outside the home. They still get their income completely from their husbands. A corporate wife opposes a woman at work having an advantage over her husband, not only because it hurts her income but also because it discounts her contribution. She works hard to support her husband so that he can support the company.

As soon as discrimination began to work against women, it led to measures to protect women. In 1963 the Federal Equal Pay Act was enacted. The U.S. Census Bureau found that as early as 1960, never-married women over 45 earned more in the workplace than never-married men over 45. Data such as these—which imply a much different view than that of women as victims—never reached the public's awareness because only women's groups organized.

Although the salary bias toward men had worked for women, it was interpreted as a plot against women, leading us to believe that men owed women. This created a thoroughly modern form of entitlement: Women came to feel that they deserved compensation for past oppression. That prevented us from seeing the need for men and women to make the transition from survival-based relationships to self-fulfilling relationships together. The need isn't for a women's movement or a men's movement but for a gender-transition movement.

The gender transition from survival to self-fulfillment requires adapting our traditional roles to those that will serve us better in the future. Our old roles divided labor between the sexes, producing "opposite" sexes. Our future roles will allow for shared labor, producing sexes that will have more in common.

In the past, choosing the killer male to protect the family and society could be said to have led to the survival of the fittest. In the present, with nuclear technology, choosing the killer male as protector leads to the potential destruction of everyone. In the past, survival, marriage and the family all required the killer male. In the present, survival, marriage and the family will require the communicative male. For the first time in history, the qualities it takes to survive as a species are compatible with the qualities it takes to love.

The challenge for women is to create enough economic independence that they don't compromise love for an economic safety net. The challenge for men is to understand how preparation for the protector's role is really preparation for disconnection—from their families and from life itself. The traditional man had a role that was more disconnected from intimacy than was the traditional female role of nurturer. Which is why the challenge for men to enter the modern world is even greater than the challenge for women.

Within all of us, male and female, is the potential to be a killer-protector, and there is equal potential to be a nurturer-connector. When Vikings got approval to be fathers and husbands rather than conquerors, they soon adapted. The change was not impossible because killing to protect was just the Vikings' method of adapting to what gave them approval.

When we select a certain type of man or woman to have children with, each choice becomes a vote for the type of man or woman we want. It is a vote that begins with the type of man or woman we cheer for and admire. The children are the most important outcome of that vote. Next to our choice of mate and the children we create, all the values we create are secondary.

Women will continue choosing the updated version of the killer male—men who make a killing in their profession—until men protest. Men will not protest until they see the connection between that obligation and their earlier deaths from all 15 leading causes of death, including heart attacks, cancer and suicide. In brief, men will not protest until they see how their traditional role is making men the disposable sex.

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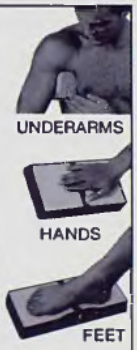

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OUTLAW (continued from page 120)

"Right over the image of my as-yet-sexless child, Hoss talked to Little Joe about how skittish the horses seemed."

about a week earlier. Not much else went on. He dabbed some goo on her big stomach and we saw this little crooked Vienna sausage–looking thing on the TV screen. Then he gave us the tape."

Well, no. I said, "The tape!"

I didn't say goodbye to Frank. I didn't tell him I'd be right back. I just left the Treehouse, got into my car and drove 15 minutes back to my house.

It was too late. Right over the image of my as-yet-sexless child, the floating little thumb-sucking thing inside Jessie's body, Hoss now talked to Little Joe about how skittish the horses seemed to be all of a sudden.

•

Sparky said, "Well, it could be worse. At least she still has the baby. One time when I was working Amtrak, this woman came screaming out of the bathroom saying she'd miscarried into the toilet. We were flying down the track at about sixty miles an hour, you know. I was on my break and was eating an egg-salad sandwich in the dining car. I remember all this because I had a mouthful of egg in my mouth when the woman made the announcement."

I nodded my head and shoulders quickly, trying to get Sparky to finish the story. I needed to make some phone calls or talk to some customers.

Sparky said, "She came running out of that bathroom saying she thought the thing came out of her but she wasn't sure. On a train, you know, it goes straight down to the track. At sixty miles an hour you don't exactly have time to check what came out in the bowl underneath you. One time I had a kidney stone and I was supposed to be pissing into a strainer, but I kept forgetting. So I have a stone on the tracks somewhere between Lexington and Danville."

I nodded hard, waved my right hand like a paddle wheel for Sparky to finish up. A group of four women came into the Treehouse, all of them in their 30s. I needed to find a way to talk to them.

"This woman on the train—her name ended up being Brenda—had a nervous breakdown right there and then. She fainted. Two men who were afraid of airplanes and traveled on business trips to New York all the time got up and grabbed her, checked her heartbeat and breathing and put a pillow behind her head. I said, 'Damn, you don't see this every day on Amtrak, do you?' Well, as it ended up, we took her off the train at the next stop and sent her to the local hospital. That would be in Gaffney—we were doing the run down to New Orleans—and then, on our way back up, she waited there at the station for us. She got on board and said, 'I want you to tell me where we were when I miscarried. I want you to take me to the spot so I can give my baby a proper burial.' I told her that by this time—a couple of days had gone by—surely the miscarriage was gone. But she got on board the train and took it to Charlotte, and then we got out and started walking back south on the tracks. My boss said I had to do it and that I'd probably get a raise for the whole thing."

Two more women walked into the bar. I waved my arm faster for Sparky to get to the moral of his story.

"We found about twenty turtle shells," said Sparky. "You wouldn't believe how many turtles get stuck in between the tracks, especially snapping turtles when you're near a lake or in the swamp. We found turtle shells, and that was it. I wasn't even sure what I was supposed to be looking for. And if I did run across anything that looked like a baby, I didn't want to see it, or point it out to Brenda. So, as it ended up, after I finally convinced her that we'd gone past the spot where she miscarried, she walked over into the woods and got some sticks. She borrowed my shoelaces and made a small wooden cross, stuck it a few feet from the track and said she felt better. And an hour later this gandy dancer came from the station to pick us up. I wonder whatever happened to old Brenda," Sparky said, like I'd know.

He walked off with his hands straight down in his pockets, like trowels were attached to the ends of his arms.

•

I lost all pride and any bashfulness whatsoever and started asking women if they had any of their sonogram videotapes around their houses. I offered $100 to buy one of them.

Teresa Smiley said she'd be right back. Teresa Smiley said she kept her sonogram on a bookshelf stuck between a 12-step-program book and a Stephen King novel. Since her husband had custody of their little boy, she got depressed thinking about it but said, "A hundred dollars? Hell, I won't sell for less than three hundred."

It was one of those occasions when I didn't have time to check out the going rate for sonograms on the black market. So I said, "One fifty." I said, "Lookit, unless you had your sonogram on Thursday, there's going to be a different date down there on the screen. I mean, I'm going to have to go to great lengths to find a way to forge the video."

Teresa Smiley stared hard at me, then sat back down at her table, a table filled with women who worked third shift at the mill. Teresa said, "The memory of a child is worth more than a hundred and fifty dollars, Rickey. And your wife won't even notice the wrong date down there. We're interested in the baby, not the time of day. I'm insulted and you should be ashamed."

"A minute ago," I said, "you were saying how you got depressed even knowing the tape was around. Come on, Teresa, you don't know how much I need this tape." I told her my story but didn't explain about taping *Bonanza* over the image of my baby. I told her it was professional wrestling, so she would understand why I might be a little distraught about having to work on Saturday in the first place.

Teresa said, "Two fifty." I said, "Two," and she left to get the tape. I didn't even ask her if her child, too, was turned away from the camera, and if it wasn't turned away, if it was real obvious as to the sex of the child. When I saw ours, I wasn't even sure which was the head and which was the tail. To me, Jessie's sonogram looked like a picture of an ulcer or something on her stomach wall.

Sparky came over to me a few minutes after Teresa left and said, "You might have some trouble coming at you, but I'll be there."

I said, "What do you mean?" The worst thing that could happen, I thought, was that Jessie's service would be canceled and she'd come to the Treehouse to spend the day.

Sparky said, "Well, don't turn around immediately, but there's a guy down at the end of the bar staring a hole through you. It's Teresa's ex."

I didn't turn at all. I could feel the guy staring straight into my brain. The Treehouse had its regulars who came in every day—housepainters, self-employed body-shop men, the disabled, people who really worked only on Wednesday mornings over at the flea market—but there were people who came in haphazardly, maybe once a month, to sit by themselves and get over whatever it was that stuck in their craw. I never had to pre-bounce any of those people. First, it wouldn't matter—if they wanted to fight, they'd fight regardless of what I had to say. Second, most of them were so consumed with whatever bothered them, they didn't have the energy to get off the bar stool and start a fight, though they'd probably like to see one.

I said to Sparky, "The one who got custody?"

He said, "That's the one. Name's Ted, but everybody calls him Slam. He won

the state wrist-wrestling championship four years in a row, and the Southeast tournament twice."

I said, "Goddamn it." I thought, If only I'd taken the time to look at the videotape. I thought, If only the baby had turned around so we'd know the sex of it. I thought, If only Jessie hadn't gotten the appointment on Thursday. And almost caught myself thinking, If only I'd put on a rubber that night.

Sparky said, "I arm-wrestled him one time, but it's hard for me to get a grip, what without a thumb. Hell, it was hard for him, too. I kept sliding right through his hand."

"Shut up, Sparky," I said and walked over to Slam. I said, "Your ex-wife's about to save my life, man. I screwed up and taped over the videotape of my child-to-be inside the womb, and Teresa's going to get y'all's so I can make a tape of it." I said, "My name's Rickey."

Slam said, "Wife."

I said, "Excuse me?" He didn't look at me. He seemed to keep staring at where I had stood talking to Sparky.

"Not ex-wife. Wife. Just like a piece of paper can't make a marriage, a piece of paper can't end one neither," said Slam.

I said, "Are you Catholic?"

This is no lie. Slam said, "I'm an American and it's the American way."

I said, "Oh. Well, then your wife is about to save my skin."

Tape the tape, I thought. I thought, I should've asked her to tape the tape. I mean, there wasn't a reason why Teresa shouldn't keep her own tape and there wasn't a reason for me to pay so much to more or less swipe hers. I tried to think of a way of getting to her before she even got back inside the Treehouse, so we could at least renegotiate.

Slam said, "What?" He held his beer in a way I'd not seen before, a half inch from his face and a quarter inch to the right. I thought he was using the can as a mirror to check out anyone who walked up behind him. Being a prebouncer, I notice things like that.

I said, "Your wife's saving my ass."

There's this look that only certain people can give. There's this look some people can give that's somewhere between smoke in their eyes and hand grenades in their pockets. Slam had that look. I turned my head toward Sparky, but he'd already started punching a guy named Cull who came in drunk and wanted a piece of a guy named Tinker for not painting his house evenly.

Slam said, "Well, I guess that's better than humping your ass, Bo." He said, "Glad to hear it," grabbed his beer and left the bar with it, either unaware of the law or unconcerned about the police who regularly parked across the street.

Sparky came over and said, "You got a way with words, Rickey. Whatever it is you said, you did it, man."

I sat down on the bar stool next to

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

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WIRED

Page 29: "Super Phones": **Telephone** by *Cincinnati Microwave*, for information, 800-433-3487. "The Laser's Edge": **THX laser discs:** By *Lucasfilm, Ltd.*, for information, Lucasfilm Ltd., THX LaserDisc Program, P.O. Box 2009, San Rafael, CA 94912. By *Image Entertainment*, at better video stores. "Wild Things": **Personal computers:** By *NEC*, for information, 800-388-8888. By *Canon*, for information, 800-848-4123. **Cellular phone shield:** By *CDR Marketing Group Inc.*, for information, Box 15760, Plantation, FL, 305-850-0948. **Car stereo** by *Sanyo*, for information, 818-998-7322.

STYLE

Page 30: "Smells Like Grunge Spirit": **Shirts:** By *Red Eraser*, from Ron Robinson at Fred Segal Melrose, 8118 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-1935. By *Reunion*, at Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., to order, 800-456-2297. By *Pendleton*, at fine department stores nationwide. By *Axis*, at Jonathan, 456 Central Ave., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-2626. By *Go Silk*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. "Retro Active": **Sneakers:** By *Puma*, for information, 800-448-PUMA. By *Keds*, at fine department and specialty stores. By *Converse*, for store locations, 800-428-2667. By *L.A. Gear*, for information, 800-2LA-GEAR. By *Vans*, to order, 800-926-4462. By *Guess Athletic*, for information, 800-995-5591. "Hot Shopping: San Diego": Behind the Post Office, 619-234-3862. Catwalk, 619-696-9786. The Olde Cracker Factory, 619-233-1669. San Diego Hardware, 619-232-7123. Java, 619-235-4012. "Clothes Line": By *International Male*, for information, 800-854-2795. By *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace boutiques. By *Cartier*, for information, 800-CARTIER. "Regarding Henley": **Shirts:** By *Calvin Klein's CK Men's Collection*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. By *Bar Tack*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 800-456-2297. By *French Connection*, at French Connection Soho, 435 W. Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-219-1197. By *Fitigues*, at Theodore Man, 451 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-274-8029.

PRIMEVAL BLACK

Pages 82–85: **Turtleneck** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Calvin Klein, South Coast Plaza, 333 S. Brystol St., Costa Mesa, CA, 714-557-3100. **Jeans** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Emporio Armani, 110 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-727-3240 and 9533 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, 310-271-7790. **Shirt and trousers** by *Yohji Yamamoto*, at Maxfield, 8825 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 310-274-8800. **Shoes** by *To Boot*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-339-3335 and 256 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-724-8249. **Suit** by *Donna Karan*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Shirt** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-627-9770. **Belt** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani, 436 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-271-5555.

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ON THE SCENE

Page 157: **CD racks:** By *LBL Lighting*, for information, 800-323-3226. By *Atlantic, Inc.*, for information, Atlantic, Inc., 236 S. Oakhurst Dr., Beverly Hills 90210. By *Hold Everything*, for information, 800-421-2264. By *Nuovo Melodrom*, 60 Greene St., N.Y.C., 212-219-0013.

Slam's and concentrated so as not to pee in my pants like in the cartoons.

•

As soon as Jessie had taken that one-minute-and-you-know-if-you've-really-missed-your-period test in the bathroom, she pulled a Walkman out of the bedroom closet, put in new batteries and slipped in a tape of Mahler's *Fourth Symphony*. She pulled the earpieces of the headset as far apart as possible, strapped them around her sides and put the volume on full blast. Jessie said, "Rickey, we're going to have a baby."

I'd been watching her from the other side of the room. I didn't even know about the bathroom test. I had been sitting there on one side of the room reading my thesaurus. "A baby?" I said. "Are you sure?"

She said, "I have this theory. I believe that if you play music inside the womb, the fetus absorbs it, and when the baby comes out, instead of crying and screaming, it'll make noises similar to an orchestra."

I said, "What?"

She said, "The reason a baby always wails is that it absorbs the noises of the outside world for nine months. In the city it hears horns honking, people screaming, the conglomeration of people's conversations all going into one big drone, dogs barking, cats crying out in the night, the hiss of a teapot." She had a list of every possible noise, it seemed. She finally finished her dictum with, "So if I keep playing classical music, when the baby's in pain or wants its bottle, we'll be serenaded with French horns and oboes, the violin. Bassoons." She said, "Bassoons! And piccolos and flutes and cellos."

Hell, to me it didn't sound like all that bad a theory. I mean, it's logically possible. I said, "Why don't you order some of those books on tape, and then at night the baby can tell us stories."

Jessie put another Walkman on her own ears and left the room. She left the room a lot during her pregnancy. I'm not sure why and I've never asked—I've always tried to be sensitive to her needs.

•

Ted, or Slam, whatever, kept standing outside the Treehouse. He was waiting for his ex-wife, Teresa, I knew. Just about the time I started to go outside to tell him I wouldn't make a tape of his preborn child, Teresa tapped me on the shoulder with the videotape. Like every intelligent woman with a lunatic ex-husband in her life, she had sensed danger. She had parked her Buick a few blocks away and come in the back entrance. I said, "Ted's here."

She looked around the place. She said, "Ted was in here earlier, but I don't see him now."

I said, "Out front."

"Oh. Well. Good," she said. "That'll be two hundred dollars, no check."

I only had a check. I said, "Hey, look, I got a better idea. Why don't we find another VCR and do a tape-to-tape so you don't have to lose yours totally? I mean, someday you might want it back." I kind of saw a big confrontation ahead, like when birth mothers arrange for adoptive parents, then change their minds in the delivery room.

Teresa said, "I won't change my mind, believe me. I've had it. I want a new life, bubba. As a matter of fact, I've already contacted the paper to advertise a yard sale for next weekend. I'm getting rid of my old high school yearbooks, too."

I said, "Well, OK." It was nearly three o'clock and I couldn't take the chance of Jessie's getting a ride home from the synagogue with one of her friends, slipping in her tape and fainting when she saw that her baby had suddenly gained a clear and distinct shape that looked like Hoss. I said, "Hold on a second."

I bought Teresa a drink on my monthly tab and walked over to where Sparky stood in the corner of the bar, scanning the slim crowd. "Look, Sparky," I said, "do you have one of those twenty-four-hour bank-teller cards by any chance? I lost mine in the machine—not because I didn't have any money but because the back strip got dirty or something—and it's Saturday and the bank's closed and I need two hundred bucks right now to buy off the tape. I can give you a check today, or if you wait until Monday morning I can go over to the bank and get cash for you."

Sparky said, "I hope you remember this when you go and name your child."

I said, "I can't name my kid Sparky."

Sparky said, "I wouldn't expect you to." He reached into the wallet he kept chained to his belt loop and pulled out 200 one-dollar bills. He said, "My given name's Earl. Earl for a boy, Earline for a girl."

I don't know why I said OK, but I did. I figured if I could get Sparky drunk later on in the evening maybe he'd forget the promise.

"Here you go," I said to Teresa. She handed me the tape. She handed me her own personal sonogram videotape of the only child she'd ever had and said, "I hope I picked up the right one. Slam and me did some amateur strip stuff one night, but we never sent it off to any of those programs on cable."

I asked Sparky to cover for me, to use the word discretionary or castigatory should a fight seem imminent, and left through the back door.

•

There is a Supreme Being. Someone powerful exists, or at least existed for me that afternoon. I pulled out my tape filled with *Bonanza*, plus a half-hour special on the NASCAR season at the halfway point, and pushed Teresa's baby's video into my machine. It didn't need rewinding. I wondered if she'd ever really watched it.

It wasn't her strip show. Right there on the screen, in brilliant shades of gray, was a form. I couldn't make out eyes or genitals. There was no way possible Jessie could see the difference between her womb and that of a woman who grew up and lived in a mobile home.

I felt good about living in America.

The Supreme Being stayed on my side, because while the tape was playing, in walked Jessie, home from a committee meeting of a group called Sisters of Bashemath, Ishmael's Daughter. She said, "I thought you had to work."

I moved closer to the television screen, down on the carpet, and held my forearm parallel to the date and time logo at the bottom. I said, "I went and got things going, but I started feeling a little nauseated."

Jessie came up to me, all smiles, and put her hand on the back of my neck. She said, "That's so sweet. You're having sympathy pains."

I knelt on the floor in front of the TV screen. I could hear Mahler's *First Symphony* playing out of the cassette attached to Jessie's stretched sash. I said, "Well, yeah, I had some pains all right, but I'm feeling much better now."

Jessie asked me to rewind the sonogram. I clenched my teeth, rewound it, prayed to all the superior beings ever invented for her not to notice the difference. And she didn't. While we watched Teresa's child float around in her belly, Jessie lowered the volume on her Walkman and pushed her chin in toward her stomach. She said, "We're watching you right now, honey."

I didn't say anything about any kind of name recognition, like, "We're looking at you, Earl or Earline."

I sat and watched. And I thought to myself, Certainly I want my own child to grow up to be happy and famous and healthy and intelligent. I thought, I want to be able to spend time with my kid, go to games, teach him or her how to communicate, take long trips across the country to see how different people live.

And deep down, oddly, I kind of wanted the kid I watched on the television screen to end up a bandit and a folk hero. I wanted that obscure head and tail I saw on the screen to grow up to be an outlaw of sorts, a fugitive. At that very moment I knew that I'd always keep up with Ted and Teresa's boy and help him out whenever it seemed necessary and possible. I'd tell him to keep moving—always—in order to stay content, to talk to strangers no matter how scary it might seem.

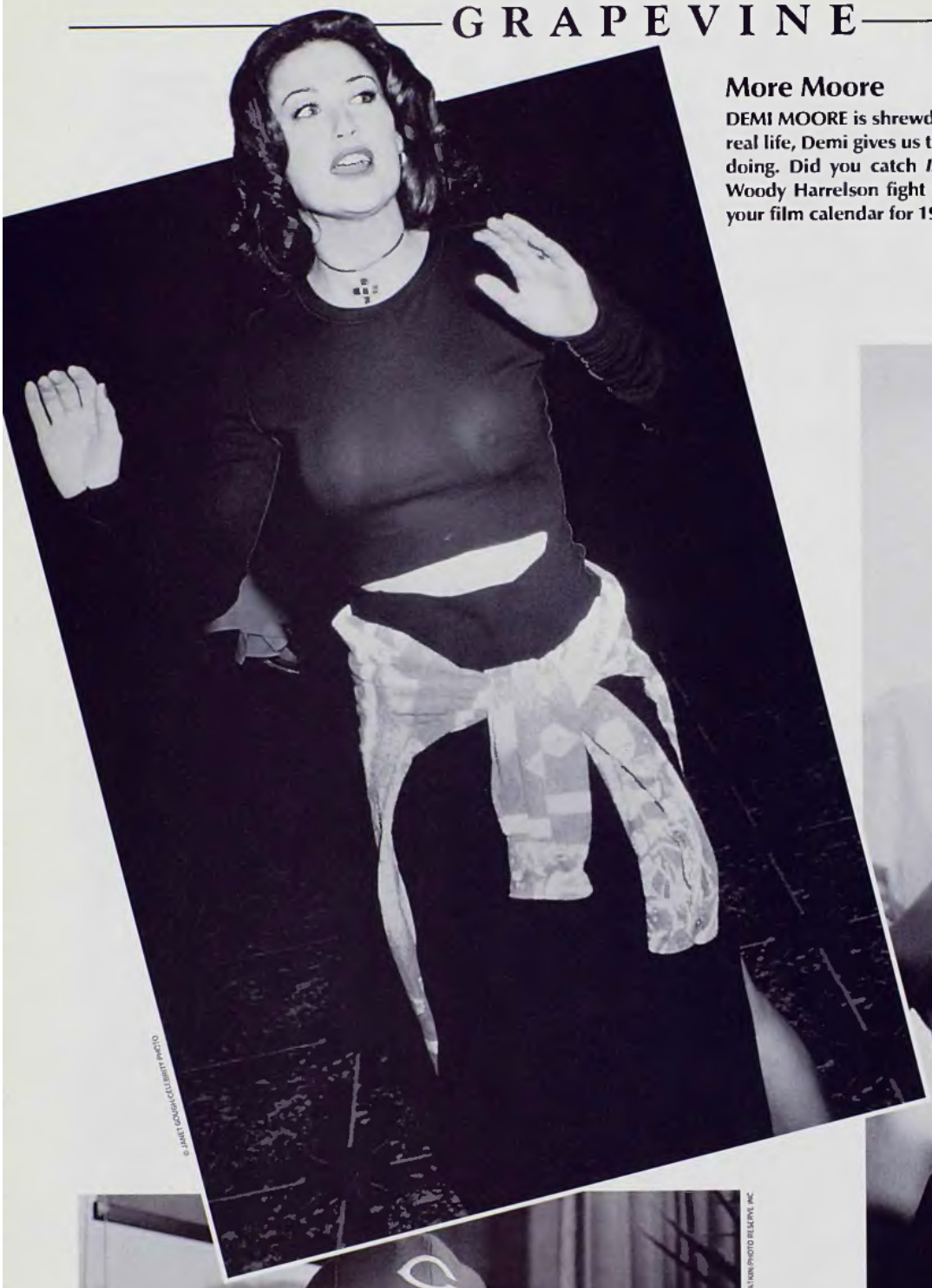
RACK 'EM UP

These days, the sky's the limit when it comes to compact-disc storage. Manufacturers are going vertical with sculptural units that require only about a foot of floor space while holding upwards of 100 CDs. Some models, such as Atlantic's Tower Collection, offer add-on capabilities that allow you to build out horizontally as well as vertically, thus creating a CD cityscape that can stand alone or be attached to a wall and expand as your collection does. (Matte steel is the metal of choice for most CD high rises, and many require minor assembly.) And if you're into neon, LBL Lighting's Z rack, pictured below, includes a light strip that's available in seven colors—turquoise (shown), purple, blue, green, white, pink and red. We're sure struck by it.

Below, left to right: The five-foot-tall neon Z rack, which holds 70 CDs, comes in a matte black finish and any of the seven neon-light-strip colors listed above, by LBL Lighting, $300. (There's an additional charge for red or pink.) Atlantic's 64"-tall steel Twin Towers holds 140 CDs and can also be wall mounted, $179. Next to it is a steel-rod tower that has room for more than 100 CDs yet takes up less than a square foot of floor space, by Hold Everything, $100. Nuovo Melodrom's handsome rack holds 76 CDs and comes in raw steel, white or matte black, $70.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 155.



More Moore

DEMI MOORE is shrewd. From her movies to magazine covers to real life, Demi gives us the impression that she knows what she's doing. Did you catch *Indecent Proposal*? Robert Redford and Woody Harrelson fight over her all the way to the bank. Mark your film calendar for 1994, when *Animal Hour* roars.

Hot Shot

CAROLE DAVIS recently released her Atlantic debut album, *I'm No Angel*. Amen to that. Singer-songwriter Davis has composed with Prince and she co-wrote nine of the 11 songs on her LP. The single is *Love to Make Love to You*. We'll be watching Carole and the charts.

Cool Rules

Platinum-plus rapper LL COOL J's latest LP, *14 Shots to the Dome*, is streaking up the charts. But that's not all. L's making movies, winning awards, starting Camp Cool J for inner-city kids and entertaining the prez.

It's Curtains for Prince

PRINCE always finds a way to expose his work, if not himself. In concerts last spring he settled on a way to do both—sort of. Even with two nightclubs, his Joffrey ballet *Billboards* and an upcoming movie soundtrack, he still takes a quiet moment to read.

Oh, Donna

DONNA SPANGLER's credits include TV (*L.A. Law* and *Blossom*), movies (*Love Crimes* and *Naked Force*) and an exercise video (*The California Girl Workout*) that she produced and starred in. Sexy sweat.

Chain Saw 101

Jackyl's JESSE JAMES DUPREE plays chain saw in the band. The saws have been tuned to A especially for the band's single and video *The Lumberjack*. Says Dupree, "What's a more definitive instrument for rock and roll?" You gotta believe.

Bottoms Up

KIM ANDERSON has appeared in music videos for Guns n' Roses, Poison and David Lee Roth. On the big screen, catch her in *Amityville 1993* and Mr. Schwarzenegger's *Last Action Hero*. She'll be back.

LUCK OF THE IRISH

Standing 5'10" tall with a 39½" bust and a 24" waist, Irish McCalla, TV's original *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*, brought jiggle to the boob tube back in the Fifties. If you'd like to see what Irish looked like in a leopard skin, order *The Authorized Photo History* of her by Bill Black and Bill Feret. Included in the 112-page softcover is the *Fangs of the Lion Man* comic book sequence pictured here, plus shots of Irish posing for Alberto Vargas and lots more. The price: $22, postpaid, sent to Paragon Publications/AC Comics, P.O. Box 1216, Longwood, Florida 32752.

THE POWER OF POSITIVE PRESSURE POINTS

Four-time national karate champion George A. Dillman has just published *Kyusho-Jitsu*, "The Dillman method of pressure point fighting." It's a must-read for anyone who'd like to know how to "cloud men's minds" with just a touch to a vital nerve. "Pressure point fighting," says Dillman, "is a precise art," and to aid you he has included 500 photos and illustrations in his 272-page softcover. To order, send $34.95, postpaid, to Dillman Karate International, 251 Mountain View Road, Reading, Pennsylvania 19607. Add $2 for his karate video catalog. And if you disagree with any of Dillman's teachings on pressure points, just keep in mind that he was featured in *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* for breaking 1000 pounds of ice with his elbow and wrestling with a bear.

THEE DISAPPEARING SPEAKERS

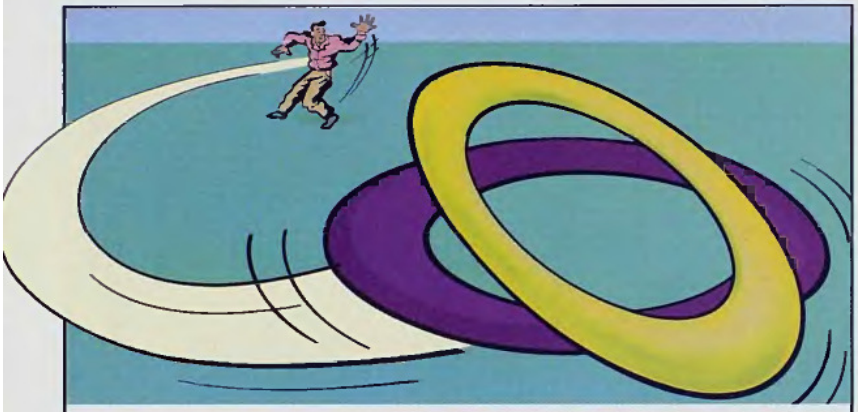
Trompe l'oeil artist Christian Thee is a master of disguise. His *Novel Deceptions* speaker cover resembles a row of six books that look right at home on a shelf, end table or wherever. But inside is room for a small hi-fi speaker that otherwise would clutter up your decor. The cover measures about 9" x 7½" x 6¾" and is available for $325 a pair at Bergdorf Goodman in Manhattan. For more information, contact Christian Thee and Associates at 203-454-0340.

HOT HATS

The heat is on in sunny southern California. To provide some shade, Head Hunter Hats at 6986 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla 92037 is marketing a very broad-brimmed style made of woven palm that's a replica of the ones local lifeguards have been wearing on the beaches for more than 20 years. Each hat has one-size-fits-all construction, six crown grommets for extra ventilation and a chin strap. The price: $24, postpaid.

CARDS TO COLLECT

Playboy Centerfold Collector Cards are available in packs of ten for $1.99 each. But now we've made collecting them even more fun by adding a subset of Playboy Celebrity Cards. If luck strikes, you'll pick up a card featuring the Barbi twins, Dian Parkinson, La Toya Jackson or others (each will have three different cards). Centerfold Collector Cards are sold at hobby stores or from the Playboy Catalog at 800-423-9494. Ask for item number QW4900.



RON VILLANI

IT'S A BIRD. IT'S A PLANE. IT'S A WOBLONG

Crazy John Brooks, 14-time world Frisbee champion, says playing with the Woblong was "the totally coolest game of catch I've had." And after winging our own two-tiered, elliptical throwing toy around the office, we have to give it an enthusiastic thumbs-up, too. The Woblong has a unique flight pattern, soaring and sailing like a tiny UFO. And the price is downright unreal for all this fun—only about $6 to $8 at toy stores.

READ UP, DRINK UP

Gin, vermouth and an olive are "the holy trinity" and Hemingway downed sugarless frozen daiquiris by the dozen. This and more on the lore and lure of alcoholic beverages is in William Grimes' highly entertaining *Straight Up or On the Rocks*, a "cultural history of American drink" (Simon & Schuster, $18). However, if vodka's your call, then settle back with William Pokhlebkin's *A History of Vodka* (Verso, $29.95). It's a scholarly yet witty look at the spirit, written by a noted Russian historian.

JAZZ GOES TO SEA

Want to sail the Caribbean this fall with Clark Terry, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Louie Bellson, Al Hirt and Della Reese? Then sign up for South Florida Cruises' week of jazz, which will be held aboard the S.S. Norway. The cruise will depart on October 16th out of Miami. Prices range from $1425 to $2000 including airfare. Call 800-327-7447 for info about accommodations and the pre-cruise black-tie cocktail party.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

TIE SCORE

Given managements' penchant for making money off teams any way they can, you'd think commemorative sports ties would have popped up years ago. Apparently not. RM Style in Waukesha, Wisconsin has just become the licensee for silk ties representing select teams from the NFL, the NHL and the NBA as well as the Yankees, Braves, Orioles, White Sox, Cubs, Dodgers and Rockies. The price: $39 each, postpaid. Call 800-922-8437 to order, or look for the ties in retail stores.

NEXT MONTH

BEACH BEAUTIES

SURVIVAL SKILLS

HOT RODS

STAR WARS

TO THE WHITE SEA—A LONE AMERICAN GUNNER TESTS HIS SURVIVAL SKILLS IN JAPAN NEAR THE CLOSE OF WORLD WAR TWO—FICTION BY **JAMES DICKEY**

LATE-NIGHT WARS—TELEVISION'S FUNNIEST CHATMEISTERS SQUARE OFF IN THE RATINGS BATTLE OF THE CENTURY. **ERIC POOLEY** TUNES IN TO JAY LENO AND DAVID LETTERMAN AS THEY MOVE IN FOR THE KILL. MAY THE BEST LAUGH WIN

JOHN SINGLETON—THE YOUNG AUTEUR OF BLACK URBAN DRAMA (*BOYZ N THE HOOD* AND NOW *POETIC JUSTICE*) HAS EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD TALKING. HE TALKS PLENTY HIMSELF ABOUT FILMMAKING, JANET JACKSON AND RONALD REAGAN'S KETCHUP POLICY IN A PROVOCATIVE PROFILE BY **DAVID RENSIN**

SARAH JESSICA PARKER—THE DARLING OF *L.A. STORY* AND *HONEYMOON IN VEGAS* HAS TURNED FROM UGLY DUCKLING TO SWAN. **DAVID RENSIN** UNCOVERS HER OBSESSION WITH COTTON UNDERWEAR AND HER LIFE AS A GAY MAN—A MOST ENGAGING 20 QUESTIONS

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL PIGSKIN PREVIEW—WILL THE FLORIDA STATE SEMINOLES FINALLY WIN THAT ELUSIVE CHAMPIONSHIP? CAN THE FIGHTING IRISH STAY AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP WITHOUT RICK MIRER? OUR OWN SPORTS GURU, **GARY COLE,** PREDICTS THE BEST OF THE BEST FOR THE UPCOMING COLLEGE SEASON

LARRY KRAMER, THE MOST VOCAL ACTIVIST IN THE GAY COMMUNITY, OPINES ABOUT GAYS AND STRAIGHTS AND THE POLITICS OF LIFE AND DEATH IN A PASSIONATE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID NIMMONS**

QUANTICO—THE FBI IS ON THE WATCH FOR CULTS AND SUBVERSIVE THREATS TO NATIONAL ORDER. BUT WHO'S KEEPING TABS ON THE FBI?—BY **DAVID HEILBRONER**

THE LARRY SANDERS SHOW PICTORIAL—LIFE IMITATES ART IMITATING SANITY AS HANK KINGSLEY'S SECRETARY, **LINDA DOUCETT,** STRIKES A POSE IN A SIX-PAGE PICTORIAL

THE GIRLS OF SOUTH BEACH—CALIFORNIA DREAMING MOVES EAST AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN GATHER IN FLORIDA. A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL WITH TEXT BY MIAMI BOULEVARDIER AND NOVELIST **PAT BOOTH**

PLUS: HOT RODS, BACK-TO-SCHOOL ELECTRONICS, FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST, PLAYMATE **CARRIE WESTCOTT** AND MUCH MORE

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Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Lights Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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